

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOLUME XII.

(S. S. JONES, EDITOR,
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NUMBER 7.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CLOCK.

Reply to Doctor Bond.

BY SAMUEL WATSON.

(From the St. Louis Christian Advocate.)

DEAR DOCTOR BOND:—I find an editorial of two and a half columns in your paper of the 24th, in reply to what I said respecting the striking of an old clock. I fully agree with you as to the importance of discriminating between credulity, superstition and faith. Credulity, Webster says, is "a disposition to believe on slight evidence, or no evidence at all. Superstition has general significations, but that to which you refer I suppose is "the belief of what is absurd, or belief without evidence, or a belief in the direct agency of superior powers in certain extraordinary or singular events." Faith is the assent of the mind to the truth of a proposition advanced by another—belief on probable evidence of any kind." Faith depends upon evidence—testimony; and according to the character of the testimony will be the strength of our faith. We must not, we cannot, ignore human testimony. All the faith we possess depends upon that, except our own experience and consciousness of what we have received through our senses. The foundation of our holy Christianity rests, to a very great extent, upon human testimony.

In reply to your inquiry as to what I think of that clock, I will simply state that at first I attached no importance to it. But when it struck five times only (all that was ever heard), and at each of those times a member of my family died, I was compelled to believe there was something more than "curious coincidences" connected therewith. That there was premonition of an afflictive event is certain; but as to the cause of its thus striking, and the power by which it was done, is the question about which we differ. Let us leave that old clock to do its original work. I am receiving, by letter and verbally, almost every day, as "astonishing coincidences" as its striking under the circumstances. They do not come from the "credulous, superstitious" part of mankind, but from men and women of the very best minds and hearts in the land, embracing ministers of the different churches, physicians of the highest standing, and editors whose testimony could not be questioned. I select one from a prominent minister of the M. E. Church South. He is the father of one of the pastors of the Church in this city:

"FULTON STATION, KY., July 17, 1871.

"OTHER OLD CLOCKS.

"A child died in a family residing in Benton county, Arkansas. An old clock belonging to the family, which had not been in use for many years, struck one the day before the child died. Several years subsequently the father of the child died, and the old clock, which had not struck since the death of the child, struck one, and no more. In Evansville, Illinois, an old clock which had long been silent struck one the day before the death of a member of the family owning the clock. Subsequently another member of the family died, and the same old clock struck one and ceased.

"S. G. PATTERSON,

Father of Rev. Wm. Patterson, of the Memphis Conference."

One more old clock, and I pass on. During the war a Confederate General was at the house of Mr. B., in Aberdeen, Miss. There was quite a number of friends discussing the question of persons returning after death and making themselves known. There was in the room an old clock which had not run or struck for many years. This general told them if he got killed or died during the war, that if he could he would come back and make that old clock strike. It was agreed upon and so understood by all the party. The Confederate General was killed, and soon after the clock struck while some of the party were in the room, which so alarmed them that they fled in haste out of the room, if not out of the house. I give this upon the highest authority in the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Now, Doctor, if you feel disposed, turn your batteries on some other old clock besides mine. Their theory and mine is the same.

You seem solicitous for my theory, and desires for me to give you some of the "many ways spirits minister to us." Well, Doctor, I will gratify you in this respect. I believe with St. Paul that there is an "outward man" and an "inward man." The former of the "earth, earthy," the other the intellectual, moral, spiritual man, that is not subject to death. I agree with Dr. Adam Clarke, the most learned commentator that ever wrote, when he says: "I believe there is a supernatural and spiritual world in which human spirits live, and have intercourse with this world, and become visible to mortals." I believe that this "spiritual world" is to spiritual beings as real and as tangible as the physical world is to our natural bodies; that this spiritual world surrounds the natural world, and, for aught I know, may extend throughout the immensity of space; that this is the paradise or place of departed spirits, in that intermediate state between death and the resurrection. I agree with Bishop Morris, the senior Bishop of the M. E. Church, when he says:

"There is a clear distinction made in the Sacred Scriptures between the intermediate and final state after the general resurrection." Also with one of our Bishops when he says: "No one has yet been saved in heaven; no one sent to hell. These states and conditions will not be awarded till the judgment, and it will not take place till the resurrection." And with another one of our Bishops, who says: "We labor not only in the sight of mortals, we labor also in the sight of celestial beings. We preach

to two congregations at the same moment, one below and the other above us."

Man's intellectual, moral or spiritual, is a refined substance, a "spiritual body," which constitutes his individuality, his personality. The real man never dies. The "outward man" does; but the "inner man" passes through the veil which divides the natural from the spiritual world, identically the same being he was here. What we call death does not change the moral status of our spiritual nature. He now has employment suitable to his spiritual surroundings and desires. I believe that every Christian has one or more of these "guardian angels," or "ministering spirits," as St. Paul calls them, who watch over us. The affection they had for loved ones is not broken by death; they still love us, and feel a deep interest in all that pertains to our welfare, and do all they can consistently with our moral agency to lead us in the paths of virtue, and ultimately to the better land. Then we, with the same attractions to loved ones left behind, engage in the same glorious work, and thus develop our capacity to enjoy by consecrating it all to the promotion of the Redeemer's kingdom. But I am wandering.

You say: "It is now for Bro. Watson to prove, or at least to give us some reasonable probability for believing: 1. That the spirits of the dead have superior information about human affairs, and superior faculty in communicating it to persons at a distance."

They would certainly be poorly qualified to minister to us if they did not possess those requisites. Mortal vision is, at best, imperfect. St. Paul says, 1 Cor. xiii 14: "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known." I think the Apostle has answered that question satisfactorily to most minds.

2. "That matter is not obstruction to these spirits." "For ourselves we confess that we have no knowledge whatever natural, or revealed, that teaches us any such thing."

Does Dr. Bond suppose that the thousands who have died surrounded by walls of granite and iron, that they (the walls) were any obstruction to the soul's liberty after the death of the body? I will not insult his good sense by even insinuating that he does.

3. "That they do any number of things as hard as handling the hammer of an old clock. We deny it. We know no evidence of it. The Bible gives none. Experience gives none. Bro. Watson must give us proof."

To answer the above I shall be compelled to mention some things that will subject me to the charge of "credulity, superstition," etc. So be it. I am willing to bear it, for

"Truth crashed to earth will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers."

My maxim is:

"To seize the truth wherever found,
On Christian or on heathen ground."

I do not propose, however, to go only on "Christian ground" for the purpose of "giving proof" of what I have seen and heard on this subject. I have been a pastor of the different Methodist churches in this city since 1839. In the course of my pastoral visits I have met with a considerable number of persons, in the proper exercise of their mental faculties, who have assured me that weeks before their dissolution they saw, recognized and conversed with their friends who were in the spiritual world. One of these still lingers upon a bed of affliction. They accord with what Dr. Clarke says: "These spirits have intercourse with this world and become visible to mortals." I select one individual, because of his high position as the head of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Tennessee. Bishop Otey, years before he died, told me that he had always believed in the doctrine of "ministering spirits," but that he now knew they were around him; that he conversed with them, etc., etc. His daughter who had passed away years before, performed on the guitar, or he told me she did when no one was present in the room but himself. Also upon the harp, playing the favorite tunes she played for him while living. Bro. Tippet, long a member of the North Carolina Conference, was sick a long time in this city. I visited him frequently. He used to tell me that his spirit friends came to see him daily. He saw them, not with the natural, but with the spiritual eye.

There are a number of gentlemen and ladies in this city now who have told me that they see and converse with their relatives daily. They are not what are called Spiritualists, but they are influential members of the different churches, with as clear minds and as good hearts as others. Not long since as I was passing along our main thoroughfare to Sabbath school, I stopped to speak with two gentleman friends. One was telling the other he had a brother who had been dead for four years; that he saw and conversed with him often, and that he was more company for him than any other of his relatives. Others have said the same. I fear I shall tire your patience, Doctor, but let me mention one case more, as he is a M. D. of high attainments. He invited me to go with him to see a patient of his that was supposed by some to be deranged, while others thought he was possessed of evil spirits. On our way he took occasion to tell me he did not believe in any future existence. He said there must be a God, but as to man's existence after death, he was a Materialist. Some time after this I met him on the street, when he told me his faith had been very much shaken. Said he: "I saw recently a hand extended through a piece of cloth, and there was no body or arm to which it was attached. I had just lost a patient, and had been handling the corpse. The hand felt just like the dead person's I had just left."

I mention this, ridiculous as it may seem to you, as it comes from one of your profession,

and you may be inclined to attach some importance to it. I think it likely that the "man's hand" that wrote Belshazzar's doom on the wall was a fit subject of ridicule by the incredulous of that day. Don't you think, Doctor, that "the man who appeared to Manoa's wife" so frequently, or the men of Macedonia who prayed him (St. Paul), saying, "Come over into Macedonia and help us," could have made an old clock strike?

Once more: You say, "If Bro. Watson will give up his familiar ghosts and say that an angel touched his clock, we will discuss that; but as long as he rejects angelic agency in the matter, we will, with his permission, let the angels alone."

I use the term angel as the Scriptures do, as synonymous with man. The term simply means messenger, and is applied to man under every dispensation in the Scriptures. We have not time now to discuss this question. I still maintain that there is nothing miraculous (your opinion to the contrary, notwithstanding) in any of the things I have mentioned. They are in perfect accord with the laws of the spiritual world in which they live, and it is part of their employment and enjoyment thus to "minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation."

One word more: You say, "The spirits knock with wretched telegraphy on the tables."

Now, Doctor, if you have any design to refer to Modern Spiritualism as it is understood, I respectfully decline any further reply to anything you may say. I never go to such places, have nothing to do with such things, and have not the slightest reference to them in what I have said, nor do I know that any of the parties I have mentioned do. Our discussion must be, as I have said before, from a Bible standpoint, the standard authorities of the church, and the testimony of all reliable witnesses.

REMARKABLE MANIFESTATIONS.

Phantom Railway Trains!—A Mysterious Occurrence.

While we are no believer in Spiritualism, that is, in the supernatural origin of the so-called manifestations and revelations of modern times, we are not at liberty to ignore the facts and phenomena, so many of which are so well attested, and upon which the receivers of the doctrine assume to base their convictions of its reality.

Among these are the following statements made in an address delivered by Hon. George W. Woodman, of Portland, and reported in the Press of that city, in which he described some of the remarkable spiritual manifestations witnessed by himself and others during the last spring and summer in the sick room of N. M. Woodman.

There were nine witnesses in all; sometimes two or three were present at one time; sometimes more. On the 24th of March, Mr. N. M. Woodman fell through the scuttle of his store on Commercial street, a distance of twenty-three feet, and striking upon a bale of material below, was found in an hour afterwards in an insensible condition. He was taken home, when physicians were called who pronounced the injuries fatal, and death inevitable.

Mr. Woodman stated that Nathan (we call him so to distinguish him from the speaker), laid in an insensible condition for seven hours, when the physicians arrived at their opinion. His ribs were wrenched from their place, the spine was twisted, but not separated, and one of the large intestines removed from its place, so that there was no passage from the stomach. In this condition he could only live fourteen days. He lay until the evening of the 27th, unable to move in his bed, and part of the time partially unconscious. At seven o'clock on the evening of the 27th, in the presence of Dr. Hopkins, a leading medium, Nathan raised himself upright in bed, and spoke through the spirit which had him in control:—"I am terribly injured, and something must be done. It must be done within forty-eight hours or you will see the necessity of it." This was repeated on the Wednesday following, and the injuries described. And the spirits, speaking through the controlling influence, said—"Now friends, let the powers present handle him," and he was raised from the bed, and the voices prescribed a poultice, which, it was directed, should be placed on a certain point on the system, but it must not remain over an hour and ten minutes. The poultice was applied under the direction of the spirit, the bed tucked up, and the patient left sleeping. The room was vacated, and at the close of two hours the wife entered the room and found the bed undisturbed, her husband sweetly sleeping, and the poultice gone. It was found ten feet distant, nicely pinned up.

The speaker went on to say that the patient was examined, through the medium, by Drs. Wilbur—a Prussian, and Lerow—a Frenchman. The power in charge was a female relative, called Amanda, all of whom are long since dead.

On the third of April the influences said the man must be got up and dressed, and he was raised from the bed, twirled in the air, and stood upon his feet. He was dressed in an incredible short space of time by the spirits; and walked about the room. An unbeliever who was in the room, but who knew the attendant in life, was addressed by her, and circumstances of their childhood recalled. Two days after an examination and exercise like the above, the patient was left standing at the foot of the bed, with his back to the foot-board, when he was seized by invisible hands, lifted horizontally over it, and laid upon the bed.

At another time, those present were put in communication with the patient and medium,

and all heard angelic music. The wife left the room, ran down stairs, threw open the piano, and played and sang Italian music, joining with the mysterious voices above, then returned to the room, and immediately recovered her normal state, with no knowledge of what she had done.

The spirits told the attendants that they gave him medicine every night, and applied shower and steam baths, and turned him in bed. (The patient at this time in his normal state, was unable to move at all.) And this, Mr. Woodman went on to say, was verified in the following manner:—

On Sunday, April 16, at mid-day, the patient was much disturbed, he had been raised up in bed, and asked for water, which was given him. Presently a goblet was seen, let down from the ceiling, as if suspended by a thread, and stopped at the sick man's mouth. "Drink Nathan," said his wife, and the contents of the glass were administered by unseen hands. He complained that it was exceedingly bitter, like tanzy, and water was given him several times to remove the unpleasant taste.

At another time Dr. Hopkins, the medium, was taken up and carried three times around the room. The speaker described the appearance of colored lights on one occasion.

Once the speaker himself was taken up and thrown several feet across the room. May 7th, after the usual exercise by the spirits, Mr. Woodman was requested to step across the room and take Mrs. Woodman's hand; she held it about two minutes, when she saw a presence in full costume, with features clearly discernable. This was Mr. B.'s mother. There was another presence in the room, but it was not distinct enough for recognition. The same evening they had the manifestation of the spirit hands. Once the curtain fell down as they were about to close out the strong light, but was replaced by unseen power, before any one could stoop to pick it up. This was on the 8th of May.

The next day, the patient was taken into the hall by the spirits; there were sixteen of them in the room then, they were told, among whom were Rev. Jabez Woodman and Jabez C. Woodman. The last named appeared to them with great distinctness on a previous day, and afterward wrote at a table. He sat by the speaker when he visited the house, and talked to him, through the medium, of matters of which only they two had any knowledge.

On the 13th of May, the patient, after being "exercised" in the usual manner by the spirits, stood at the foot of the bed. In an instant he was lifted into the air, in a horizontal position, and laid across the foot board, and "balanced" there for several minutes; then he was turned over, and the process repeated.

On the 16th of May, while the speaker was rubbing the patient's back, by direction of the spirits, he was suddenly seized and thrown some distance.

Mr. Woodman, in his remarks, described with great minuteness, the progress of the recovery, and the gradual withdrawal of the unnatural support. We have not followed him very closely, selecting some of the most remarkable incidents to which he and other equally reliable gentlemen were witnesses.—*Maine Farmer.*

THE PHANTOM TRAINS.

The Columbia Courier is responsible for the following:

"The 'debbie am out on a big rampage,' along the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He is seen at various places along the road, and in different shapes. One night last week, after the Philadelphia express left Tyrone Station, his satanic majesty got on the engine with Sol. Hoffmaster. He looked around for a moment, then taking the poker from the fireman, opened the fire door and stirred the fire, at the same time sticking his feet in. He then sat down, stretching out his immense legs, and bringing his tail around, laid it between his cloven hoofs. Sometimes, wings could be seen about his shoulders. He was very particular about the fire; sometimes he would put his head in the fire box and look around, and then throw in his tail, stirring the fire at a rapid rate. By this time he got warmed up, and so had the engineer and fireman, who were nearly scared to death.

The engine was making about thirty-five miles an hour, when the devil picked up the oil can, went out and oiled the locomotive in all its parts. He then returned, and requested Mr. Hoffmaster to slack up and let him off at Bridge No. 5; but Mr. H. told him he might get off the same way he got on. The engine was then running at a fearful rate of speed, and Mr. Devil stepped to one side and disappeared.

We learn since that a phantom train was seen in the vicinity of the Gap. Some nights ago, David Wayne, engineer of 447, had stopped for some purpose, when a train was heard approaching at a rapid rate. Knowing there was no train due at that hour, schedules were examined carefully; but the stranger could not be made out. At length it came thundering around the curve, with an immense headlight and other equipments. The conductor, (H. Bell) engineer, fireman, and brakeman, all saw and heard the train coming. The flagman, (John K. Newell,) immediately went back with a light, and placed caps upon the rails. The phantom train came, making the usual noise, and lighting up the whole track with its lurid glare, when in a twinkling, the whole thing disappeared. Some say it was old Adam Clenson's train—the notorious leader of the Gap gang, who died several years ago—and that he was aboard swinging a red light furiously.

John Eilbert, engineer of the Lancaster train, informs us that when approaching Pequea Bridge, some nights ago, he saw the devil on the cowcatcher of his engine. He was running

at the rate of thirty miles an hour. He quickly shut off the steam and slackened up, but could not see anything more of the strange object. These stories are creating a great deal of comment among the railroad men. We give them as they are told to us, and leave the readers to draw their own conclusions.

A MYSTERY.

A Toledo Blade reporter has been for some weeks in possession of the facts relating to the following mysterious occurrence, and gave them to his readers in the issue of February 14. We have in our possession, and fully authenticated by responsible witnesses, facts similar to the accompanying, which we may give in a future issue of the Sun:

"For some time we have been in possession of the circumstances of a most singular manifestation which took place in this city, and which, while it looks inexplicable by any known laws of natural phenomena, it is yet fully attested by the statement of a man who is a firm disbeliever in all that bears the name or wears the guise of Modern Spiritualism. Regard for the feelings of the family soon afterward so sorely bereaved, has kept us silent concerning a matter, the mention of which at this time, we trust may not grate harshly on stricken hearts.

For several days, the family in question had been watching by the bedside of an only daughter, an unusually bright and attractive child, and the unyielding grasp of the disease from which she suffered, one of malignant character, had left them little hope for her life. As the little heart grew feebler, the child became partly unconscious, and as she lay thus one morning shortly before her death, the father stood over her, and after doing all that he could to make the bed comfortable on which she lay, seated himself on a sofa on the opposite side of the room. He had hardly done so, when some invisible power lifted the child from the bed on which she lay, and placed her in the middle of the floor! So gently was this done, that it did not even disturb her sleep, and the father was so startled by the sight, that he was almost too weak to lift her back again. All this was in broad daylight, with no one in the room save the father and child, and there was no possible opportunity for deception or illusion of any kind. As before intimated, the gentleman in question is skeptical on all points of spiritual belief, and at such a time would hardly be liable to be made the victim of a cheat. His well-known character and standing in the community is such as to place his word beyond question, even did the peculiar circumstances of the case render a fabrication well nigh impossible.

It would seem that the occurrence must be left on that mysterious boundary where the known laws meet the unknown, and leave all human intelligence at a loss."

A Literary Treasure.

The Manchester Examiner calls attention to a charming little book entitled "The Sight of Hell." It is by the Rev. Father Furniss, C.S.S.R., is printed *permissu superiorum*, and is recommended to be used along with the Catechism in the Sunday schools as part of a course of religious instruction. It is one of a series of "Books for children and young persons." From the following extracts it will be seen that the work is not of an inspiring character. The Rev. Father is supposed to be taking his young charges on a little tour of inspection, during which he acts as *cicerone*. Among many things too disagreeable to mention he points out the Striking Devil:

Little child, if you go to hell there will be a devil at your side to strike you. He will go on striking you from minute to minute for ever and ever without stopping. The first stroke will make your body as bad as the body of Job, covered from head to foot with sores and tumors. The second stroke will make your body twice as bad as the body of Job. The third stroke will make your body three times as bad as the body of Job. The fourth stroke will make your body four times as bad as the body of Job. How, then, will your body be after the devil has been striking it every moment for a hundred millions of years without stopping?

He then shows them a "Dress of Fire." Job xxxviii.—Are not thy garments hot? Come into this room. You see it is very small. But see in the midst of it there is a girl, perhaps about eighteen years old. What a terrible dress she has on—her dress is made of fire! On her head she wears a bonnet of fire. It is pressed down all over her head; it burns her head; it burns into the skin; it scorches the bone of her skull, and makes it smole. The red-hot fiery heat goes into the brain, and melts it.

Ezek. xxii.—I will burn you in the fire of my wrath; you shall be melted in the midst thereof as silver is melted in the fire. You do not, perhaps, like a headache. Think what a headache the girl must have. But see more. She is wrapped up in flames, for her frock is on fire. If she were on earth she would be burned to a cinder in a moment. But see in hell, where fire burns nothing away. There she stands burning and scorched; there she will stand forever, burned and scorched.

The children are favored with the sight of a boiling boy. "But listen! there is a sound just like that of a kettle boiling. Is it really a kettle boiling? No. Then what is it? Hear what it is. The blood is boiling in the scalded veins of that boy. The brain is boiling and bubbling in his head. The marrow is boiling in his bones."

What a dear, nice, excellent (?) teacher of little children this Father Furniss must make. How nobly he inculcates the doctrine of God being Love in this interesting little work of his!

Original Essays.

CLASSIFICATION OF THE GODS.

Circumstantial Testimony and Personal Tests in Support of Spirit Phenomena.

(From John Brown Smith, Our Traveling Correspondent.)

The ideal and visionary conceptions of a God in the past, were in complete harmony with the civilization, or development of individuals and races, and must soon give way before the enlightened and comprehensive intellect of this century, which is gradually approaching a recognition of the universal brotherhood of God.

We will endeavor, by a brief analysis of a few of the many fundamental principles and phenomena of nature, to throw sufficient light upon this subject, to render comprehensible, to enable the reason, intuition, instinct and common sense of liberal minds, to grasp a firm hold of higher and enlarged conceptions of the God of nature.

We will briefly classify in three distinct and well defined divisions, the prevailing conceptions of men in relation to an ideal or real God:

THE GOD OF THEOLOGY

is defined as an all-powerful principle, person, being, or spirit, which fills all space, and is above and beyond the ultimate destiny of man; also that the spirit of both God and man can not be recognized by the tests employed by science.

THE GOD OF MATERIALISM

is defined as the eternal principles, laws and phenomena of nature; and that God and matter are synonymous terms, of eternal duration, whose creations are finite, and lose their individual identity at the moment of physical dissolution.

THE GOD OF SPIRITUALISTS, OR BELIEVERS IN THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.

is defined as an infinite congress or conglomeration of individualized spirit, which has inherent in the constitution of each individual identity, power, motion, intelligence, instinct, love and purity, and that the ultimate destiny of spirit is to vibrate in continuous change through a series of successive evolutions or re-incarnations from the infinite to finite, thence back again to the infinite, and who recognize the Fatherhood and Motherhood of God in all material creations, and who believe that perfection of being and equality of rights are inherent in the constitution or spirit of every atom of matter, cell of plant, or animal life in space. Hence the highest possible conception of a republican congress of universal spirit is its eternal brotherhood.

THE ANALYSIS.

We will proceed to a brief analysis of these conceptions of a God, in their regular order, and endeavor to give a fair consideration to a few of the week points in Theology and Materialism:

First, in relation to the God of Orthodox Theology, we will say that if it is an all-powerful principle, there is not any power left for any other principle; and since the Theological devil, or principle of evil, has an acknowledged power, therefore the all-powerful God and the principle of evil are a combined unity of the all-powerful principle. Where, then, do you find sufficient power left to enable man to be a free-will agent, when these two man-made dictators absorb all power?

Again, if it is admitted that God is a personal being, or spirit, who is omnipresent, or fills all space, where do you find room for a personal devil, or principle of evil, unless they are both one? And if admitted to be both one, where, then, do you find room in space for the billions of spirits of men and the lower animals?

Again, let us analyze the proposition that God is above the ultimate destiny of man:

It has been shown that if God fills all space, there is not room left for any other material to make man of. Hence he must, of necessity, have been made of part of himself. By what rule of logic or common sense can it be shown that if man was made of part of God, and that part can not return at some time in eternity, that of necessity creations must cease through the inevitable exhaustion of creative power, consequently God is not above the ultimate destiny of man, because it is impossible to conceive of a whole, if a single part is permanently detached.

Let us briefly trace the results of these divine supremacy dogmas, as illustrated in the actual history of man.

Men, from the earliest traditions of the race, made their form of government conform to their conceptions of the divine will, as illustrated in heads of families, chiefs, governors, kings and emperors, who all claim a right to rule by the grace and divine right of a despotic God.

The intuitions and natural instincts of the Quaker and Puritan fathers prompted them to sail forth to the liberty-inspiring air of the new world, and establish a government which excluded the doctrine of divine right in government, under the renewed vigor and inspiration of civil liberty, their descendants will not cease the good work until these principles of republicanism are introduced into the governments of the whole earth; yes, and even the whole universe shall yet be recognized in the conceptions of men, as the grandest living exponent of the brotherhood of God.

We will now proceed to the analysis of the doctrines of Materialism:

In the evolutions of plant life, we find that the common ferns of to-day (which grow to the height of a foot, more or less) grew at the formation of the coal beds of Pennsylvania to seventy or eighty feet in height, also some of the small trees and shrubs of to-day are found in the coal formations of the earth as prodigious large trees. These facts have equal significance, when it is observed that many species of animals and plants have become extinct, but they ever leave their history written in the earth's crust.

Many species of animals and plants are gradually becoming extinct, and the different races of men are no exception; to this inexorable law of physical organization, which determines that as soon as earth conditions have progressed too far for that prolific multiplication of species which is inherent in primary organizations of life, that a gradual extinction is the inevitable result, which is in complete harmony with the physical laws which control all growth and decay.

Astronomy informs us that this same law applies to every world in space. Thus we find dead worlds, the moon for instance, which will not sustain the ordinary animals of earth.

The moment that this earth becomes unfit for man (or his successors, if any), and its dissolution is carried on in the chemical laboratory of nature, until the last atom has been resolved back to its primal basic elements, ready for use in building other worlds, it loses its history and identity as a world. As change in matter is only obtainable by adding or subtracting primary elements and conditions, hence matter in its primal properties and elements is eternal and unchangeable. Therefore all the intelligence of man and animals acquired

through countless centuries is forever, because there is no element of personal identity in dissolving worlds to perpetuate their history.

The inexorable deductions of these facts are that the principles and laws of nature, as exhibited in the evolution of matter, are limited by physical organization in every phase of development. Hence it is impossible to have eternal progression in matter as demonstrated fact, unless personal identity and the power to retain intelligence is recognized as an inherent principle in every individualization in nature; to acknowledge this principle in nature is equivalent to denying Materialism and acknowledging Spiritualism, because it is the spiritualizing of identity claimed by them. Hence we find that reason will not sustain their exposition of the principles of nature.

We will now examine what foundation they have in the phenomenon of nature to sustain their doctrines.

Prof. Crookes & Co., three of England's eminent men of science, have recently acknowledged and demonstrated by actual experiment, that Home, the physical medium, exhibited on various occasions an intelligent power, or force, which would move physical matter without personal contact, which they designated as psychic force. They further affirmed that no methods yet known to science can test the nature of this intelligent force. If physical science can not find means to grapple with these phenomena, common sense comes to the rescue, and finds means independent of the ignorance of so-called science.

I have in my possession a copy of a manuscript which was written by myself. And a few days afterward, in company with another person, we were in the room of a trance medium in Philadelphia, who was entirely ignorant of the fact that the article had been written. She was controlled by an intelligence purporting to be Thomas Paine, who said that he had impressed my brain with the leading ideas of said article, which was entitled "The Science of Human Life," and has been forwarded to the JOURNAL for publication. He also informed me that he had impressed my brain with the leading ideas of an article entitled "God in the Science of Human Life," and published in the issue of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of April 6th, 1872. I will not make a statement to oppose these claims, but will say that said articles were developed in my brain, and seemed to come exactly as though the ideas were my own.

I was brought up a strict Old School Presbyterian, and never even read one of Paine's works. I have been a believer in Modern Spiritualism only three years, although a radical in other reforms for fifteen years. I will leave the reader who is familiar with Paine's writings to judge whether circumstantial evidence will determine the greatest similarity of the ideas to Paine, or the Presbyterians. I am convinced from past experience that the Presbyterians will not claim them; hence abused Paine will have to father them.

I take the liberty of weaving in these personal incidents in my life, to give a brief idea of who and what the JOURNAL has secured for a "correspondent," and further, because they are needed to prove the correctness of my arguments.

The important facts are yet to be told, viz: Paine informed me that said article was written on five pages of manuscript, which was literally true.

He also informed me that on the second page there were three mistakes—not of grammar, but of phraseology. He said that the ideas were not brought out bold enough. He also indicated the precise localities on the page where these corrections ought to be made; and further stated that if I would read over the article when at home that he would impress me where to make the necessary changes. These statements were all true, and verified afterward by the person present with me at the seance, as well as by myself.

The medium was uneducated, and not competent to make the criticisms in her normal condition. It can not be ascribed to mind reading, because I had no knowledge of the fact that the ideas were not brought out boldly.

I could give other demonstrations to my mind that persons who have lived in the body retain their identity and intelligence, which settles the question with very many minds that Materialism has not even the phenomenon of nature for its support.

812 N. Tenth St., Philadelphia.

"The Play of Hamlet," with Hamlet Left Out.

BY P. B. BRISTOL.

BRO. JONES.—We have been not a little puzzled with Dr. Fahnestock's letters and position on statism, somnambulism and animal magnetism. We will not venture to comment on statism, as we are not clear as to its meaning. Does it signify, sit still and fly? Will the Doctor be pleased to enlighten us on this point? If it is a coined title to an imaginary hobby, then we should know better how to treat it.

But we leave statism, *statismus*, and briefly consider the principles and a few of the beauties and achievements of animal magnetism. Its intelligent adherents are numbered by tens of thousands, whose belief rests upon the same class of evidence as does that of the sun light. But to delineate in detail the infinite variations and conditions under all the diversified temperaments and shades of temperaments, under the action of this subtle, all pervading agent, would require time and paper not at our present command.

The Doctor's theory and practice of magnetism, with magnetism left out, is the puzzle. We can not understand how one could be long associated with clairvoyance, and fail to discover the facts of animal magnetism. In all due deference to the Doctor's "thirty years' experience," we are impelled to adopt widely different conclusions. In our experiments, running through twenty-five years, about ten years closely devoted to magnetism, magnetizing hundreds of different persons, meeting a great variety of phases and phenomena, developing a number of clairvoyants, becoming clairvoyant myself, at times, and being the recipient of magnetic aid and power from our fellow co-workers in the mundane, as well as from those in the spirit spheres; we have treated thousands magnetically, and effected many sudden, and, to us, wonderful cures. In many of these experiments we have felt and seen the animal magnetic element, often in such vivid, life-involving streams, as would eradicate the last vestige of a doubt, even from the mind of a "stativistic Thomas." Hence we testify of the animal magnetism that we have felt and seen, realized and enjoyed its effects, and do know. Yet with all this very interesting experience we have never written a book. Had we written what we did not know, it would have made a very large volume.

Positive as we are of the existence and power of animal magnetism, which constantly permeates all animal bodies, constituting the medium of animal life, motion, commerce of motion, and emotions, and on which depends all human action and progress, we can not hear it traduced in the house of its friends, without moving our protest. We have no fears for its

safety. It has withstood many a hard onslaught; and the "scape-goat" for spiritual manifestations, and all manner of sin against Orthodoxy. But like gold, brushing increases its lustre.

While Dr. Fahnestock calls it absurd, yet he seems to be obliged to own, use, and even acknowledge it in many places in his different letters, viz: In the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of April 23d, 1871, he says: "But aside from all this, the question is, 'If you fill a magnetic person with magnetism, were it possible, would he not become positive?'"

Most certainly not. If he were filled with negative magnetism, such a proposition is at once palpably "absurd" and unphilosophical; and taken in conjunction with many others equally unsound, issued at various times, shows conclusively that Bro. F. does not understand the laws of magnetism, and therefore can not in reason be expected to believe in its agency; and the whole subject looks to him as "absurd" as did the evolution of the earth to the old Dutchman, while his mill-pond did not spill out.

Again: "If animal magnetism had an existence, and produced a result at all, it should be the same in all cases, and necessarily would be devoid of intelligence."

Here, again, he evidently fails to recognize the infinitely various conditions of beings and substances, which necessarily give variation and character to results in all electrical phenomena, while no one, as I am aware, ever claimed that it possessed intelligence, it being only the vehicle, or medium, by and through which mind transmits intelligence.

Again: What does the Doctor mean by "aura"? Might he not just as well say magnetism, or nerve force?—all one, and the same.

Again: "Susceptible condition." What does that imply? Call it what you please, and it is the same—animal magnetic condition. Thus he virtually owns that which he denies.

Again: "The fact that spirits can not control any part of the body that is not in passive somnambulism." What does he mean by "control"? In this connection it can mean nothing, unless it be animal magnetism. Was Saul in a "passive somnambulant" condition when the spirits knocked him *hors de combat* and closed his eyes? Was Balaam's ass in a "passive state of somnambulism" when the spirits opened his mouth? If so, the beast must have been an exceeding dull one, to be somnambulant under the terrible lashing given just at that moment, by its vexed rider. (This was undoubtedly a case of "animal" statism.) Was Balaam in a "passive somnambulant" state when the spirits opened his eyes so he could see the angel? History shows that he was "fighting mad" at his stativistic ass.

Once more: "I accounted for it by stating that it certainly was caused by the influence of some spirit that always accompanied him." What influence? How did the spirit influence him? Did every any being influence another by any other means than by and through animal magnetism? Somnambulism is only one magnetic condition—one letter in the alphabet. Statism, we suppose, is another letter. Whatever it is, it is evident that it blinds its possessor, so that he is unable to discover his own self-contradictions, and that many facts, conditions and laws are lost sight of, as an atom held close to the eye will obscure an orb. If somnambulism were a remedial agent, all might be cured, as all sleep. The same may be said of walking. While both are aids, neither are cures.

All the forces or functions of the systems, body or mind, great or small, world of universe, are magnetically conducted. Health or harmony is a perfect magnetic equilibrium, or distribution of forces through the whole system, disease or discord being an unequal or disturbed condition of the magnetic medium of motion, in some part or parts. The cure must of necessity address itself to the diseased part or organ magnetically. To cure some cases, it is only requisite to equalize the magnetic forces; others, quickened in certain parts or the whole; others rendered more positive, or stronger in one part or organ, or group of organs. Other cases require some element removed and new material added, and directed to particular organs. Some only need proper nutriment or raiment, or sleep, or action, hotter or colder, conditions of parts or the whole; or water, cool or hot, internal or external; and it may be drugs (with great caution), but by far the more effectual and available mode in my experience, is animal magnetism, under the guidance of clairvoyance, applied with a gentle hand, forced to the diseased organ by a kind, powerful will. Electricity, in its various modifications, being the first substance below mind, and the only substance which mind can touch, and lay hold of, and move in the execution and manifestations of its will, necessarily becomes the medium of motion, throughout the human system and all vast realms of animate matter. By magnetic expansion and contraction, repulsion and attraction, all the movements of the universe are performed. The human system, every atom and world are self generators, electors and distributors of magnetism, and throughout all substances and beings there exists a reciprocal commerce and interchange of magnetic element, controlled (of course) by their respective conditions and inherent laws. In these principles exist inherent animal magnetism; and he who opposes it is in opposition to immutable law.

By magnetic expansion and contraction, repulsion and attraction, the brain, the arm, the eye, are moved, the lungs expanded, the air inhaled; the blood receives a positive electric charge, and is repelled through the arteries, where the positive magnetism is given off to the system; the blood becoming negative is attracted through the veins. Thus all the forces and functions of the human system, voluntary and involuntary, are conducted by the positive and negative element: every organ, gland, nerve and muscle, reciprocally generating and dispensing the electric force. Therefore commercial reciprocity or interchange of magnetic element is an inherent constitutional principle in the human organism; and when proper magnetic connection is effected, holds equally true and operative in all organs and atoms in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms and when understood will scientifically explain all the "mysterious" phenomena, from the thunder clap to the "small, still voice;" from the tornado to the gentle zephyr; from the upheaval of the mountain to the explosion of the Westfield, and the bursting of the pop corn; from the rolling of the stone from the door of the sepulchre to the tiny "spirit rap;" from the "flood" to the dewdrop; from the ancient visit of the "angel of the Lord" to the modern presentation of the spirit form, and all phenomena, *ad infinitum*.

Two beings, perfectly equal (if such exist), would have no occasions for interchange; nor could any occur under the laws, excepting such a case. No two beings can come into magnetic contact without the one or the other giving or taking magnetic element, effecting one or both in part or whole rendering more positive or less negative in one or more organs in greater or less degrees, resulting in more or less good or evil, according to the various temperaments, affinity, wisdom and persistency engaged.

Two systems favorably constituted may so blend in magnetism as to become in part or in whole, nearly one system in physical force, the one contrary, the other passive, when the magnetic forces of the active system may be controlled to any extent within the laws of the medium. The sense of feeling, taste, seeing—all the external, and indeed the sense of pain, in any part, and even consciousness itself, may be suspended and revived at the will of the one holding the positive power, if aided by proper manifestations with the hands, which are the great magnetic poles. As the external senses are suspended, the mind of the negative (if properly influenced) will be enlivened or quickened, and may, by the sense of feeling or perception, take cognizance of the internal condition and action of its own system, and even that of other systems.

There are many persons who, with proper instructions, may partially demagnetize themselves, so as to suspend the external senses, and even become more or less clairvoyant, and by their own will so control the magnetism of their own system, as to effect a cure of many diseases. To give instructions in this particular field may be Dr. F.'s mission. But self-induced magnetism is no new feature of animal magnetism, and we fail to see where the "stativistic" comes in.

By proper training and development, a few favorably constituted persons may become clairvoyant, when electricity, instead of light, becomes the vehicle of perception. To them, all substances become transparent (as electricity pervades all substances), and the inner life, workings and elements become visible, thereby opening to the light a new field of knowledge of the forces of the system, and of cures, as the clairvoyant vision is enabled to trace effects to causes, and the relation of substances. Still higher it wings its flight of observation, until the bright faces of the departed loved ones become visible, all aglow with joyous greetings. And finally the mortal vision is enabled to behold the realms of the spirit-world, with its overwhelming beauty and grandeur; while the mortal mind in this semi-spiritual elevation spans the hitherto dark gulf between the earth and spirit sphere, and really visits the "glorified mansions above," and holds sweet converse with those who have gone before; and return to the fearing and doubting of earth, with the "glad tidings of great joy."

MESMERISM.

Interesting Facts and Plain Talk to Dr. Fahnestock.

BY RICHARD WALKER.

BRO. JONES.—Permit me to intrude myself in the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, by this communication, as I feel prompted by a sense of duty, and also a desire to aid the blessed cause of the Spiritual Philosophy.

I know that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is published solely for the object to spread broad cast those glorious truths, and I know also that all such papers are likely to be crowded upon by persons that have some peculiar hobby that they wish to connect with Spiritualism, and will take ten times the space in such papers as belong to them, to the exclusion of other communications that would be much more interesting and profitable to the public at large. This I think to be the case with the long-continued communications of Dr. Fahnestock, on what he calls Artificial Somnambulism or Statism. If his theory and book has such overwhelming evidence and arguments to convince all who read his work as he seems to think, why can not he be content to publish his book or books, and advertise them in all the Spiritual papers, so that all can have them that wish, and not crowd his ideas into the valuable space in the JOURNAL, and deprive its readers of better subject-matter—reasonable and truthful.

Now, if I understand the subject, as anyone must, by reading his positive statements, the main gist of his theory is, that the somnambulist state can only be produced in a person by that person's own will, and that no disembodied spirit, or spirit in the body, can produce it in another. This I know to be false, and I shall show in this article how I know it by relating a few items of my own experience in the Science of Mesmerism.

And now I ask, supposing the Doctor's theory may be true, of what advantage would it be to the cause of Spiritualism to have it known or meddled with?

If I could be made to believe in the Doctor's theory in spite of the knowledge I have to the contrary, I should lose seventy-five per cent of my belief that spirits of the departed ever communicated to those in the body.

The Doctor, by heading his article "drowning men will catch at a straw," when he speaks of Doctor Towle at the Circle, in the *Banner of Light* room, and the answer of the spirit, through Mrs. Conant, seems to insinuate that men are so overwhelmed with his views and writings, that they are as drowning from all other ideas, and such answers as are derogatory to his views are but straws thrown out for them to catch at; and he rates the very sensible and truthful answer given through Mrs. Conant, as not worth the paper it was written on—because, forsooth, Doctor Hare has told him, through several of the best of mediums, that his views are correct.

Question.—How does he know that it was Doctor Hare?

Now, from my long experience in witnessing spirit communications, I will venture to assure Doctor Fahnestock that if he is determined to ride his hobby to the death, that he will attract the attendance of many spirits who will be ready to assume the name of Doctor Hare, Socrates, or Jesus Christ, as best may suit him, and thus hold his straws; and this through the media (if they will sit for him) as long as he has such an ardent desire to carry his point against evidence, no matter how many, or who he has got to believe as he does. Nor would I insinuate but what he is honest, and is useful in developing mediums, but how does he know but what spirits of the departed help him, and produce the somnambulist state?

The Doctor asserts that no medium can be controlled by spirits, unless they are in a somnambulist state.

I assert that I have been controlled by spirits, and forced to leave a comfortable seat in the cars, and traverse the whole length of the train—much against my will, and not knowing any object in view—until I arrived at the last car, where I was brought in contact with an old acquaintance who was suffering from mental anxiety, and before I knew it, I discovered two spirits attendant on the person, who were own sisters, and from them I delivered a message that I afterward found was most needed to help their case; and yet I was never stativized, nor did I ever for one moment lose my consciousness to the outer world, except in natural sleep in hours of rest.

Now for the proof in my experience to the contrary of Doctor Fahnestock's theory or statements. And here let me say that I never had the title of Professor or "Doctor" attached to my name; I am only a mechanic, and am now in the seventy-sixth year of my age.

Between thirty and forty years ago I began to practice the Science of Mesmerism in the city of Portsmouth, N. H., and was very successful in curing disease when I could get the person entranced in the mesmeric sleep, and

this was almost instantly, some of which the Allopathic Doctor had tried a long time, and failed to cure. For instance—Chorea, or St. Vitus' Dance. My subjects would be insensate, performed on the body, without pain; and yet, their life so blended in mine, that I could prick a pin on me, or the pulling of a stick on my hand, and not a word passed between us, and I verily believe that should a ball at such a time, pass through my heart, the subject would die as quick as I should. I could give them a glass of water, which would taste like sweet wine to them, and direct them to sit or operate as a lobelia emetic, at some given place at the precise hour, when they were in their normal state, but they would be entirely ignorant of the cause; and many such things, have I done. But this is not the evidence I shall bring against the Doctor's statement, that no person can produce the somnambulist sleep upon another.

I had a kind of instinct that would give me the power to see, when I looked on a person's countenance, whether I could mesmerize them or not; and sometimes I felt so interested in the subject, that I could not keep my eyes away from a person that looked like an easy subject to entrance, and have operated on such ones at times without their knowing my intentions, merely for curiosity.

I once put a young man in a profound somnambulist sleep while riding in a stage from Milton to Great Falls, N. H.—he being an utter stranger to me, and not a word passed between us on any such subject, and but very few words on any subject. At another time while riding in the cars from Philadelphia to New York, there was a well-dressed and well-looking man with gold bowled glasses sat opposite me, that I thought he must be a good subject by his looks; so I fixed my attention on him, to try what I could do without saying a word, or giving him a hint about mesmerism, and I found he soon began to falter and show signs of sleep. He would turn and look toward me, but when his eyes fell on me I would be looking out of the window; suffice it to say that he went into a profound sleep, and remained so for more than an hour. The Conductor came to him at three different times, and shook him violently, in order to see his ticket, but could get no sense in him, and I could have kept him so into New York, but at a proper time I willed him to wake up and he did. I then said to him, "you seem to be sleepy to-day." He replied, "yes, I never was so sleepy in the cars before in my life." I then informed him that he had a long sound nap, and I hoped he would excuse me, for I was a Mesmerizer, and had helped him into his sleep. He laughed heartily, and said he knew he was a mesmeric subject, and gave me his card—inviting me to call on him in New York.

Question.—Did this man put himself into such a profound sleep that the Conductor could not awake him?

At another time, I came home to my house on a dark night, and found the curtain of the window a little on one side, so that I could just look in by one side of it without being seen, and with my family was sitting a lady visitor, working with her needle, a vine, with leaves, on some part of a female's dress. So I concluded to try my power on her. I soon perceived that she began to look around the room, and at last she inquired of some of the family, if they were trying to mesmerize her? They replied, no—they had not thought of such a thing. Well, said she, "somebody is; but soon a rapport began to be established, and she saw me through the window, and made an effort to rise to close the curtain but could not leave the chair. On examining her work it was found that while I was looking through the window, she had made a leaf on her vine about half the size of any other. This lady had been mesmerized some time previously; this was why she knew the sensation.

One more case, and I close. A young lady once came to my house, anxious to be entranced for some purpose, and I, thinking she looked like an easy subject to mesmerize, gave her a sitting, but could produce no effect; so I agreed to give her a series of trials at stated hours on different days, which was attended to half an hour at each time—I think to the number of five times, with no effect that I could discover. I then said to her, "you can't be mesmerized," she replied, "she did not think she could," but on rising from my seat—having to give the matter up, I made the last effort, and she fell into a perfect trance in less than two minutes.

Question.—If the Doctor's theory is true, why did she not produce this by her own will, while I was trying to help her?

Again, I have quite a number of times produced this somnambulist or abnormal condition in subjects that had previously been under my influence, when I have been separated from them at various distances—from half a mile to (in one case) fourteen miles, and that without any previous calculation or understanding by either party; and all such things as I have stated are well known and practiced by scientific mesmerizers the world over, and such will bear me up in asserting that Doctor Fahnestock's theory is without foundation.

And now I ask, has not mesmerism ever been practiced as a science since Mesmer first brought it to light at Vienna, about the year 1776? And has it not flourished since that time, and become adopted as an interesting science the world over, and used as a healing agent by eminent men, from Dr. Townsend to the present day? How often has it been used to put persons in a state to have surgical operations performed without pain? And has not most of well informed Spiritualists hailed this science as the handmaid of Spiritualism, like John the Baptist, coming in advance of modern Spiritualism, showing to the world how persons could be entranced by other persons, and made to think and speak what the mesmerizer willed; so that persons could understand how spirits out of the body could entrance persons, and make them do the same things and more? And must all this science, and the experience and practice of thousands of scientific as well as unscientific men like myself, be pronounced hush, and be brought to naught by one, or a dozen men? If so, well may we exclaim—"How are the mighty fallen!"

O tell it not in Gath, nor publish it in Cincinnati, that even the angel could not communicate with Balaam until Balaam's ass had, by the power of his own will, thrown himself into Doctor Fahnestock's state of statism, for the accommodation of the angel.

Hopedale, Mass., March 15, 1872.

BEHIND THE TIMES.—A clergyman, on exchange, found a note in the Bible to the effect that Brother A. requested the prayers of the Church that the loss of his wife might be blessed to him, etc. The preacher prayed most fervently. To his amazement and mortification, he found that the note had lain in the pulpit a year, while the bereaved gentleman was on this Sabbath sitting with a new wife in the congregation.

CONSIDERABLE difficulty was recently apprehended in a county in Alabama on the discovery that a Judge had for several months been swearing witnesses on a dictionary in stead of a Bible.

MAY 4, 1872.

Arts and Sciences.

BY Y. A. CARR, M. D.
SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and
subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Ad-
dress Lock Box 530, Mobile, Alabama.

Correlational Forces and Evolutions.

SCIENTIFIC—SERIAL NUMBER TWENTY-SIX.

The analytic investigation of Spiritualism should begin at the highest point of understanding to which any given measure of comparative appreciation has led it. With the chemist, that point is polar condition (or electrical measures of individuality). The ordinary term "God," conveys a vague overpowering idea to the dogmatist, (of revealed *ipse dixit*) around which self-complacent assumptions revolve as spasmodically as the candle-flies around the lamp-lights of time and occasion. Let us, as true Spiritualists, profit by our observations in this direction, and learn to be governed by the "God-principle" in our own minds, which governs all outside of us, though this "God-principle," or motion, sequent upon the electrical measure of ever varied polar condition, may not investigate itself, it may learn more and more to appreciate itself, as measured out, in our ultimate measure of progressed condition. Truth is principle; principle is light; and light is light, so far as its positive impress goes into itself, illumining all things as from a common source, as yet beyond the utmost reach of human reason.

A philosophic conception of the polar condition by which mind and the spirit of the spheres are brought into communion, can be arrived at only by a most patient and critical analysis of physical laws, coupled with such light as our progressed reason receives as living truth or light from the upper spheres. But, enquires the more thoughtful reader, will you try and give me a still more definite idea of this all important polar condition of which you speak? Yes.—In every act of composition or decomposition you will find an example. The cause is the physical representative of "God," or the God-power thrown to the world as Electricity.

This subtle, permeable, diffusible, elastic, equilibrium-tending spirit, peculiar to all matter, exists in greater or less quantities in the various elements known to chemists.

As stated on former occasions, these elements range from the negative to the positive, according to the increased amount of electricity they sustain, which is modified in character only by the conducting quality of the different elements, measures, or elements containing it. The diversity of polar condition is the basis of affinity, which affinity can be suspended by the supervising presence of a greater amount of electricity in motion than the amount of electricity stationary, in the individualized conditions undergoing decomposition.

To instance a case—say gunpowder, which contains next to the largest amount of electric measure within the non-conducting confines of its isolated granules. If we apply by contact fire, or a temperature of a thousand degrees of heat, the granules become instant conductors, and give off their electrical excess in the form of explosion, and the electricity contained in the nitrogen, carbon, and sulphur of the granules passes into the ethereal sensorium commune. This presents the cause of chemical affinity, and the rationale of its suspension, by the magnetism resulting from electrical motion in the grosser forms of the material, the magnetism of the motion in the more subtle ranges of the ethereal, and the magnetism of ever-restive union in the spiritual spheres.

In the material, the combustion of a candle is a simple instance in point. The carbon of the candle contains some 40 parts or measures of electricity more than the oxygen of the atmosphere; this is retained in carbon, as a non-conductor in its static state, until overcome and rendered a conductor, by the presence of a given amount of electricity in motion—in the form of a temperature of a thousand degrees of heat, when the excess of electricity contained by carbon, or any other electro-positive measure is given out in the form of combustion.

In the ethereal, we find the sensorium magnetism of electricity in motion, encircling and controlling all the chemical forces forming, suspending, ever changing and reproducing in the ever varied grades or measures of diversified forms, all we find segregated, aggregated, or assimilated by repulsion, cohesion, affinity, or attraction of gravitation.

In fact, electricity in motion is the great magnetic lever of progression, and as it is the connecting link between the material and spiritual worlds, should constitute the paramount study of our lives.

In the ever restive union of the spiritual, we find, spiritually speaking, mentality as the ultimate Holy Ghost, or ultimate sum total of a terrestrial Trinity—the hyposthane of all triangular action, on its outward and upward progress toward the ultimate harmonies of the ever extending infinitude beyond our finite conception.

Mind, in this earth-sense, is the progressive concentration or union of matter with the soul of matter (electricity) by which it has been evolved through ever restive change, and rendered a link between the spirit-world and the earth, or outward objective condition or subjective relation. Mind being one of the virtual trinity, is maintained by the spiritual magnetic effect of the source producing it. Such is the inward of all outward trinities—the "God" of nature. Thus it is that the trinities of the universe make up the great inward trinity, and thus it is that every outward form has its internal reality.

Let us accept the sun as an outward, though positive representative of the inward power that originally, by the requisition of polar law, sent out its positive power (electricity) through the negative chaotic matter surrounding space, until on reaching a certain polar limit in space, it necessarily condensed the negative matter it pervaded, into igneous belt, so formed by the peculiar motion of the sun. This belt necessarily parted, in order that it might become a magnetic individuality, containing all elements of a mundane nature, between the polar extremes of the electricity, and the chaotic matter entering into the radical compound thus individualized and put in motion as an earth, and also containing, by a necessity in the very nature of the union forming it, that inherent polar motion we now observe effecting all of nature's great philosophic purposes and elaborations.

In order that we may consult nature, rather than soaring genius or abstract revelation, let us go into your chemical laboratory and observe the incense as it rises from the outward to the inward form. Here, over the galvanic battery, we see electricity giving a polar condition to everything—we see it effecting every combination, and given out by every character of decomposition; and under the impress of its magnetic motion, we see it dissolving the most radical compounds; we see it producing water from the principles of fire, and fire from the principles of water; we see it arraying, taming, controlling, and harmonizing all elementary and proximate constitutions under the magnetism of its motion; we see it passing acids through alkalis, and colors through colorless

fluids; we see it creating and suspending chemical affinity or cohesive attraction, as well as attraction of gravitation; in brief, we see it holding the wildest wilderness of chaos in plastic solution, and preparing its inherent elements to advance onward by their native allegiance to that unity of polar purpose, or that mighty polar brotherhood of life-giving power, whose influence extends throughout all the kingdoms of nature's illimitable empire. Here it is, in the incense of the battery, that we see electricity, in obedience to its reciprocal relations in space, achieving the universal mission thus imparted through it to matter by the source from which it springs, the mission of polarizing, concentrating, and individualizing matter into mind; which individuality can, by virtue of its past relations with all below and future tendencies toward all above, look back through its own affiliative vista of the past and onward to its hopeful future, through the magnetic light of its own reason, reflection and sensation.

Thus conditioned, the mind may turn within upon the labyrinth of its own polar relations; perceive through their media; recall their affiliations; reason by their impress, and judge by the polar light of their magnetic union. It is here, over the battery, that we, in our course through nature up to nature's God, come to contemplate the human mind, thus concentrated as a beacon-light within the portals of "paradise," ready to plume its pinions, and embark on its great mission of discovery through the realms of the past, where it may revel in the shade and sunshine of progressive life, drink deep of its refreshing fountains, and scan, in its eternal flight, the great empire of eternal principle, truth, and light hidden to the material sense by the outward form. And it is thus we see the mind, by its own intuition, reaching the more refined medium, constituting the primer page of spirit-life—the inward star; the leader of that fond hope which, like an infant's smiles, shines out by its polarity to meet the joyous greeting of its mother's kindred love; that hope leading on to the eternal sunshine of the spirit-spheres.

Such is the language and the teaching; such is the power, and such the simple truths by which we are taught a correct knowledge of the motion, and its source of action, by which the vast elaborations of nature are daily effected under the magnetic impress of this universal mainspring of her operative philosophy—which moves all, from the purest depths of infinity, to the less perfected regions of polar stagnation.

New Mexico.

BRO. JONES.—I would like to say something about Spiritualism in Colorado, where you have many warm friends, true and brave men and women, who have borne the brunt of the battle, and are coming out victorious; where the pioneers of this grand philosophy have been, such women as Laura DeForce Gordon, Miss Brown, and Lois Waisbrooker, each presenting the new truths from the summer land in a different dress, but all attractive. Mrs. Waisbrooker's best work though is in writing. I see she has a new work on "May-Weed Blossoms," and that her "Hellen Harlow's Vow" has passed a third edition. My copies I left in circulation in Denver, where they are extensively read and much liked. Here everything is too new, and society in too crude a state to expect much else than sturdy toil and such thought as will tend to convert these stores of chlorides and sulphurets into shining silver, and I think that many a man will find a silver lining to the dark cloud of a life of poverty and toil. Quin Sabe, as these Mexicans say, who are paterans for the most orthodox Christians, inflict punishment on themselves, to pay the penalty for sins. They set up a cross at the mouth of the pit where they are mining, and do many other things that reminds one of the practices of the early Christians. They have the reputation of being a great set of thieves and liars, and why not! when they can so easily obtain forgiveness. Whether the early Fathers of the Church were the first, I do not know that they were the last; we have abundant proof in the mutilated records they have left us. It is a quality that seems to adhere to them well, or to these representatives.

I find that I have written more than I intended, and not said what I wished to say about Spiritualism in Colorado. I shall have to defer that (for want of time) to another letter, if you wish to hear from me again, when I shall have been here longer, and can write you more definitely. Yours, JOHN WOOD.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1872.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

The Different Conditions of Life—A Retrospective View.—The Commencement of Time—The First Cause—The Second Cause.

(NUMBER LXXXV.)

There are various currents to life. Some of them are freighted with the widow's cry and orphan's moan, and they are impelled onward by the tears of the sad, sorrowing ones of earth. On its current, bleak and dismal, saturated with the blood of wars, murders and religious persecutions, it resembles, in appearance, the fabulous river Styx. Entering into all conditions of society, invading every clime, permeating the hills and valleys alike, it moves along like a poisonous reptile, endangering the life of all who come in contact with it. Humanity marching in one immense phalanx from the cradle to the grave, seem to take the different currents of life, and nestled thereon, they proceed until they are landed at the last depot,—“death.”

The cradle is the first depot; the grave the last. Between these two extremes, each one is wafted along, impelled forward by forces seemingly as irresistible as those which maintain a planet in its orbit.

That child is beautiful. Innocence glistens in its eyes; peeps forth in radiant smiles from its little face; sounds sweetly in the joyous laugh and prattle, and it is lovely in its artless, mischievous pranks. But inexorable law brought it forth,—landed it in the cradle, and now it is on one of the many currents of life. It is, perhaps, compelled to take the emigrant train! No sleeping cars there; no soft beds; no comfortable seats; and the air is pestilential with the foul tobacco smoke. This train starts at the cradle; it sounds forth the plaintive song,—“Rattle his bones over the stones; he is nothing but a pauper whom nobody owns.”

As we glance at the various conditions of life—at the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the joyous, the sad—we are inclined to ask why this diversity, and our mind suddenly becomes illuminated,—the Lamp of Reason seems suspended in every nook and corner of space, and the scintillating rays thereof speak a divine language. The Universe, with its countless currents of life, with its myriads of living souls, seems to be spread out before us. How grand, how beautiful! With no obstruction to our vision, no apparent limit to our sight, and with a mind that seems to reflect to the understanding the meaning of all things, we stand in breathless suspense! The stars, radiant with beauty, deck the firmament. The planets go thundering along through space, while around them, numberless moons send forth a halo of silvery light! The comets, mighty engines, chariots of fire, frisk along as if coquetting with the magnificent worlds among which they circulate, and with their long train of translucent light, they seem to have a mission not well understood by man. Empire of Creation! Stupendous Universe! The eye glances along those currents, and gazes at the varied hues of light that illuminate all things, and then wonders where is the architect thereof? The ear listens to the music of moving worlds. How sweet the music! Each planet of the different systems sounding a different note, and all interblending, they produce the most enrapturing music! The scenes that greet us surpass the loftiest imagination of the children of earth; but they soon change. Our emotions are on an elevated plain of existence. Back, back, back! The light fades away, followed by a darkness that seems tinged with the vanishing rays of some feeble luminary. Strange sounds strike upon our ears, and vanish on the breeze in strains of sadness! The cry of poverty,—how heart rending! How tremulous the emotions that it seems to start on the waves of sound that proceed from the lone, damp cellar, and the falling tears of the sorrowing and mourning impart a dreary aspect to all creation.

Life has its dark side—its side of tears, of groans and anguish—and we often wonder, Why all this? These scenes soon vanish, and the world seems locked in one profound slum-

ber. The rivers have ceased to run, the clouds to move, the fire to burn, the plants to grow, and the very earth seems to totter beneath our feet. What a change! Gradually all things around us disappear from our sight. Commercial cities, tall mountains, the vast bodies of water—all things have vanished; nothing in its strictest sense remains of which the senses can take cognizance.

Time is to commence again. An infinite God—omnipresent, omniscient, and omnipotent still exists, and he is to commence Creation again,—we alone remaining to witness the work.

He makes man; he is the culmination of his own creative power. Has he anything but God-like attributes? Tell me that, please, for here is an important point that we wish to impress upon your mind. Can he be anything but God-like? Can he act opposite to the power of those attributes given him? Can he change their nature? As God is unchangeable, would not these attributes be precisely like him in essential qualities? Could they by any process be different from their original nature? How, Scientist? How, Philosopher? How, profound thinker? Tell us how it would be possible for that child of God to step outside of his own inherent powers or attributes just given him? God made him! He possesses nothing but God-like attributes, for those are the only ones in existence, and he cannot step outside of them. He can't change them, for they originated from unchangeable attributes. He can't sin! He can't fall! He can't introduce into his organism one new faculty. If he could one, why not more? Here is the first man of the new era. We saw God make him; no mistake. He also made woman. With the two are connected certain laws. They have children. Their two children represented the third generation,—God the first. God imparted to the first pair his attributes alone—simply, a culmination of himself. *How, when, and where* can those attributes or faculties be changed? To say they can be changed so as to destroy their original qualities, would be an insult to God.

Again, we find space assuming its natural, active appearance. The universe is teeming with life; the ocean is dotted with the ships of commerce; the railroad trains connect different countries; the magnetic telegraph conveys its news with the speed of thought, and all things are moving on as before our vision.

But, then, admitting a First Cause,—God, who made the first man, will some learned professor tell us when, where, and how he lost his God-like attributes or faculties, and where he found others to put in their place? Tell us, please, how he was changed, and would not that change be as miraculous as creation? If a First Cause made man, tell us when the Second Cause changed him from the nature that the First Cause gave him. If a First Cause,—God, made the first pair then to-day, all humanity are just what he intended them. If the first pair possessed the only God-like attributes, could their children possess anything else? If a First Cause,—God, then he who murders does so in accordance with God-like attributes and emotions that he possesses? His emotions and attributes originated from God? If not from God, then an addition must have been made to his original faculties, or powers of mind and body. This would bring in a Second Cause, and that alone would be responsible, and not the man who murdered.

Glancing at this question on all sides, we deny the existence of an Intelligent First Cause—God, with attributes common to humanity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Is it True?—If so, Why Ignore it?

In previous articles in this series we have shown, to some extent, the pernicious influence imposed by Christianity in restraining free inquiry into truths developed upon the physical and mental planes, and into the arts and sciences, when they are supposed to conflict in the least with the fundamental principles of popular church dogmas.

That pernicious influence is exerted far beyond the so-called Evangelical church devotees. It extends to the more liberal sects: to the Universalists, the Unitarians, to the free religionists; indeed, there is not a sect of religionists on the face of the globe who are not idolaters and cowardly slaves.

The very idea of religion, when properly understood, and legitimately applied to man, implies cowardice and slavery—idolatry; a veneration and worship of a myth; a mere creature of the imagination.

Mind and matter are subject to immutable laws and are as certain of being developed in degree, as appropriate and proper conditions are evolved to that end as the blade, the stalk, and the ear is the result of proper agricultural appliances to the kernel of corn deposited in the proper and congenial soil. As intelligence is, to a certain extent, required to develop and mature the ripened ear of corn, so intelligent appliances are necessary to develop and mature infantile minds to the highest degree of nobility—true manhood.

All phases of religion in effect deny this proposition. In that denial sectarians are united. The light that is dawning upon the world has to encounter that spirit. The *Philosophy of Life*, commonly called *Spiritualism*, is demonstrating very many important truths, which militate diametrically against all religious formulas. It day by day demonstrates the fact that spirit is the inner and moving principle of all development, be it in mind or matter; that morals grow out of intelligence, and are the result of the development of mind.

Most astonishing facts are performed by spirit power, contrary to all known laws. The savans of the age are compelled to admit the truth of the phenomena, and attempt to account for the same upon the most stupid, shallow, and inconsistent hypotheses rather

than to concede the fact that it is simply what the phenomena intelligently claims it to be.

Religion in its multitudinous phases is responsible for such stupidity.

Rather than admit a great truth, which necessarily conflicts with the absurdity of a religious fallacy, sectarians, who are at antipodes upon all other questions, will unite in their denunciations and sneers at a great and palpable truth to all sincere investigators.

In the midst of church devotees they either deny in toto Spiritual phenomena, or attribute it to a mythological devil. When but two or three are confronted with obvious facts, they are non-committal, lest they might differ with each other. When but one engages in conversation with a person free from all religious thralldom, but who has abundance of facts to demonstrate spirit power, the listener gives respectful attention, and declares “there is something in it, despite all that is said against it.”

A few days since, when coming in to Chicago, from our home in St. Charles, two gentlemen whom we had known for many years, one an ex-judge, who had practiced law before the same courts with ourself from early manhood; the other a *Doctor of Divinity* of the Universalist denomination, into which order we were born and educated, and which we advocated until we grew out of it by the natural law of development, to an appreciation of the Philosophy of Life, took seats near us. Having several years before, in a conversation with one friend—the Judge—predicted that but a few years would elapse before the likenesses of “departed friends” would be taken through and by the science of photography, we took from our pocket a very good common photograph likeness of Mrs. President Lincoln, on which photograph was also, standing behind her, the likeness of the lamented President, her husband, and her two sons in spirit-life, Thaddeus and Willie. As an evidence that it was no fraud, we called the attention of our friend the Judge to the apparent fact that the spirits stood back of Mrs. Lincoln when the likeness was taken, and yet Mr. Lincoln's hands were placed upon her shoulders, in front of her, so as to show conclusively that while Mrs. Lincoln's likeness was being taken, he occupied precisely the position that a mortal would standing behind her, with his hands on her shoulders in front.

These gentlemen, both of more than ordinary ability in their respective professions, looked at the photograph—looked grave—did not attempt to question its genuineness—that was too apparent; hence, for fear what might be the opinion of each other, kept silent.

That case is but a specimen of many others which transpire daily. Cowardice, inspired by old Theology, slavery to popular fallacies, imposes a servitude more to be abhorred than the bonds that bound the Africans of the South.

Either of these gentlemen would have freely entered into conversation with us and examined the photograph as a work of art had it not been for the presence of the other, of whose opinion each was uncertain. Both were of the liberal school—one a Unitarian, the other a Universalist. It was not a subject for their contempt. Neither manifested that which is so frequently the case with ignorant bigots. It was not out of pity for ourself, for we feel that our mutual friends will accord that we are their peers in intelligence.

It was simply that servitude that is ever manifested among religionists—a fear of what some one will think of it and say about it if I express an opinion.

Reader, think of it for a moment! Here was presented to the scrutiny of two intelligent men—peers of the most intelligent in the land—a photograph on which was imprinted four likenesses—three of them distinct, the fourth only a shadowy outline. One of these was the widow of the lamented Abraham Lincoln; the two others, which were plain and distinct, perfect likenesses of the deceased President Lincoln and their son Willie; the fourth, the shadowy outline of the recently deceased Thaddeus; and yet sufficiently plain to be at once recognized by Mrs. Lincoln the moment she saw it. And yet these men dare not express an opinion upon it!

Mrs. Lincoln but a few weeks since made the journey to Boston to visit Mr. Mumler,—whom old Theology indicted in New York as an impostor because he took spirit likenesses, and whom an hundred years ago they would have hung as a sorcerer,—for the sole purpose of getting Mr. Lincoln's spirit picture, if it were possible. She went disguised, and under an assumed name, and to her surprise and great joy she not only got the likeness of her lamented husband, but the whole family group of loved ones now in spirit-life.

The courage of this woman to brave the prejudice of religionists, for the purpose of demonstrating immortality and the love of those who were so dear to her in this life, but who have gone before, is worthy of all commendation, and favorably contrasts with the timidity of those who dare not express an opinion upon the subject.

Naught but kind thoughts, feelings of the utmost respect, should ever find place in the mind of the true Spiritualist for this lady.

Copies of these likenesses will go broadcast throughout the world. They will do more to convince the men and women who have independence of character enough to look at and closely scrutinize them, of the truth of immortality than all the theological sermons ever preached. We will keep an abundance of them to supply all demands, as the most efficient missionaries sent out into all parts of the world, to convert it to the truth of man's immortality, and a knowledge of the *Philosophy of Life* as demonstrated by spirit communion.

We have been impelled to impart the foregoing facts in illustration of the truths of our position: that all phases of religion tend to abject servitude.

That the angelic world is exerting a potent

influence for the overthrow of all systems of religion, by the ushering in of light and true, knowledge—supreme wisdom—as the Savior of the world, is apparent to the careful observer.

Why was Abraham Lincoln and his two sons on hand at the opportune moment to have the camera catch their likenesses at the same moment it did that of Mrs. Lincoln who alone was visible to the operator? The answer is apparent to the student of Spiritual philosophy. The lady's spirit husband inspired her to take the journey, watched over her during the same, and had their two children on hand at the auspicious moment to produce the desired effect upon the sensitized plate, from which thousands of photographs will be printed; and probably an angelic host were lending their magnetic powers to aid in the materialization for the occasion.

He who could conduct, under angelic inspiration, our government through its terrible rebellion was equally qualified to aid in a proper manner in executing a mental revolution among men.

When we contemplate the truths involved in this matter, how puerile appears the sagacious reservedness of judicial and ecclesiastical sages upon so momentous a question!

A Recognition of Right.

In our last week's issue we published the vindication of Bro. Henry Slade over his own signature. Ere this the two articles by Bro. Henry Slade will have been carefully perused by the many thousand readers of the JOURNAL; and we predict that there is not a sensible man or woman among them that will not, upon calm consideration of the subject, thank us for having frankly published the *Sun's* so-called expose, and for emphatically calling upon Dr. Slade to deny or explain.

Now his case is undoubtedly cleared up in the minds of every impartial reader. Bigots we do not expect will see it. They have no eyes to see, no ears to hear, no tongues to speak the truth, no heads for honest thoughts. Let the cowardly who would have us shrink from publishing the *Sun's* so-called expose, and judged us as cruel to demand an explanation, after perusing the criticisms below, read Dr. Slade's own statements in his letter in this article, and also the letter from Mr. Kimball.

The following is copied from the *American Spiritualist* of April 20th:

“DR. SLADE, THE MEDIUM.—A correspondent inquires ‘whether the Spiritualists uphold Dr. Slade now, that his trickery has been exposed?’ Some of them do not, or at least they are waiting for him to explain the charges made against his mediumship. Mr. E. V. Wilson, a prominent Spiritualist, has an article in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, entitled ‘Plain talk to Dr. Slade,’ which closes thus:

“Are you the villain the New York *Sun* represents you to be, or can you clear your skirts of its charges? If you can, do it without delay.”—*Investigator*, April 10.

“The above, which we find in the Boston *Investigator*, shows how fully Bro. S. S. Jones and E. V. Wilson have played into the hands of the enemies of Spiritualism, in their recent and unjustifiable attack on Dr. Henry Slade! We hope they will feel proud of their work! It is quite questionable in our mind if any other Spiritualist in the country can be found, when they understand the facts, who would be willing to express any admiration for the course they have pursued in this matter. So they can have the glory all to themselves.

“But we commend our friend Seaver, in his fruitless efforts to get something against Spiritualism! Evidently the *Investigator* was in high glee when it saw that ‘expose’ of Dr. Slade in the New York *Sun*, but when the same batch of falsehoods and slanders were copied almost entire in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, a Spiritualist paper, the delight of those sturdy old infidels must have been boundless!

“It is too bad for our friends, that with such fine prospects of a good time in general rejoicing over the ‘exposure’ of such a noted medium—the certainty of having a Spiritualist paper, like the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, and such notable persons as S. S. Jones and E. V. Wilson, as faithful, volunteer allies, to assist in retelling the vile slander—that it should so soon be changed, and their innocent amusement so soon interrupted by the publication of the facts in THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, *Banner of Light*, and other papers, showing the whole story of Dr. Slade's ‘exposure’ to have been a malicious, wanton, tissue of lies from beginning to end.

“This having been proved, by abundant evidence from most competent, reliable witnesses, and published, not only in the two leading Spiritualist journals of the country, *Banner of Light* and AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST [“see how we apples swim”], what, we ask, in the name of common honesty, can Horace Seaver mean, when ‘a correspondent enquires,’ in his own paper, ‘whether the Spiritualists uphold Dr. H. Slade, now that his trickery has been exposed,’ that he does not state the truth as it has been proven?”

“We call special attention to the able editorial, which we copy from *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*, setting forth in plain terms, the infamous manner in which S. S. Jones and E. V. Wilson have, without cause, assailed the character and mediumship of Dr. Slade. If these Brothers have the courage to stand up before that mirror, they will see themselves for once, in the language of Burns, ‘as others see us.’ We hope they will have the courage and the good sense to take a good square look.”

“A. A. W.”

As very appropriate to show the amiable feeling of A. A. Wheelock, the managing editor of the *American Spiritualist*, we publish the foregoing extracts from articles in the last number of that “leading Spiritual journal,” *The American Spiritualist*. One would suppose, on reading his article at length, and the other articles in that issue, that he had not only the *Woodhull* exorcism, but the whole of *Spiritualism* in charge, and that when speaking of the *Banner of Light* in italics, and the *American Spiritualist* in small caps, as the “leading Spiritualist journals,” it truly deemed itself

the veritable “apple” of the “two leading Spiritual journals of the country.”

The love of the editors of that delectable “leading Spiritual journal” toward the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and its editor, has been so often manifested in similar chaste and affectionate language, both in and out of the columns of that “leading Spiritual journal,” that we have got used to it, and rather like it.

Bro. Wheelock & Co., won't you, at your convenience, try it again—that is, when you have time? We would not wish to ask you to spare your valuable time and space in that “leading Spiritual journal,” which is now devoted to Col. Dorus M. Fox, but suit your own convenience. When you and the *Pilgrim* get through giving Fox fits, will be time enough for another onslaught on the JOURNAL. But if you should happen to read the following letter from Dr. Henry Slade, which our readers will do, you will be very likely to find yourself feeling like the “darky” when he followed the coon up a tree and “heard something drop.”

DR. HENRY SLADE'S LETTER.

S. S. JONES—My Dear Friend and Brother—I am sure you are right. Your good letter is duly received, and I am truly blessed by its coming, for my soul has been so troubled, and I have been so unjustly accused. I see your course is right. I do not care for what others may say; I know you are for the right, and I shall stand by all such, and do all I can in my power to help show that you stand by the truth. I know, and so do the good spirits, that I have been honest in all I have done. I shall continue to work until my spirit friends call me home, and I hope that may be soon.

I hope my article will please you, as it is the truth. My health has been so poor that I could do no better.

Truly Your Friend, DR. H. SLADE.

New York, April 17, 1872.

That we feel proud of our work and have sufficient cause for exultation, and that if “it is” (still) quite questionable in our (your) mind if any other Spiritualist in the country can be found, when they understand the facts, who would be willing to express any admiration for the course they (we) have pursued,” we publish for your information the following

LETTER FROM MR. KIMBALL.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—“Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee.” These words were very suggestive to me on reading Mrs. Woodhull's remarks, recently, relating to yourself and E. V. Wilson, and very forcibly reminded me of the first settlement of this country by the Puritans, who left the old country on account of religious intolerance and persecutions to intolerate and persecute in turn, the poor harmless Quakers and others not exactly of their belief, and hinder them from the enjoyment of their religion by hanging them for witchcraft.

E. V. Wilson, in his truly valuable lectures and wonderful tests (all of which, save the last, in this section, I listened to with marked attention), has taken occasion to refer to and endorse the wonderful manifestations witnessed at Dr. Slade's rooms, and after such full and repeated endorsements, one can readily imagine, not only his surprise and chagrin, but, as an honorable man, indignation at being so dishonestly imposed upon, on seeing such an apparently well authenticated exposure of them as appeared in the New York *Sun*. As honorable men, I believe, no persons would more readily join in discountenancing and exposing impostors than Spiritualists and Mr. Wilson, as such, and as was his bounden duty, first to publicly commend was first to publicly call upon Dr. Slade to come forward and clear himself, and Mr. Wilson's endorsement of him, and sustain the reputation he had aided in giving him, or stand branded and discountenanced as an impostor unworthy of recognition by Spiritualists. What is there so very wrong in this! Did not Mr. Wilson say he could not believe him the impostor represented, and believed he would come out clear? And does not Mr. Jones say he too was constantly taunted by persons coming in with copies of the *Sun* containing this malicious expose? Would the JOURNAL be considered a fair and candid publication without it? We think not.

As the sequel shows, he may have been too hasty in the eyes of some; but to me it shows his eager desire and honesty for truth, as well as readiness to expose error “where'er it may be found—on Christian or on Spiritual ground; among her friends, among her foes, the plant's divine where'er it grows.”

Instead of such bitterness as manifested by Mrs. Woodhull for this act, it is commendable, and Mrs. W. would much better show her smartness in our common cause. Is it Christ-like or Spiritualistic for her to cast reflections or insinuous suspicions at Mr. Wilson's mediumship and the wonderful tests given by him! In doing so does she not exhibit a taint of the Puritans and their treatment of the Quakers and others differing from her? Dr. Slade, being innocent, is able to defend and sustain himself, and, like all others falsely accused, will shine the brighter for it, for he is thus more extensively advertised. If guilty, he ought not to be sustained by any one.

Let all, then, “pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love it.”

Yours Respectfully, D. S. KIMBALL.

Sacketts Harbor, N. Y., April 17, 1872.

The foregoing letter from Mr. Kimball is but a specimen of over three hundred letters we have received since we published the *Sun's* article and called upon Bro. Slade for an explanation; while on the other hand we have just four letters from the tender-footed, who fear clear daylight.

The *American Spiritualist* and *Woodhull & Claflin* have been in continued spasms, caused by excessive virtue, ever since. That was to be expected. They are very weakly! but then they have a right to do so at any time and in any place they may mutually agree upon.

Corruption Being Wiped Out.

That most contemptible of all religious exorcisms that ever disgraced the annals of the judiciary has lately been overhauled by the Supreme Court of the United States, and his judicial acts declared void. Judge McKoon was sent to Utah to do the dirty work of the Methodist church, whose reputation, fifty years ago, were not a whit more admired than the Mormons of to-day are by all other sects.

The cultivation of the moral nature is man's the grand means for the improvement in society.

MAY 4, 1872.

Story of a Haunted House.

BY L. M. STACKHOUSE.

Did you ever live in a haunted house? No, I have, and propose to briefly give you my experience in it, conceding to you the privilege of doing what you please with what I write. But I will say that every word I can be proven by many witnesses yet living.

First, let me describe the house. It is three miles south of Lafayette, Ind., on the west bank of the Wabash river. It was a log house, about 17x25 feet, 13 stories high, the upper floor or loft, being laid loosely with the planks; in each side of the house are two porches, one used for water, the other having a spring built over it, widened out, a brick floor laid in it, with four inches of water over the brick, and used as a milk house. Ten yards north of west from the house is a log cabin—used for a summer kitchen; on the north, an orchard, with post and rail fence dividing it from the yard. That is sufficient to give the locality for all the phenomena I wish to present.

In the spring of 1837, we moved into this house. We being my mother, three sisters, aged about twelve, fifteen, and eighteen years, my brother aged ten years, and myself aged seven years. We located furniture as follows:—In the north end, we placed two beds lengthwise of the building; between them stood a bureau. In the south end was an old fashioned fire place, very large and commodious. In the milk house we placed the milk in pans in the water, with a lock upon the door,—the only means of ingress or egress. In the cabin was our cupboard, dishes, table, and everything belonging to the kitchen,—the cupboard being an old-fashioned square one, set up loose.

We had but just got settled in our quarters, when, shortly after retiring, we heard the cupboard fall upon the floor,—heard plates rolling around, and pieces of dishes flying in every direction. We supposed the cupboard had fallen, and that our dishes were all broken. All of us, children included, repaired to the kitchen, plates rolling, pieces flying, until we were ready to open the door, when all noise suddenly ceased. Upon opening the door we found everything in its place—nothing disturbed—nothing broken! While we were wondering what could have caused the noise, a terrible rattling of tin pans suddenly commenced in the milk house. It seemed that a hundred pans were being thrown up and caught by one juggler. A greater din could not possibly have been made by one man or ten men with one hundred tin pans; it was perfectly deafening.

We all immediately repaired to the scene of confusion, expecting to find the milk house full of hogs, and all the milk destroyed. The noise, the infernal din, continued until my mother turned the key in the lock, when it ceased as suddenly, and as inexplicably as did the noise of the dishes in the kitchen. We walked in, to find everything in its place,—not a thing disturbed,—not a cover removed. We returned to the house; the children frightened,—our mother consoling us!

Again we retired, but scarce had we done so when crash came something on the loose boards above us. It fell as if it weighed two hundred pounds, jarring the entire house, and rattling the glass in the windows. This again startled us out of bed; but we had scarcely gained our feet when the same sound was produced upon the floor where we stood, accompanied by the same jarring of furniture, and rattling of windows. All this time, the room was lighted by a brisk fire in the fire-place.

Mother then said we would sit up awhile, so we all congregated around the fire—waiting "with fear and trembling" for the next manifestation. Soon it came,—a tremendous crash on the loose boards above, at the rear end of the house, at the same point as the other; but this was different. While the first fell dead and soft like a bag of sand, this was sharp and elastic, and gave a rebound. No sooner had it re-echoed than the rebound than it commenced rolling slowly toward the front end of the house where we were sitting—though on the loose floor above us. When it had arrived directly over us, it paused for a moment, then came thundering down upon the floor amongst us. There was nothing visible, though the room was now lighted with candles,—only a tremendous crash. Slowly it then rolled the full length of the room, each of us keeping our eyes intently fixed upon the point where the noise was at the time, but there was nothing visible to any of us.

It rolled with a jarring sound, as though it was ridged, and when it reached the north end of the room, fell over on its side with the same sound of rocking and swaying that a plate makes when having been rapidly spun upon its edge—the momentum being overcome, it falls.

Wearied out, again we retired, covering our heads with the blankets, for fear a "ghost" would catch us. A half hour passed away, everything being quiet. Our confidence was restored by our mother telling us that it was "imagination, rats, &c." When suddenly out came our brilliant fire into the floor; we heard the andirons ring on the hearth; heard the coals fall, and the sparks fly, and clearly heard the great back-log roll out upon the floor. Again we all sprang up, supposing the house would be consumed, but the fire burned on as quietly and innocently as though no "ghost" had ever disturbed it or us.

The varied sounds, together with many others, continued for two years, without visible intermission. They were heard by more than twenty persons, scarcely ever by less than six, and sometimes by as many as ten at a time, and them six or ten persons always heard the same sounds at the same time, proving conclusively that there was no deception.

But at last came the close. My elder brothers, residing in the city of Lafayette, had bought a heifer and sent it out to us to fatten for beef. She was in the orchard which you will remember was adjoining the yard, and divided from it by a post and rail fence. One of my elder brothers was staying with us that night. A slight snow had fallen—probably an inch deep. My brother had gone to bed, when suddenly we all heard the fence between the yard and garden broken down, all the sounds of a heavy animal jumping upon the fence and breaking the rails being distinctly heard by all of us. We then heard the animal slowly and heavily walk toward the house. The heavy sound of the foot-falls being accompanied by the creaking sound peculiar to snow when cold. When it reached the house it commenced circumambulating it. My sisters went out—supposing it to be the heifer. They went around the house in an opposite direction to that taken by the sounds, so as to meet it. But suddenly it turned and went the other way, of which we notified them. Then they divided—one returning, and the other going ahead. We could distinctly hear their steps creaking in the snow; and when they arrived at the corners of the house from which they could easily see its sides, and could hear the heavy footfalls, they suddenly ceased.

When the morning came, we investigated carefully. The fence was undisturbed; the heifer was in the orchard, and there was no

foot prints of any kind in the yard, except those made by my sisters. This was the last we ever heard of it. Afterward we learned from our neighbors that two or three families had been haunted out of the house before we came into it.

I write you this history now, while there are still some six living witnesses.

Now allow me to ask some of your well posted correspondents how the spirits produced these sounds?

I refrain from repeating the story related to us by our neighbors assigning the cause of the disturbances, but can vouch for, and can prove the above statements.

Rensselaer, Indiana.

ANOTHER BLACK SHEEP.

The Baptist Minister at Orange Leads a Member of His Flock Astray, His Guilt Being Discovered He Deserts His Family and Flees the State.

(From the Sabine Pass (Tex.) Beacon.)

The usually quiet town of Orange was last week thrown into a fever of excitement over divers reports concerning the conduct of the Rev. Frederick Burton, Baptist minister at that place. Mr. Burton has for some time past been officiating in a ministerial capacity to the people of Orange county, and with his wife and family, consisting of several children, resided some three or four miles from the town of Orange. His nearest neighbor was a Mr. John Jett, a well-to-do farmer of Orange county, who rejoiced in the possession of a loving wife and two little children. The Rev. Frederick Burton when he moved to this neighborhood met with the kindest treatment from Mr. Jett and family. The house of the farmer was thrown open to him, and from the position he occupied as a minister of the gospel, when he called he was ever looked upon as an honored guest.

The visits of the minister to the home of the farmer in the last few months became more numerous, but so strong was the faith of the latter in the sacred calling of the Rev. Burton that he only sought by increased hospitality to make his home more pleasant to the one whom he looked upon as a "man of God." The opportunities thus afforded the Rev. Burton of inculcating himself into the affections of the wife of Mr. Jett were not lost. The wily serpent had entered this once happy home and therein happiness was to be known no more forever. Slowly yet surely did he encircle the once loving, faithful wife within his folds and by wily machinations draw her from the one she had sworn to love, honor and obey.

The first intimation of the relations existing between the minister and his wife was conveyed to Mr. Jett by a friend some few weeks since. This friend had received a letter from Mrs. Jett stating it to be her intention to elope with the minister at the first favorable opportunity, and asking that the matter could be so arranged as for herself and the Rev. Frederick to start from the house of the party to whom she wrote. The letter was immediately carried and placed in Mr. Jett's hands. A close watch was now placed upon the proceedings of the two and last week Mr. Jett fully satisfied himself as to the criminal intimacy existing between them.

The reports we have received as to the conduct of the husband upon discovering the criminality of his wife differ somewhat—one is to the effect, that he called upon the Rev. Burton, told him that he knew all and gave him a certain time in which to leave the State. Another states that he called his wife and her paramour to him at the time of discovering their criminality and asked the minister: "Burton! do you love my wife? Do you want her?" To which Burton replied: "As I have been detected I must confess that I love your wife." Mr. Jett then asked his wife, "Do you want this parson? Do you love him better than you do me?" To which Mrs. Jett replied: "I want him and I am going to have him." Mr. Jett then said, "Burton, you say you love my wife, she says she loves and intends to have you; you love one another; you can take her and I will give her money and a horse to go away with, but you both must leave the State at once. You cannot and shall not live in the same State with me. I give you so many hours in which to prepare and leave; if you remain over that time you do so at your peril." Whether Mrs. Jett has left the vicinity of Orange as yet, we were unable definitely to ascertain, but the Rev. Frederick delayed not the order of his going but left at once. So afraid was he that the injured husband or indignant citizens would visit upon him punishment for his heinous crime, that he only remained a few moments at his home, bade his wife and children farewell, mounted a horse and as he rode off stated it to be his determination never to return to this section of country.

This whole community when the first report in regard to the scandal was received were astounded and could scarcely believe it to be true, so rare are such instances of deep and dark depravity on the part of ministers of the gospel in this portion of the country. With us the publication of this matter has been a duty not a pleasure, a matter of sorrow not rejoicing. We have the kindest feelings for the Baptist Church, and for each and every one of its ministers, but we know it to be their wish that the sins of its members should not be hidden for the "sake of the Church" but that the sinners no matter whom they are, should be brought forward for the just condemnation of all mankind.

The above-named piously inclined journal says—"the whole community were astounded," so rare are such cases in Texas. Happy Texas! There is not a wide-awake daily paper published in one of the large cities of the Union, that does not contain a report of similar case as often as three times a week.

The reverend gentlemen of all religious denominations, preach against free-love, and charge Spiritualists with being free-lovers, while it is a notorious fact that both Orthodox and Protestant priests are the most licentious men, in proportion to their numbers, of any class of people living, and have been so in all ages of the world. A black coat, a sepulchral voice, an elongated visage, and a hypocritical cant has heretofore caused them to be venerated and their obloquy to be concealed.

Times are changing since the ushering in of Modern Spiritualism—hypocritical charges of being free-lovers, against Spiritualists, are proving to be a brood of chickens that go home to roost.

Manifestations at the Rooms of Dr. Henry Slade.

(From the Rochester (N. Y.) Express, April 9th.)

I feel an obligation to make an exact statement of facts as seen by me when in the city of New York some three weeks since, at the rooms of the spiritual medium, Henry Slade. Though exposed by the reporter of that bright luminary, the New York Sun, some time previous to the facts which I will now relate. With a friend I visited the medium in the day

time, and each one of us received a communication through what is called the slate manifestation. To be more explicit, Slade gave me a slate, also a small bit of pencil, which was placed on the slate. I placed the slate under the table and pressed it upward against the table leaf—the small bit of pencil being between the slate and the leaf. Slade's hands in the meantime were on top of the table and he did not touch the slate. One long since dead gave me a communication in writing. The friend with me also received a communication from his wife while he held the slate beneath the leaf of the table. Satisfied with the results of our meeting in the day time, we left. In the evening I visited the rooms of the doctor the second time for the purpose of seeing spirit faces. Dr. Slade gave me every facility for close scrutiny, and that which took place should forever silence those who have tried to expose Mr. Slade—at least with every man and woman laying claims to common honesty, and who will not ignore the testimony of their own senses. Every part of the room I examined, moved every article of furniture, and I know that there was not a wire, neither any paste-board face, as stated by one Mrs. Case. I had the management of preparing the room for the manifestations. The same table used for the slate manifestations was used in the evening. Let me state that the room was not dark. It was lighted with gas, and I could see to read. At Moravia Mrs. Andrews retires into what is called a cabinet. Mr. Slade sits at the table. I took a piece of black cloth, about a yard long and three-fourths of a yard in width, and suspended it in the center of the room by a narrow tape. The position in which I placed it enabled me to see under, over and both sides of the cloth. Out of the center of the cloth was a piece removed about sixteen inches square. After sitting down at the table with Dr. Slade, I took hold of both his hands and very soon something about the size of my hand appeared at the opening. Dr. Slade, very much excited, released his hands from mine, and tore away the curtain with this remark: "See if any one is behind the counter."

I knew no one was there, for I took the precaution to lock the door in the room when I examined it. For the second time we took our seats at the table as before. Soon a full sized face appeared and as soon vanished. A second time the face appeared at the opening in the cloth, and I recognized it at once as Mr. Moses Bronner, late a merchant of the city of Rochester. Being well acquainted with him, I know I was not mistaken. I even saw a mole on his face. The face vanished, and then a third time made its appearance. This time, to be more positive, I asked if he was not such a one, and he shook his head. I asked: "Are you Moses Bronner?" and bending the head forward three times I was satisfied, and will take my oath to-day in any court that the facts as stated are true. In conclusion, let me say that whoever says I was deceived, and that Dr. Slade used trickery—wires, paste-board faces, or had the assistance of others—they do what the boy did when he lied.—M. G.

A RAILROAD HORROR.

A Young Man Crushed to Death.

About ten o'clock yesterday morning, a young man named Walter Welch, employed as a brakeman and switch-tender on the St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad, was instantly killed while endeavoring to jump on a locomotive while in motion.

It appears that young Welch had been discharging some duty, and seeing the engine backing toward him, determined to jump upon it for the purpose of going to some other portion of the yard. Failing to catch the edge of the engine he was thrown partially underneath, and grasping the rod of the brake in rear he cried out, but the engineer did not hear him. He was dragged a short distance, and the body coming in contact with a frog, or some other stationary part of the track, a part of the head was torn away, and the remainder of the body terribly broken and mangled. Death must have followed in an instant. The horror-stricken spectators rushed to his assistance, but all that remained of the bright and promising young man of a few moments before, was a mangled corpse with almost every semblance of humanity crushed out of it.

The body was cared for by those near the spot at the time of the accident, and subsequently taken to the freight depot, where a coroner's inquest was held, and a verdict rendered mainly in accordance with the facts above stated.

His father is the master repairer in the shops of the Milwaukee and St. Paul company, the family residing in the brick building adjoining the Empire Block. The father and mother are almost overwhelmed by the awful calamity which has befallen them, and they have the sincere sympathy of all in their great affliction.

Young Welch was highly esteemed by the officers and employees of the road, for his energy, industry and many good qualities; and he was uniformly pronounced a young man of more than ordinary promise.

After the remains had been properly cared for, they were placed in a coffin and taken to the residence of his parents.

His sudden death, from the frightful accident described, casts a gloom of sorrow upon the large circle of his friends and acquaintances in this city. He was a young man who had not quite reached his majority, but had held important positions of trust while in the employ of the St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad Company, and had been, on the very day of his death, promoted for his exemplary conduct and trustworthiness in the discharge of his duties.

His genial nature and generous impulses had endeared him to the hearts of all who knew him, while his sterling integrity and true worth gave promise of a life of usefulness and honor.—St. Paul Paper.

We condole with the bereaved family of Brother and Sister Welch. With heartfelt sympathy, we tender to them the consolation of the Philosophy of Life.

Walter is not dead. In fulfilling the destiny of a never ending life, at an early age and in a violent manner, he passed from the Natural to the Spiritual plane of life. A philosopher in Spiritualism; which fact is of unspeakable consolation to his parents in this terrible hour of trial. They, too, are Spiritualists.

Seek for communion with him, my dear brother and sister, through proper media, and in due time your departed and beloved son will give you unmistakable evidence that he not only lives, but loves the dear ones of earth even more intensely than before he experienced the great change which awaits all mankind. Change is common to all things, A glorious thought—our loved ones go on before us, and in due time will, with outstretched arms and love ineffable, greet us from the other shore, and beckon us with beacon lights to their homes, where death and separation will be known no more.

The mortal remains of our young brother were brought to Chicago and interred in Rose Hill Cemetery.

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received, and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

Doctor Henry Slade.

These are the Eden birds,
That soar and sing while all the world is dark,
Rejoicing from heaven their sweet and holy words;
But few as yet the deathless music hark,
Being enthralled in sleep. Alas! they sing
Too oft with bruised breast and broken wing.

These are the pioneers,
Treading the unknown path that leads the race
From midnight gloom to morn's eternal years,—
From the deep graveyard up to God's own face;
The champions of the race; though bearing shame,
Yet bringing good tidings in the Father's name.

The above lines in reference to mediums, were dictated to us by Bro. T. L. Harris, in November, 1854.

Every Spiritualist must realize that mediumship is the most sacred power that can be possessed; and anything that would soil this sacred thing in the shape of fraud or deception, is vile sacrilege, and should be promptly exposed. We cannot give any encouragement to such a misdirection of the highest and holiest attributes of our nature. At the same time it is of the utmost importance, that we, as Spiritualists, should be guarded, lest, in our endeavors to do justice, we trample upon the most tender and sensitive feelings of humanity.

Of all classes, mediums are most keenly sensitive to unjust, and consequently, unkind reproaches; and it is especially important that we do not join hands with those who, in their cold and unfeeling skepticism, would delight to crush out all mediumistic feelings, no matter how much the individuals may suffer.

The highest toned Spiritualism, and the best manifestations, will only come to us when we have learned to protect and kindly care for our mediums, who, of all others, need the sympathy and love of their friends.

More than a month since, when prostrated upon our bed with sickness, from which many of our friends had little hope we should ever rise, our vision was opened to see many conditions of humanity; and especially were we attracted to our brother and sister mediums all over the country. Among these the brother whose name heads this article, whom we have loved and honored, was clearly presented to us, and in that vision we saw the entire programme which has since been presented, the charges which have been made, the causes which have operated to produce deep and painful suffering to him, and also the grand and beautiful triumph which awaits him in the full vindication of his integrity, and the genuineness of his mediumship.

We had not been with Bro. Slade since the new phenomena of materialization of spirit forms has taken place in his presence. And on the 9th of April, we invited our friend Dr. C. Noble, of this city, a gentleman whose integrity and capacity will be vouched for by all who know him, to accompany us to New York, where we visited Dr. Slade at his rooms, No. 210 W. 43d street.

We found the doctor looking rather pale and somewhat nervous, but not more so than we have seen him.

He has been deeply tried at the course of some Spiritualists whom he had supposed to be his friends. But his mediumship speaks for itself.

We, Dr. Noble, Dr. Slade and myself sat at three sides of a square table, without any cover, and loud and continuous raps were heard under our chairs, and on the table, causing them to move. Our attention was soon called by Dr. Slade to a large picture frame, hanging upon the wall about eight feet from us. There was one gas burner lighted, with a full head, so that we could see everything in the room. This frame was moved out and back at the top, and also raised several times from a quarter to half an inch. We could note this by the figures on the paper of the wall.

Dr. Slade held a slate under the table, with a piece of pencil, about the size of a grain of rice, laid upon it. We could plainly hear the friction of the pencil on the slate, and when brought out, these words were written: "You shall see wonders." The slate was held in the right hand of the doctor, the left hand being upon ours on the table. A pencil four or five inches long was laid upon the edge of the slate, and it was held partially under the edge of the table—the pencil was in sight. We saw it lifted up and thrown about eighteen inches high from whence it fell upon the table. The slate was laid upon the table, not in contact with either of our hands. The small pencil was laying upon the slate, and we saw it move and write these words: "Say to Bro. Jones, I am doing all I can to drive away these clouds of superstition and misunderstanding. A. C. W." The initials of Aleinda W. Slade. The chair on which we were sitting was drawn about six inches diagonally from Dr. Slade, and also raised up. Dr. Noble felt hands on his limbs, and one took hold of his pantaloons at the bottom and drew them down with considerable force. The long pencil was again thrown from the slate, which was held entirely under the table this time, and it came up and fell upon the opposite side of the table and then rolled upon the floor. We held the slate ourselves alone under the table, and these words were written: "The world must believe; we shall bring the evidence. A. W. S." Holding the slate, with the long pencil in it, under the table with one hand, the other five hands being upon the table, the slate was violently shaken, the pencil struck our knuckles, and was then brought up by a hand, which was plainly visible, between our vest and the table; after being shaken for a time, it was drawn back.

Dr. Noble sat opposite Dr. Slade, we sat at the end of the table between them. Exchanging places with Dr. Noble, a similar shaking of the slate and a pushing up of the pencil between his vest and the table occurred; a hand being plainly visible several times.

An accordion was held under the table by Dr. Slade with the keys entirely in view. It soon began to play notes, and afterwards played "The Last Rose of Summer" very correctly. It was afterwards held in the right hand by Dr. Noble first, and then by myself, and for both of us it played notes, the other five hands being on the table in the bright light.

Two small bells were set upon the floor under and near the center of the table; in a few moments one of them began to ring and was afterwards raised up some eighteen inches above the top of the table and then fell upon it. A similar movement took place with the second bell.

The table was raised from the floor about two feet and required very considerable pressure to force it down, as we all stood around it.

We have been very careful and minute in our description of everything which took place during our sitting,—not because any of these manifestations, except the appearance of the hands, have ever been questioned by any of the thousands that have visited Dr. Slade during the last fifteen years, but because there are many who are very desirous to know of all the phenomena that occur.

The remainder of our sitting was devoted to the phenomena of "materialization." Dr. Slade not only invited us, but insisted that we should examine everything in the room. He drew out the sofa bed, opened the wardrobe, and then requested us to hang a shawl across the white-painted folding doors to make it darker. Then there was a chord tied across the room from the joint of a chimney on one side and attached to a nail on the opposite side, about two feet distant from, and parallel with the folding doors. Upon this chord was a curtain of black glazed muslin, about one and a half yards square, with an aperture about eight by ten inches. Here the muslin was cut upon the sides and across the bottom, and pinned up, leaving it as a curtain—it was desirable to close the opening. The light was now turned down so that we could just distinguish objects in the room. One end of the table, which is about four feet long, was placed near to the curtain, and we three sat at the opposite end of it. In a few moments a beautiful white hand appeared in the opening of the curtain, it was a lady's hand, had a lace sleeve around the wrist. We were sitting holding hands. Ten or twelve hands appeared at different times, some in front of the curtain coming up from below, presenting the palm and the back, and moving the fingers, so that they were as distinctly seen as we could see anything. They were all white and quite luminous. Three of them were hands of small children—all the hands seen, were smaller than either of ours. Owasso entered Dr. Slade and said the light had better be turned down lower, and they would then be able to materialize one spirit for us. After a short pause the outlines of a woman's face were seen, with a plain cap on. It remained only a moment and then disappeared. She soon appeared again, rather plainer, and now there was an entire bust of a large woman with a plain muslin handkerchief folded down over the breast. The outline of the form was plain, the whole being of white light. This appeared five times, but at no time were the features sufficiently distinct for us to recognize them. At the last appearance which was the plainest and remained the longest. A voice was heard saying, "Henry, I have done the best I could for thee, my son."

If you ask, do we believe? We say emphatically no! We know that was our mother. She had promised us that she would appear, though Dr. Slade knew nothing of that.

We were directed to turn the light up, as they could do no more for us, and examine everything about the curtain and room, as we had before. Dr. Slade retaining his seat as he had during the whole manifestation, for we had his hands in ours.

A Challenge.

Resolved, That modern Spiritualism is true according to the best evidences, both ancient and modern. The undersigned affirms, and will be glad to discuss the above question with any one acting as a regular minister of any church within one hundred miles of this place. Now, come to time or own up. S. A. THOMAS, Pennville, Indiana.

Passed to Spirit Life.

[Notice sent us for insertion in this department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.]

Brother A. R. Norris, of Brooklyn, New York, passed to spirit-life, April 11th, 1872, after a brief but painful sickness.

Brother Norris and his amiable companion greeted us with heartfelt sympathy on our visit to New York, immediately after the great Chicago fire. It made an impression upon our mind which will not soon be effaced.

In Amesbury, Mass., on the 23d day of March, 1872, our elder brother, Abel Jones, passed from this to the immortal plane of life, aged seventy-two years on the 25th of August last, leaving a wife, children, grandchildren, still older brother, the writer, many relations and dear friends to mourn his departure.

While we mourn we rejoice that in his demise he is freed from a diseased physical body which has caused him great suffering for many months. We know that he has passed to that blissful sphere toward which we are all rapidly tending, and in which the happy recognition of the dear ones gone before, and a rejuvenated life, will compensate for all pain endured in consummating the change.

Our brother had been a resident of Amesbury from youth to old age. It was emphatically his home; and although he had remained until the generations of his prime of life had passed away, he will be missed by the citizens of Amesbury.

Gone to live with the angels from the home of Julia A. and A. S. Hoadley, in Rochelle, Ill., January 17th, 1872, an infant son, and on January 23d Nettie, born November 23d, 1859.

We miss thee, dear Nettie, thou, too, hast left us.

To join our loved ones in their bright spirit home.

Although we may weep, yet soft angel voices

Now tell of glad meetings 'neath heaven's clear dome.

Thy beautiful life from our earth home has faded;

Thy sweet face has gone from the bright ones still left;

Thy fair, girlish form the cold earth has shrouded;

But our circle's unbroken,—we are not bereft.

Too pure for this earth,—like an angel of light

Has thy ministry been in our home life here;

Too frail was thy spirit for pain's rude embrace,

So loving hands bore it to their own bright sphere.

Although thy dear form we miss from our circle,

With those of the loved who have passed on before, ||

We know that each one in spirit will linger

Until we shall meet on Eternity's shore.

H. M. COMSTOCK.

Passed away, at Melrose (Highlands) Mass., on the morning of the 13th inst., of consumption, Mrs. P. Mendum, wife of J. P. Mendum, publisher of the Boston Investigator.

"Mrs. Mendum was a patient and uncomplaining sufferer for many years, and possessing as she did the most sterling qualities of mind and heart, everything that the truest affection and the best medical skill could suggest was adopted for her recovery, but all in vain. Her insidious disease baffled all endeavors to avert it, and after years of painful suspense, her family alternating between hope and fear, the calm and tranquil sufferer is released and now at rest."

"It is common, we know, to eulogize the departed, and when it is deserved, it is not less a fitting tribute to the dead than a good incentive to the living. Mrs. Mendum was a very worthy woman; a devoted wife, and an affectionate and most careful mother, whose constant assiduity to the welfare of her family, and continually pleasant and happy disposition always made sunshine throughout her household. As a neighbor, she was kind and obliging; good to the poor and unfortunate; greatly interested in all reform movements; a thoughtful, reflecting, intelligent, and liberal-minded woman, who early saw the path of duty and faithfully followed it to the last hour of her existence. Her numerous friends and acquaintances greatly esteemed her for the many virtues she possessed, and while they deeply regret her loss, sincerely sympathize with her bereaved companion and family in their severe grief and painful separation."

"She has left a name with never a stain
For our tears to wash away."—Investigator.

Spence's Positive and Negative Powders are for sale, wholesale and retail, at the office of the Re-

[illegible]

Items of Interest.

—Brother W. N. Bryant, of Austin, Texas, called on us this week.

—Ben Todd can be addressed, for a short time, at Elgin, Illinois.

—Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook is engaged to lecture in Louisville, Ky., during May and June.

—Prof. Owen, in a recent article, says: "Physiology can affirm no other than that bipeds enjoying 9,000 years of life could not belong to our species."

—W. W. Brown, recommended by Wendell Phillips, offers his services to lecture on "Woman's Rights." Address, Rochester, Louisiana, Co., Ohio.

—Dr. Kayner, of St. Charles, although not entirely recovered from the effects of his railroad accident, is able to practice his profession and lecture.

—"Helen Harlow's View," by Lois Walsbrook, is incomparably superior to "Hedged In," which has had a sale of many thousand copies.

—We are much gratified to notice the increased demand for that very entertaining and instructive work, "The Voices." Each season shows a larger sale than the one preceding.

—The insane in the Surrey County Asylum, England, have been treated to a course of private theatricals, with excellent results. The patients were spectators, not performers.

—James Forsan, M. D., of the Hygeian Home health institution of Florence Heights, New Jersey, is now lecturing on Spiritualism. Permanent Address: Hygeian Home, Florence Heights, N. J.

—Charlotte E. Ray, graduate of the Howard University Law School, has been admitted to practice in the courts of the District of Columbia, and is the first female lawyer admitted to the bar of Washington City.

—R. Augusta Whiting, sister of our lamented brother, A. B. Whiting, lectures during May in Albany, New York. She is a most estimable lady, and a good inspirational speaker.

—Thos. Doney, Jr., of Elgin, Ill., son of Thos. Doney, the well known artist, met with a terrible accident in Iowa, last week by being drawn under a locomotive tender, losing one hand, and possibly both, beside other injuries.

—Bro. Morgan: If you will read the "Bible in India," "The Question Settled," "The Science of Evil," by Joel Moody, "Criticism on the Theological Idea of Deity," and Futtie's "Arcana of Nature," you will be able to discuss with credit to yourself all the questions you mention.

—The *Chronicle*, published at Elmwood, Illinois thus sums up the net results of the winter's revival at Bate-man's Schoolhouse: Five supposed "converts," sixty-three bad colds, nineteen young ladies refuse any longer to obey their mothers, the minds of fourteen boys more or less corrupted, and one hundred and twenty-three flirtations.

—Stringer, once a Radical Senator in the Georgia Legislature, now living at Gainesville, lost his wife recently, and married again, six days after her death. He commenced the honeymoon by chastising his better-half, who thereupon returned to her father. Stringer now has a board on which the words "Come home, come home, dear wife!" are painted, nailed to his front fence, but Mrs. Stringer "can't see it."

—An incident occurred at the residence of John House, near Marshall, Ill., last Thursday, that almost equals the days of supernatural events. A small child of Mr. House was lying at the point of death, when he suddenly revived. Directly after the child revived, a flash of lightning passed through the room and was immediately followed by a bright or whitish object, about the size and shape of a dove with expanded wings. It moved to the bed on which the child was lying, and for a few moments hovered over the child, and then disappeared. In about fifteen minutes the child expired.

—The attention of our Chicago readers is especially invited to the advertisement of the Illinois Humane Society. Its object all will comprehend. The Society merits and should receive the earnest active co-operation of every citizen. Mr. Sharp is a noble-hearted, energetic man, who devotes much time and talent to render the society efficient, receiving no pecuniary consideration therefor. All should esteem it a duty and pleasure to aid him in every way to do away with the cruelty that is constantly practiced in this city upon dumb brutes, and particularly on that noblest and most useful of them all, the horse.

—The twenty-fourth anniversary of modern Spiritualism has come and gone—celebrated with appropriate exercises at Apollo Hall in this city. One year more, and Father Time will have rounded out a quarter century from the date of the Rochester knockings. Of course that anniversary will be garnished with a festival. We suggest, in advance of the celebration, that a number of representative Spiritualists, who have the prosperity of their religion at heart, should use the occasion for giving to the world a valuable historical and scientific report of previous and existing phenomena, accompanied with testimony, explanation, and elucidation, all put together in such a shape as to challenge the world's attention and judgment. The scientific men of England are doing something on their side of the water to get at the truth of this singular and mystical subject. Why not compel their learned brethren on our side to do the same? Let us have an investigation that shall be worth something—"an opinion as is an opinion."—*Golden Age*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The *Galaxy*, for May, opens with a touching story by Katharine S. Macquoid, the author of "Patty," one of the most delightful of recent English novels.

"Historic Lovers," by Junius Henri Browne, presents to us the loves of prominent characters in history, and incidentally shatters the popular version of the story of Abelard and Heloise.

"The Arabs at Home," is another of the sharp and incisive characterizations of foreign peoples which Albert Rhodes is furnishing the *Galaxy*.

Space forbids further mention of many articles worthy of note.

Altair's Living Age, for April 13th, contains many articles of deep interest, taken from standard English periodicals. We can only mention "The Secret Policy of the Vatican"; "The Story of the Tichborne Case"; "Sir W. Gull on Physiological Intervention."

The *Michigan Freeman*, published monthly at Kalamazoo, Mich., is a valuable periodical for members of the fraternity, and of interest to all.

Wood's *Household Magazine* claims to have more than doubled its circulation under the editorial management of Gail Hamilton. The last number is full of fine reading.

The *Electric Magazine* for May is at hand, and presents the usual valuable selections from the leading foreign periodicals. It is embellished with a fine steel portrait of Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State.

Scribner's Monthly. The May number is a superb one, and commences the fourth volume. We cannot show our appreciation better than by endorsing the following extract from the publishers' notice:

"With this number of the monthly we begin the fourth volume; and while it would be pardonable to refer to the past, and call the attention of our readers to the steady improvement of the magazine since it appeared, a year and a half ago, we shall not do so further than to offer the past as a pledge for the future. To the great multitude who have learned to greet the coming of every number of the monthly with loving interest, it is pleasant to say that it was never so prosperous as now, and is surely winning its way to a success that will equal its ambitions position, so suddenly won, is recognized as an achievement unprecedented in the history of magazine literature in this country."

Scribner & Co., New York.

Spiritual Convention.

The second quarterly convention of the New Jersey State Association of Spiritualists and friends of progress will be held in Jersey City, on Wednesday, May 8th,

commencing at 10 o'clock a.m., and holding three sessions.

A cordial invitation is extended to all interested in the great reforms of the day, especially those desiring to attend the People's Reform Convention in New York, May 9th and 10th. Name and place of hall, and names of speakers, will be given next week, and bills posted in Jersey City at the proper time.

ELEEN DICKINSON.

Understand Distinctly

That we do not discontinue sending this paper to subscribers when the time is up for which payment has been made.

If any one wants to have it discontinued, let him or her give distinct notice to that effect, and if anything is due remit the same along with the notice. These are the terms on which subscriptions are taken, and we are thus emphatic that there may be no misunderstanding upon the subject.

Justice demands that renewals shall be made as soon after prepayments have expired as subscribers can without great inconvenience do so.

Three months trial subscribers are not entitled to come in for a renewal under the \$1.50 provision. It would be an injustice to our friend, who would be called upon to make up the balance.

Friends, let us ever bear in mind that we are daily painting a life-picture. If we are so selfish as to do another injustice, it will forever stand as a baleful blotch on life's record.

Bros. Baker and Kent's Report.

My fourth report on the result of your "ten cent" request is \$27.55 if I have made no mistakes. Your ten cent plan has now amounted to some cents over \$136, including what was sent to you for me, which need not be published again. Thanks to each donor.

AUSTIN KENT.

Bro. Baker says: "Since my last report I have received \$29.10."

Will it be asking too much of those of our friends who have not yet got ready (only from carelessness to attend to it, and not from a lack of goodness of heart,) to do so, enclosing a single dime to each of these venerable brothers, to help them to the simple comforts of life during their few remaining weary days? Both are unable to do the least thing for their support. Both are veterans in the cause of Spiritualism. Both have done noble work in the field of reform, for the last forty years. Address Austin Kent, Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y. Joseph Baker, Janesville, Wis.

Just now is the time to do a good deed—just now when you read this—no matter if you don't write a word—just enclose the dime in an envelope and address one to each. Pardon us for being so much in earnest. We would not ask you to do so if the best impulses of our nature did not prompt us.

A Good Head of Hair Restored by Spirit Prescription.

A few weeks since we published a letter from M. K. Smith, Esq., one of the most prominent men of Springfield, Mo., giving an account of his long continued baldness, his trials with restoratives and failures, until at last, seeing the advertisement of Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the great healing medium, he thought he would try the power of the spirits in the case of baldness. He did so. He got a prescription and remedy from her, which in less than one year gave him a full, fine head of dark brown hair, a sample of which he sent to this office. Being so elated at the result of his first trial of spirit-power, he concluded to answer all correspondents upon the subject. Here is what he says in regard to the letters of inquiry he receives upon the subject:

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., April 16, 1872.

S. S. JONES—Dear Sir:—I am receiving letters from all quarters in regard to the restoration of my hair, and nearly all fail to enclose stamps, but so far I have answered them all, and advised them to write at once to Mrs. A. H. Robinson, 148 Fourth avenue, Chicago, Ill., telling them that the prescription for my case would, in all probability, not suit their cases.

My case (my new head of hair) is preaching an important sermon to skeptics here.

Yours Truly,

M. K. SMITH.

Mrs. Robinson desires us to say that Mr. Smith's statement is true. Each case must be diagnosed by a lock of hair, or in case the hair has all fallen off, by a letter, or other writing, or something worn by the person desiring treatment. Her remedies in such cases never fail when perseveringly followed, no matter how long the person may have been bald. Those whose hair is getting thin will find immediate relief from her remedies. Terms, diagnosing and remedy, five dollars.

One of Thousands of Cures.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON—Dear Friend: I am a Spiritualist, and a reader of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Have noticed your advertisement for diagnosing and healing diseases. I am very much troubled at times, and have been for several weeks, with an affection of the throat and lungs. Respiration is very much suppressed. Cough a good deal and raise nothing.

I am a farmer by occupation. My age is fifty-eight years.

And now, if you can see more fully what ails me, and the cause of my complaint, and send to my address a prescription that will cure me, I shall be very grateful to you. Inclosed find \$3.00.

Yours Respectfully,

WILLIAM STACKHOUSE.

East Cambridge, Ill., March 22, 1872.

Mrs. Robinson diagnosed and prescribed for the case and here follows a report of the result:

Mrs. ROBINSON—Dear Sister: Your letter, prescription and directions for my treatment, were received in due time. And it is now two weeks since I commenced taking your prescription, and I am happy to say that it has worked on me like a charm. I commenced to get better as soon as I began to take it—my cough stopped, the soreness in my throat was healed, and my appetite for food became good, and I gained strength right along. And to-day I am well. Please accept my thanks and gratitude to yourself, and the angels that control you, for my speedy recovery.

Yours Fraternally,

Wm. STACKHOUSE.

R. BORSON, Magnetic Healer, will visit Morris, Ill., April 30th, and will cure disease by electro-magnetism. Will answer calls to lecture.

THE DAYS OF MIRACLES

Not Yet Passed.

To the Editor of the Patriot:

We have been convinced for a long time that Atchison was taking many strides ahead of her sister towns in many things, and that success was written upon her banner, and our hearts have been made glad at her prosperity. And now, it seems, her other good things, such as good ministers, good doctors and lawyers, and such as good Magnetic Healer and healer whose success in this place has been beyond all question, we hope a generous public and a free and enlightened press will give her justice; not because he is a stranger to us, but because he is a brother in the same pattern. Judge commanded us to treat those who come in that sacred name. We learn that Dr. P. B. Jones has in his possession several affidavits. She seems to have been considered before. Let the sick and afflicted give him fair treatment, as he has already given the public sufficient evidence of his skill as a healer of the sick. So says a citizen of Atchison.

Here is a copy of the original affidavit:

No. 1.

Testimony of Mrs. Elizabeth Starr, of Atchison City, Kansas.

This is to certify that my daughter, Martha D. Starr, seventeen years of age, was violently attacked last December by the St. Vitus' Dance. I called in one of our best physicians to her aid, who treated her about three weeks, my daughter meanwhile sinking to a worse condition, till she was so frightfully afflicted that we began to lose all hope of her recovery. She seemed to have lost all control of her limbs, muscles, and mind, her face being paralyzed.

She could neither stand, nor sit, nor lie in bed without being watched, her body being so rigid, and her limbs were constantly cold. The muscles of her body were rigid and stiff, and those on the side of the neck were terribly swollen. She frantically rolled her eyes in every direction, ground and gnashed her teeth, and bit her tongue into bloody strips; no action of the bowels. The surface of her body was as rough to the touch as a piece of sand-paper. Such was the fearful condition of my daughter on the 21st of February, 1872, when I took her, as our last hope, to consult with Dr. P. B. Jones, the Electro-Magnetic Healer, who had just arrived in Atchison. Upon a diagnosis of her case, Dr. Jones ascertained that not only was her brain paralyzed, but that she had the lock-jaw, and that there was a conjoined state of the stomach, liver, and intestines, with severe inflammation of the kidneys and bladder, and that we had no hope, but if requested he would make the effort to help her, but promised nothing. I at once put her under his treatment; it is now only six weeks since he began to cure her, and she is now a healthy, happy, and contented child, and an deeply grateful to Dr. Jones, the Electro-Magnetic Healer. In sympathizing with the afflicted everywhere, I make this my affidavit, hoping that the suffering and diseased will call upon the doctor and be healed like wise.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of April, 1872.

W. MILLS, Notary Public.

No. 2.

Testimony of M. D. Sarritte.

CITY OF ATCHISON, State of Kansas.

This is to certify that I, M. D. Sarritte, have been an invalid for the last four years, suffering severely from a disease called by some physicians Liver Complaint, by others Heart Disease. I have been treated almost constantly by the regular medical professors, but received no benefit from their treatment, but sinking to a more feeble state of health, till I had lost all hope of recovery. My suffering has been so intense for the last two years that I was too feeble to earn my daily bread, or even to do a slight day's work of any kind. But when Dr. P. B. Jones, the Electro-Magnetic Healer, came to Atchison, I called on him for consultation. He pronounced my disease Dropsy of the Heart, and said he could cure me. My health commenced improving with the first day's treatment. I have been under his care for five weeks, and my general health is better than since my first attack. I can do all my own household work, and can do as good a day's work as any man; and for the restoration of my health, I must give credit to Dr. P. B. Jones, the Electro-Magnetic Healer.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of April, 1872.

W. MILLS, Notary Public.

No. 3.

Testimony of Mrs. Mary Craycraft.

CITY OF ATCHISON, Kansas.

This is to certify that I, Mary Craycraft, have been suffering for the last three years from Pulmonary Disorders and Liver Complaint. I have been treated at different times by two or three of our best physicians, but with comparatively no success. I had a terrible cough, and both my breast and lungs were so sore that I could scarcely breathe. In the early part of last winter my attending physician told me that I could not live six months. I was in this hopeless condition up to February, 1872, when Dr. P. B. Jones, the Electro-Magnetic Healer, came to Atchison City. After reading his advertisement, I resolved to make one more effort to regain my health. Upon consultation with Dr. Jones, and a careful examination of my disease, he decided that I was laboring under Pulmonary Consumption, and said he could cure me. I at once put myself under his care, and commenced improving with the first day's treatment. It is now just six weeks since I placed myself under his charge, and my general health is better than since my first attack. I can do all my own household work, and can do as good a day's work as any man; and for the restoration of my health, I must give credit to Dr. P. B. Jones, the Electro-Magnetic Healer.

Sworn to and subscribed before me the 4th day of April, 1872.

W. MILLS, Notary Public.

Justice of the Peace and Notary Public.

The above affidavits were copied from the originals in this office.—*Atchison (Kansas) Patriot*, April 11th.

Those desirous of corresponding with this wonderful Healer should address DR. P. B. JONES, Box 315, ATCHISON CITY, KANSAS.

For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

ILLINOIS HUMANE SOCIETY,

599 Wabash Ave.,

Chicago.

[CHAPTER 25, SECTION 7, OF CITY ORDINANCES.]

"If any person shall inhumanly, unnecessarily, or cruelly beat, injure, or otherwise abuse any dumb animal, or overload any team, or expose any calves or sheep upon the streets or sidewalks with their legs tied, he shall be subject to a fine not less than five dollars nor exceeding twenty dollars in any case."

The Illinois Humane Society is now prepared to receive complaints of cruelties to animals. The names of two reliable witnesses will be given, with street and number of each, for use in case prosecution is deemed expedient.

vi2nt

MICROSCOPES, OPERA-GLASSES,

Spy-Glasses, Mathematical Instruments,

Lanterns, Drawing Materials, Magic-

Lanterns, Philosophical Instruments.

The following Illustrated manuals sent on receipt of 10 cents each:

PART 1. MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS. 125 pp.

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JAMES W. QUEEN & CO.,

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NEW YORK.

vi2nt-6m

BLASPHEMY.

Who are the Blasphemers,

THE "ORTHODOX CHRISTIANS,"

OR "SPIRITUALISTS?"

BY THOMAS R. HAZARD.

The author has made a searching analysis of the question, which has met with universal favor by all who have read it. It is deserving of a wide circulation.

Price 10 cents; postage paid.

*For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Avenue, Chicago.

MEDIUMS & MEDIUMSHIP.

BY T. R. HAZARD.

This little pamphlet from the pen of one well prepared to give light on the subject is attracting much notice and should be widely circulated.

Price 10 cents; postage paid.

*For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Avenue, Chicago.

vi2nt-4

A New Progressive Era in Spiritualism.

Under the direction and advice of the Spiritual Intelligence, most influential in inaugurating the movement known as "Modern Spiritualism," a NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, of the highest possible literary tone and interest, has been projected, to be entitled

"The Western Star."

The principal features aimed at in this undertaking will be: to establish a record of the deeply momentous events connected with Modern Spiritualism, in the most unexceptionable literary shape, and to gather up and preserve such material as cannot be included in the columns of ordinary weekly journals devoted to Spiritualism; to treat all topics of current interest from a purely spiritualistic standpoint.

SECOND AND THIRD VOLUMES OF "MODERN AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM." The projectors of this magazine call especial attention to their design of securing from Mrs. EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN the exclusive right to publish in successive numbers, all the voluminous and deeply interesting material she has prepared for the compilation of two additional volumes of her great work, "MODERN AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM."

In this wonderful assemblage of facts, records of special phenomena, and biographical sketches, Mrs. Hardinge-Britten is possessed of Mrs. and other unpublished matter, as well as literature now out of print and unavailable to any but herself, which renders the treasures she has been collecting during many past years, almost priceless, and more than equivalent to the worth of the yearly subscription, without the reading matter designed for the magazine.

Attention is solicited to the following synopsis of subjects sketched out by the immortal projectors of the work:

1st. Leading Articles to be written by a competent and acceptable writer on the Spiritual Philosophy.

2d. Biographical sketches of the leading mediums, speakers, and writers, connected with Modern Spiritualism.

3d. Sketches of Silyle, Prophets, and Ecclesiastics of the Ancient and Middle Ages, and a comparison instituted with their modern prototypes.

4th. Examples of varied and marvelous PHENOMENA, and the philosophy of their production.

5th. Foreign Spiritualism, Trans-Atlantic Correspondence, etc.

6th. Communications from Spirits.

7th. Summary of passing events.

8th. A short essay on Politics, Religion, Popular Reform, or other leading topics of the day, by the WESTERN STAR CIRCLE OF SPIRITUALISTS.

9th. Reviews and answers to correspondents.

The projectors of the WESTERN STAR propose to conduct their work in the broadest and most fearless spirit of truth, yet pledge themselves to uphold the moral, religious, and scientific aspects of Spiritualism, free from all petty side issues or narrow fanaticisms.

As the human co-operators selected to carry out their great work are rich in the particular qualities which fit them for the position, they are compelled to inaugurate the first principle of justice in its establishment, by requiring that it shall be self-sustaining; hence, the first number of the magazine (though entirely ready in a literary point of view) will not be issued until a sufficient number of subscriptions are guaranteed to insure its expenses for one twelve-months.

Wealthy Spiritualists sympathizing with this movement are hereby earnestly solicited to contribute donations to take shape in this form:

Terms of subscription: \$4.00 per year; postage, 24 cts.; single copies, 25 cts. Terms of shares may be known on application to the Secretary.

EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN,

251 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

To whom all applications for agencies, etc., must be made.

Mrs. ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, Agent. 105 Park avenue, Chicago, Ill.

vi2nt-139

Hark! Everybody Should Listen to

THE VOICES;

Three Poems,

VOICE OF NATURE, VOICE OF A PEBBLE,

VOICE OF SUPERSTITION.

WITH A FINELY EXECUTED STEEL-PLATE

PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

WARREN SUMNER BARLOW.

It would be difficult to speak too highly of this work, which is passing through the fourth large edition with every prospect of becoming a standard work which every intelligent reader must own and be familiar with. The work contains food for all. The philosopher peruses page after page with increasing zest and wonderment, finding therein new ideas, sound logic, and the most elevated reason, dressed in elegant and beautiful or sharp and pungent language, as the theme requires. The devout Religionist can here find new and sublime ideas of his "Heavenly Father," while the fabulous God of Old Theology is held up in all his hideous deformity.

The work clearly shows MAN has ever made a God in his image, and has conceived him to be in harmony with his (man's) own development. Hence, when man saw only through his own nature, his God was bloodthirsty and combative. These ideas are best expressed on page 165.

It seems that every creed or tribe of earth, Conceive a god, and give him form and birth, Possessing all the traits of every tribe: Thus while portraying God, themselves describe; And as they each advance in reason's light, And have more just conceptions of the right, A god of like improvement then appears. Reflecting still their passions, loves, and fears; Then let us turn from that benighted age, When God, a jealous God, was fired with rage; And may diviner wisdom from above, Expand our souls to see a God of love.

High authorities assert that some of the most difficult questions have been rendered plain in this remarkable book. For instance, the sovereignty of God and the free agency of man are for the first time reconciled. Read the following, on pages 25 and 26:

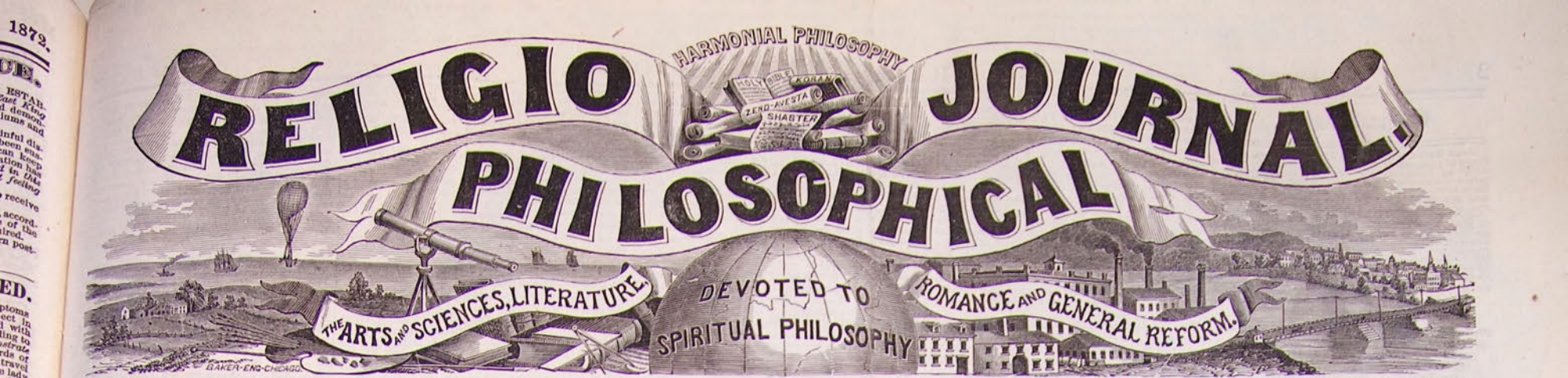
That God ordained the whole is understood To ultimate in universal good; Yet hath no less decreed that man shall be, Within a given sphere, and act free; As fishes were secured in globes of glass, Are free within, though none without can pass; While they, like us, look outward all around, May often wish a larger range was found. But highest wisdom decreed that in this plan, To focalize the feeble powers of man; Where each may freely choose a field of thought—May grope in darkness or be wisely taught; Where all will learn, as laws are understood, To harmonize with universal good. Thus God ordained that every wayward soul Should walk in wisdom's ways by self-control. Hence man's free agency is not denied, While God's grand purposes are glorified.

The sublimity of the first ten lines on page 16 has seldom been equalled:

Creation but one galaxy unfurled— Jehovah's crown a diadem of pearls! Each silted gem upon the whole depends: The whole to each a needed influence lends: Each orb, an aggregate of countless grains; Each grain a key, a ponderous arch sustains; Destroy but one, the boundless spheres will fall, And tumble headlong into chaos, one and all; Thus all are linked in Nature's endless chain— The hand that forged them never wrought in vain.

The following is of especial interest, to orthodox readers:

You must believe that men are all depraved, And that but few of all mankind are saved; Yet by God's cruel death, oh, strange to tell, These few are thus released from endless hell; For every creed decrees all hope is vain; If Christ, the Son of God had not been slain; And yet I think no creed will dare deny That Satan caused the Lord their God to die; Thus it would seem that all who rest in peace, May thank the Devil for their-kind release!



Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOLUME XII.

S. S. JONES, EDITOR,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

CHICAGO, MAY 11, 1872.

\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE;
SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.

NUMBER 8.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

Another Painting Medium.

(From Human Nature, (England).)

Some forms of artistic mediumship are so extraordinary, that they cannot be credited without personal observation, or corroborative instances. But, when a number of similar results proceed from persons of different ages, positions, and degrees of culture, then the cumulative evidence becomes overwhelming, and those who may not have the opportunity of witnessing the phenomena, can, with safety, believe in the facts recorded.

The great interest which has been excited by Mr. Duguid's trance paintings, has recently been supplemented in the most extraordinary manner, by the performances of Charles Swan, a boy, fourteen years of age, nephew of Mr. Thomas Wilson, ironmonger, Market Square, Aylesbury. We shall allow Mr. Wilson to give an account of the development and history of the medium in his own words:—

The mediumship of my nephew commenced about six years ago in the following accidental manner.—He was suffering very much from toothache, and having read something of spiritualism, and healing mediumship, I said, in sport, to my wife, that I would try my healing powers on the boy. I accordingly placed one hand on his head, and with the other commenced stroking down his face on the side where the aching tooth was located. In a few minutes he dropped off to sleep, and I laid him on the sofa. In a short time I perceived his hand moving about in an extraordinary manner; but, having read Barkas' "Outlines of Spiritualism," (given me by a relative from Newcastle-on-Tyne), I had made myself acquainted with some of the phases of mediumship—that of writing among the rest. I accordingly put a pencil into the boy's hands, and immediately there was written, "Let the boy alone; he is all right—Mary." I asked the lad what he meant, when he replied, through the pencil: "It is not the boy who is writing, but I, your sister, dead now about twenty-two years!" After he had lain on the sofa about two hours, his hand again wrote, giving me instructions how to awake him. I did so, and the first question the boy asked was, "Where is that lady who has been laying hold of my hand?" I desired to know what he meant; and he described the form, features, and every particular of outline, height and size of my deceased sister, as accurately as I could have done myself. The toothache had also vanished. Since that time, he describes the particular controlling spirit who influences his hand, as standing by his side, and placing one hand upon his. Though entranced, he knows that his hand moves about, but he cannot tell afterward whether he has been writing, drawing, or painting. After discovering his mediumship, I got a few friends to assist me from time to time sitting at the table. One of these friends (Mr. Parker) has continued to sit with us very regularly from the first up to the present time. In this way, nearly all the various phases of mediumship have been produced—table moving, rapping, seeing spirits in the trance, and so on.

When his mediumship had continued about two years, he began to see spirits as he went about the house or town. I have known him to describe as many as six different spirits on his passage from the shop to the bedroom. I have seen a table in the parlor dance about very considerably, no one being nearer it than, at least, six feet. About two years ago he commenced to draw with the lead pencil, and produced very crude sketches, regularly for some time. Then strange-looking animals, with short descriptions, stating that they belonged to one or other of the planets. He attended school at Bexley Heath, for twelve months—part of 1870 and 1871. In the early part of last year he again sat at the table, and the drawing proceeded as before. Water-colors were then asked for, and a great many little things were done, getting better from day to day, until about May last, when oil colors were required. Since then, a list of pictures, fifty-one in number, have been produced.

A VISIT TO THE MEDIUM.

We visited Mr. Wilson during the early part of last month, and saw his collection. The sitting room is literally smothered with drawings and paintings in various styles, handsomely framed, in massive frames, and hung upon the walls in a very peculiar manner. This work has been all done by the boy while in a trance, and while the door was locked upon him. Some of the paintings are large, Turner's "Child Harold" being four feet by two feet four; and no single person would like to take the task of hanging them unassisted. A painting of the human foot hangs horizontally close to the ceiling, ten feet high, and without any steps to reach it, except the furniture of the room. It is supposed to have been painted in that position, as it occupied several nights, and was seen in various stages, from day to day, in the same place in the ceiling. Some of the pictures are very striking—indicating great power of conception, though the treatment cannot be expected to be of the highest order.

At nine o'clock in the evening the medium puts on his painting costume, and prepares himself for the trance. We saw him entranced on our visit. He simply sits down in a chair before the easel, and leans his head back on a cushion, which is supported from behind. Mr. Wilson then places both his hands upon the medium's head, and with a few convulsive twitches, he becomes at once unconscious. He cannot paint when strangers are present, and even not well in Mr. Wilson's presence, although he has seen the work going on. He can even write with difficulty while there is any stranger in the room. He wrote a few

short sentences, one of which was to request us to leave the room. As soon as we did so, the door was locked from within, and the medium and the spirits were left to themselves, with a comfortable fire and a lamp. The principal controlling spirits say "good night," by raps of different degrees of loudness. John Wilson, who does the carpentering and framing of the pictures, gives three knocks, while Hogarth gives a whistle. Hogarth is a very jolly fellow, and, in concert with his fellow-spirit, John Wilson, often makes merry, far into the night. The thumpings and dancings are sometimes tremendous, and the tin whistle and concertina are sometimes played both together, showing that some powers are at work on the instruments beside the hands of the boy.

A number of pictures are in progress, by Sir Charles Eselake and W. Hogarth. The former is engaged on portraits, and the latter is very characteristic in pen and ink sketches—one of which is a beadle. Others are equally comic in their treatment.

The medium comes out of the trance about four o'clock in the morning, after which, he goes to bed, and sleeps until he has had sufficient rest. His leisure time is spent out of doors, in the open air; but, occasionally he goes into the trance again, during the day, for a short time. All his movements in this respect, are dictated by the spirits, who give instructions as to when he is to be entranced, and for how long. The spirits can entrance him themselves, by sitting for, perhaps, twenty minutes; but as it exhausts the power to do so, they requested Mr. Wilson to operate as described above.

Several spirits control the medium besides the painters; and their autographs have been given, as well as sketches—indicating their identity. (Lithographed illustration.)

Mary Wilson is the writing spirit, who gives all the instructions. William Wilson was a doctor, and used to carry a skull and crossbones depicted on a card, and fixed in the top of his hat. John Wilson was a carpenter, and does the framing, fixing, and other mechanical operations. H. Seymour was the son of a former employer of Mr. Wilson, who thus describes the symbol opposite that name:—"The £5 note in front of H. Seymour's signature, I consider an excellent proof of identity. The writer of that signature went to reside at Brighton for a time, and during his residence there he wrote to me to loan him £5. I did so, and the first time I saw him afterward he honorably returned it. I had forgotten the transaction until I read the meaning of the symbol drawn opposite his name, for I could not understand the meaning of it myself. The boy knew nothing of the transaction, as it had never been mentioned before him, or even brought to my mind, as the money was honorably paid to me, and I had therefore no longer need to entertain thoughts of the transaction."

Henry Argus was a relative of Mr. Wilson's, who used to tease him for a tin teapot, and in memory of the joke, he had it placed opposite his name. William Argus, another relative, was an undertaker, and proves his identity by the coffin. However, all of these signatures are recognized by Mr. Wilson and others, as genuine, and fac-similes of the writing produced while in earth-life, by the persons whom they represent.

Mr. Wilson has also had the signature of William E. Channing, who frequently writes lengthy communications; also, those of J. Wedgewood, Dr. Gall, Sir Isaac Newton, Cuvier, and Robert Hare. That of the latter is an exact fac-simile of Professor Hare's signature as appended to his engraved portrait; hence, it is not such a good test as the others, of which neither the boy nor Mr. Wilson had seen or known anything. On our visit to Mr. Wilson, we read communications in Cuvier's peculiar hand-writing; also, messages from Professor Hare, and essays on Phrenology and Mental culture by Dr. Gall. Sometimes during the night, as much as fifteen pages of foolscap of this writing will be given, in addition to the painting. At present, this writing has been so abundant that it has somewhat interfered with the painting. On the occasion of our visit, Mr. Wilson wrote some questions on a piece of paper, and in the morning they were answered by the spirit. They were kind enough to allude to our visit in pleasing terms, and added, that success would attend all our enterprises for the extension of Spiritualism.

The set of portraits of inhabitants of the planets are described at great length. Perhaps we may be permitted to give a special article on them at another time. Indeed, a great deal of explanation has been given at various times, which is all carefully preserved in a series of books.

On the morning after the little copy of Child Harold's Pilgrimage was produced, it was found written, "Mr. Turner has been doing a little painting. When you go to London, he wishes you to take it with you to the National Gallery, and compare it with one which is on view there."

Mr. Wilson tried in vain to get the name of the picture, but no further information was afforded him, so he had no alternative but to take his picture to London, and see whether his spirit communications were a hoax or the truth. At that time he had not received so many tests as now, and his faith was necessarily not so strong. Accordingly, he came to London, and brought the small picture with him, and on looking over the Turner collection, he at once found the original, the copy of which, done by the medium, was found to correspond with it exactly in every particular, even to a dead branch that appears among the foliage of the tree in the foreground.

Whilst Mr. Wilson was verifying this picture, he discovered another, entitled "Crossing the Brook," which the boy medium had faithfully reproduced in like manner. Thus, Mr.

Wilson thoroughly confirmed the truthfulness of the spirit communications as he was entirely ignorant of the existence of such pictures until he verified the statement of the spirits by examining the originals in the National Gallery.

Such is only a slight view of this wonderful instance of mediumship. Quite a number of pieces are now on hand, but the spirits do not permit the paintings in progress to be looked at. At one stage of development, a number of chalk and crayon drawings were produced. The portrait of Dr. Robert Ceceley, a gentleman living in Alesbury, has also been painted, and is at once recognized by the greater proportion of those who see it, and know the gentleman. The medium is now engaged painting the spirit Mary Wilson, who departed this life upward of a quarter of a century ago.

Mr. Wilson states that he has had one instance of direct spirit writing, and about four years ago the boy wrote about twenty pages of poetry.

A great number of people have seen these paintings, and two eminent artists have likewise inspected them, and say they manifest many points of excellence.

The composition of the pieces are considered of a kind far beyond a school boy's conceptions, or, indeed, any but a painter of considerable ability.

Mr. Wilson begins to see spirit lights about the adjoining room, in the dark, and he told us of a great number of instances of psychological power, which are gradually manifesting themselves.

The works are done in quick time. The large copy of Child Harold's Pilgrimage—four feet by two feet four inches, (half the size of the original in Turner's collection,) was done between the 14th and 24th of December last; and eight other smaller ones were done in the same time. Turner said he painted them to use the paint on his brushes after working on the large picture.

A REAL GHOST STORY.

It is not worth while to tell me that the spirits of the dead never walk this earth, to be seen by mortal eyes, after they have taken leave of their clayey tenements—I know better. Robert Dale Owen may write in favor of dead men coming back to visit the scenes of their mortal toils, and a thousand others may write against it; it's all one to me. I shall have my own opinion, until I try to come back myself, and can't, and it is proved to me, by the best authority of the spiritual world, that no one else can. You will say, I make no doubt, as my friends have always done, that my fears alarmed me, and that my excited imagination caused me to fancy I saw the person of my old friend, Dr. Fenton Atwick, and I heard his voice speaking to me, when I knew he was a crushed and mangled corpse, or you will conclude that I had been asleep. You will be equally mistaken in either hypothesis. In the first place, I was not a timid man. I never had been afraid of anything in the earth, air or sea. I had walked through lone burying-grounds, and by old churches, hundreds of times, in the dead of night, and no "Tam o' Shanter" visions had ever yet caused me to quicken my pace. I had been, all my life, a sturdy, hard-working person; so, no sick, pining fancies had haunted me through long, weary days of idleness. Working for twelve hours on a stretch, until you are wearied almost to death, and sleeping like a log for ten hours, is not conducive to romancing, nor did I wish it to be. I had no thought of writing novels, or even "ghost stories," in those days. I was a plodding chancery lawyer, never venturing to make a speech, but drudging, as I have said, for the clothes I wore, and the food by which life was kept in my body.

Dr. Fenton Atwick had moved to Darbytown ten years before. It was well he had an annuity to fall back upon, for there was no need of his diploma, or of any science here. He had had a case or so of "ague and fever," and sometimes in the autumn a few chills—nothing more. Strange that Dr. Atwick's should have been the first death. Alas, poor physician, thou wast "unable to heal thyself!" Our salubrious climate and bracing mountain air might brave every effort of miasma to find a victim amongst us. But accident—the creature of fate—how unforeseen, how impossible to guard against his treacherous dealings! The veriest invalid on earth was safer from that than hale, hearty Fenton Atwick.

I don't know how I got into a sort of reverie one evening—thinking of all our lives, and the popular idea that we all have a "mission" to perform. I was not given to such things. I should as soon have thought of joining an opera troupe—having no more idea of music than a steam engine—as turning metaphysician. But there I sat, looking out at my window on the giant mountains, which were ablaze with the golden aureola of the setting sun, with my pen behind my ear, and ponderous volumes of Coke all unheeded before me, asking myself, over and over again, of what avail my life had been to myself or others, and whither it was tending, until the light died too from the western sky, and the shadows of night or of death crept, darker and darker, into the room. "Pshaw!" I exclaimed, "I am as visionary as a child emerging from, or an old man going into, the realms of the unknown. Very soon we too will be dust, as our ancestors are—perhaps a part of that which the young man, who was galloping madly by but a few moments ago, sent curling into my window here, over my books into my very nostrils. And then our children (not mine, of course, as I am a bachelor, but other people's) will look out of this very window, as I am doing now, and wonder what they were made for, and whitherward they are tending. And

they will find themselves—in the dark, as I am." I struck myself a sharp blow on the forehead, as if by this means I should effectually floor the goblin thoughts that were bewitching me; and drawing a parlor match across the green serge that covered my table, I lit my lamp and reopened my book. But, strange to say, I could not collect my thoughts.

"I am tempted," I muttered, "to go for Atwick and Fleet and Jones, and have a rubber at whist, for it seems I am determined to be at cross purposes with time this evening." I sprang up out of my chair as I concluded, for a heavy thud, sounding like the falling of a human body, struck distinctly on my ear. I glanced hastily around the room, and, as nothing was disturbed, listened for a repetition of the sound from without; but the silence was profound, and I took up my book again. A moment more, and I heard some one walking rapidly down the street. "It is some visitor to me, I hope." But no; the footsteps passed on. Then there came the sound of running feet—one, two, three separate persons going by. Then there was a hasty tread on my steps, and some one came up. I turned quickly as the door was pushed open.

"Ah, Fleet, it is you! I am glad to see you. Come in."

He did come in; and there was a ghostly look upon him, frightful to behold.

"Come, Jerry," he said, while his teeth chattered, "I have been sent to fetch you. A fearful accident has just happened. Dr. Atwick—"

"What?" I asked, while a shudder I thought to be moral ran through and through me.

"Is already dead, and, as I have told you, by an accident as horrible as it was unforeseen. Jones was with him in his office, and they had risen to come up here, when Atwick extinguished his lamp, and turning suddenly stepped out at the window, instead of the door, and fell upon the rocks below. He was a dead man when Jones got down to him."

"My God, how horrible!" I was at the scene of the catastrophe in a few moments. And there, laid out already with the grim formalities of death. I gazed upon the dead body of my friend Atwick, whom I had beheld but a few moments before in the perfection of health—a mangled, bloody corpse, lying still upon the pavement, with a crowd of people gathered, like ghostly statues, in the twilight about it. Some of the men had already constructed a litter. I was requested, as I knew Mrs. Atwick, perhaps better than any one in the village, to hasten on before, and break the hideous truth to her as gently as I could. I shrank back appalled. Demurring and fearful, I should positively have declined this fearful duty of friendship, but for the temporary absence of our rector, and the necessity of speedy action in some one. The statement of a great writer that there is something not altogether unpleasant to us in the misfortunes of our dearest friends, is a rank libel upon even medium human nature. I should not have been more distressed if Mary Atwick, the woman to whom I was going on such an errand, had been my own sister. And yet my acquaintance with her was very slight. She was anything but a popular woman; she had mingled but little with the people of the village, and had thus remained without friends, while Atwick himself had been a universal favorite. I had visited his house on more social terms than any one else, I believe, and though I had never found her varying from a cold and haughty reserve, I had every reason to believe that Atwick was devotedly attached to her and his children. If, however, I had known it to be otherwise—if they had been to each other objects of mutual indifference, or sometimes even of aversion, should I not still have hesitated to break the quiet of a household with tidings of such death to one of its members? Yet I was so stricken with a dumb sort of amazement that I had realized nothing of my position, and had not a thought of what I was to say—even when I found my hand upon the gate of the yard inclosure. All at once, however, a sense of what I had come to do struck terror to my soul, and the same shudder I had experienced in my office thrilled me from head to foot. There were no lights about the house as I went up the gravel walk. But I thought some one had come on the same errand, as I saw the figure of a man going up the steps before me. I paused an instant on the threshold of the portico, waiting for the figure, with its back towards me, to lift the knocker to strike for admission, when the door flew open without a sound, and the person entering revealed to me—my God! the blood-stained features of Fenton Atwick himself!

"How, how!" I cried, "have you recovered sufficiently to get here before me, and alone?" It moved toward the door of an inner room, beckoning me with its mutilated, bloody hand. And a voice that I should have known, without the words, belonging to nothing mortal, said slowly: "I am here, in the spirit, before you, Jerry; my body follows on space. Over it I have no further control. But that thou doest, do quickly, or poor Mary's heart will be broken."

I was still looking, when the figure vanished, as I knew it would, and I was again alone in the moonlight. Wandering, amazed, everything but frightened, I paused a moment in dumfounded bewilderment. There was no stronger emotion in heart or mind, than bitter sorrow for the woman up stairs, as I stepped back and gave a long, loud rap upon the door. A servant came to light the lamp in the hall, and admitted me. Mrs. Atwick came in a moment. Her face was whiter than the gown she wore, as she looked at me. "I was at my window, up stairs, when I saw you come in the gate, with Dr. Atwick beside you. Tell me where he has gone."

I tried to speak to her, but I could not. My

lips were still sealed, when all at once she went down on her knees, crying out that "he was dead." She asked no confirmation from me of the horrible truth that had come upon her. I never saw any creature go on as she did in my life, and I hope, in God's mercy, that I never may. When I spoke to her at last, she railed out at me "to be gone, and leave her alone, for I had murdered him!" I think her mind had entirely lost its balance. I knocked at the door of the next house, and bade the woman go to her, for I could do nothing. They had taken her up stairs when the heavy tramp of the men with the litter was heard without.

"He has shown no symptoms of returning consciousness, I suppose?" I said to Fleet.

"Consciousness! I should say not, when he was dead, even before Jones lifted him from the earth," I was answered.

When the body was laid out—in spite of the horror that came over me in its presence—I looked at it. I knew that he was dead—as dead as you or I will be when we have slept under the sod for a thousand years. And yet I could not divest myself of the idea that there was a latent expression of consciousness about the face. I saw it through the congealed blood upon his temple—even after I had touched his brow with my fingers, and found it colder than the marble slab upon the table close at hand. No wonder they should tell me I was white and sick! Men have been as pale with far less cause.

They sent me home with a young fellow named Compton. He and I, and some others were to sit up the next night. I had not slept one wink when the day dawned again; but I was glad to walk about beneath the light of the sun, and be able to talk about the fearful accident with my fellow-townsmen, though in so strange and subdued a voice. When the evening came I went back to the widowed house again. The horror of the thing seemed as fresh upon them all as on the evening before; and strong men sat in the shadow of this calamity, with eyes on which the mist of tears had gathered, ever and anon, and talked—if at all—in hushed whispers to each other.

It was the old-fashioned way, and we were sitting in the room with the corpse. It was considerably past midnight when I took a book from the little table, on which a pot of coffee had been placed, and began to read. Soon after this, three of the men proposed a walk; but, as Charley Fleet and Compton were to remain, I said nothing. I was still reading, as wide awake and as free from fear as I ever was in my life, when the same shudder I have spoken of twice before ran over me from head to foot, and froze the blood in my veins. The book dropped from my hands. I looked up, and saw Fleet and Compton both asleep in their chairs. I strove to call them, but my tongue refused to utter a sound. And again the low voice I had heard upon the portico came to me in low but distinct tones: "Hurry to the dispensary, or it will be too late; Mary is there. My spirit can no longer strive with her; it is departing from earth."

I turned my head with a fearful sort of attraction, toward the body. The sheet turned down and the face exposed to view. The ghastliness of death was still there; but the face looked at me!

"My God, Compton, look, look at that!"

He sprang to his feet in an instant. "How did it happen? Where are they all? His wife must have been here while we were dozing."

I knew that I had never been further from sleep; but his voice reassured me, though he said he had heard nothing, and I rose hastily. "Quick, to the dispensary!" He followed me in amazement to the little room in the rear of the house where Fenton Atwick had kept a supply of medicines, which he often distributed, gratis, to the hands of a factory, five miles down the river. I hastily pushed the door open, and beheld Mrs. Atwick standing by a desk.

As I sprang forward, she fell, face downward, on the floor. We lifted her to a sofa, but she was dead!

A phial of prussic acid was upon the desk.

Meridian, Mississippi.

BRO. JONES:—I have read the letter concerning Dr. Slade, which you were pleased to publish in the JOURNAL of the 20th inst. Great was my surprise soon after writing that letter, to learn that the Doctor's name is Henry, not Robert, as I understood. Making inquiry at a subsequent circle, I was informed that "Elder Boyd," as we call him, gave his own name as Robert Boyd, and Dr. Henry Slade.

Priding myself upon accuracy, it is almost impossible to believe that I made such an egregious error, but our spirit friends insist upon it, and I must yield, deeply regretting, however, that the test, as we consider it, was so marred.

Respectfully,
JAS. S. HOWE.

Testimonial for Dr. Kayner.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—This is written as a faint expression of the deep gratitude I feel to Dr. Kayner, of St. Charles, Ill., who about one year ago found me in the shadowy regions bordering upon the dark domain of insanity. From excessive mental labor and excitement I was unconsciously sinking away, when the Doctor pointed out the danger ahead, and showed me a way of escape. I have been under his treatment ever since, and am fully restored, so that mental labor is again pleasant and safe.

To a fellow-sufferer I would earnestly say, try the skill of Dr. Kayner.

Respectfully,
REV. S. A. HOWE.

Belvidere, Ill.

Original Essays.

[JOHN BROWN SMITH is open for engagements to give a course of independent lectures on the "Science of Human Life," in Pennsylvania or adjacent States, during the spring and summer, West during the fall, and South in the winter season. Engagements only made for one week in which eight lectures will be given, viz: "The Science of Human Life," "Universal Suffrage," "Temperance," "Moral, Legal, Physical, and Medical Aspects," "Labor and Capital—their True Relations," "Vegetarianism," "The Evolution of Man," "Man—his Spiritual, Moral, Physical, and Social Nature," "God—in the Science of Human Life," "The First, Seventh, and Eighth Lectures embrace the subject of Spiritualism. Permanent address, 812 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.]

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF LIBERTY.

Philadelphia, The Spiritual Cause Here—Lectures, Their Strong Points—Mrs. Middlebrook, C. Fannie Allyn, E. V. Wilson, Nellie T. Brigham, Dr. Fairfield, Dr. H. T. Child, Mrs. Woodhall, Andrew Jackson Davis.

[From John Brown Smith, Our Traveling Correspondent.] When the old bell of Independence Hall in this city, whose circumference is encircled by the prophetic and now famous motto, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto the inhabitants thereof," pealed forth in solemn sepulchral tones, that the doctrine of Divine Right of Kings had been exploded, a magnetic thrill went up to heaven from the hearts of the people.

When Thomas Paine, inspired by the world of spirits, penned that immortal document, the "Declaration of Independence," which recognized the natural inherent rights of all mankind to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and its presentation before the old Continental Congress, caused a tremor of hesitation to pass the stoutest hearts, until that immortal orator, Patrick Henry, with a sudden outburst of heaven's magnetic battery, carried everything by storm, when the child of liberty was born, which is destined by example to de-throne every monarch on earth, and trample under foot the Theology of popes and priests, until the whole universe shall be recognized in the conceptions of men as the grandest living exponent of republican principles.

The Spiritual movement was not first proclaimed from this city of Brotherly Love, but who of us in this age of innovations dare say that Spiritual science may not yet be wedded to all the sciences, and entirely divorced from religion, and that the despotic, aristocratic, Male-God of Theology will be dethroned and exploded, while men only shall recognize the father, mother, brother and sisterhoods of God, as exhibited in the benevolent, loving and sympathetic evolution of spirit through matter.

The divorce of Theological religion and self-government was consummated here, and would it not be prophetic, as well as eminently proper, that the divorce of Theological religion and science should be proclaimed throughout the universe unto all the inhabitants thereof, from this same sacred spot? If the signs of these liberal times mean anything, I have no hesitation in stating my repudiation as a prophet in making the statement that before the centennial anniversary of the divorce of Theology and government, a movement will be inaugurated in this city proclaiming that there is no religion in nature outside and independent of science.

SPIRITUALISM.

The society here, through the indefatigable and persevering efforts of Dr. H. T. Child and the working committee, has been successful financially, as well as in securing the best talent for the speaker's stand. They have lectures twice every Sunday, and occasionally throughout the week, at the hall, north-east corner of Broad and Springarden streets, and have almost always very large audiences. A very useful feature has been a free mediums' meeting every Sunday at 8 o'clock p. m. It is of common occurrence to have several meetings of mediums or speakers in various parts of the city. They are all doing a useful and much needed work.

As lecturers are public property as far as their services are concerned, I will give a brief synopsis of the strong points of each speaker who has filled our rostrum this season, in order to prompt societies to make a selection of speakers who have opposite and diverse elements of strength, and thus satisfy the development of promiscuous audiences—an item too often overlooked in making selections.

Mrs. Kingman gave us a course of lectures of marked originality of expression and boldness of thought. She possesses a comprehensive mind that has the power of grasping more than one "hobby," and she infuses a startling magnetic halo into the minds of those who can appreciate her plane of thought; but to the recent investigator or those grappling with a few of the rudimentary principles of the science of life she may seem vague, because she strikes out boldly beyond their depth.

Mrs. Middlebrook gave us a course of brilliant, effective and appreciative lectures. She has ability and magnetic power to hold an audience in wrapt attention, and will either strike while the iron is hot, or make it hot by the force of her persuasive powers.

C. Fannie Allyn steps upon the stage with the appearance and actions of youth; but when speaking under control in the trance condition her whole demeanor is changed, and she gives a spice, breadth and grasp of mind to her subject equal to any of them, while she infuses her whole soul and earnestness into her discourse in a way to completely captivate the audience. An exceedingly interesting feature is her extempore rhyme upon subjects given by the audience; in fact she gives most of her lectures from subjects sent up by the audience.

E. V. Wilson, that positive iconoclast, who so well understands the frame-work of the Orthodox Bible that they do not relish his familiarity in the way of center shots. He is the very personification of indomitability and pluck—a grand exponent of the doctrine of love as made manifest through might. A warm, generous soul ever shines out through the lion in his nature. His sharp, positive manner of giving tests or clairvoyant delineations of remarkable changes in life gives effect to his work in this direction. Hope that you may have more of such material in the West, as the hard blows are not all struck yet. Orthodoxy did not relish his style here, because he persisted in punching them in the tender places. He draws large audiences, and will insure financial success for a society.

Nellie T. Brigham is too well known for her quiet, modest manners, which always commands her to the audience, as well as the general satisfaction evinced by her effective arguments, yet so very tender about treading harshly on weak places that you are silently compelled to be your own surgeon, to cut away your own moral excrescences, while she stands by as a loving assistant. She is thorough in her analysis of a subject, and very effective as a speaker—a favorite with a Philadelphia audience.

H. T. Child, M. D., is the inspiring genius of the society here; and its present financial success is largely due to his persevering efforts and special adaptation for that position. He is the right man in the right place. He frequently lectures in New Jersey and Pennsylvania,

and is a sensible, effective speaker and writer for the Harmonial Philosophy.

Andrew Jackson Davis and wife made a visit of a few weeks to the city this winter and paid a visit to our "radical club" here, as well as other reformatory places. He is a young man to have written such a host of books on the Harmonial Philosophy, and his quiet, retiring, unobtrusive manner commands him as a fair, practical illustration of the philosophy he expounds. His literature has had a great influence in moulding the status of the Spiritual movement. If he could infuse more of science and less of the ideal into his writings in the future, he would hold a stronger place in reform literature. Mrs. Davis, his wife, is known as a very able advocate of woman's enfranchisement, as well as other reformatory movements of the day.

Dr. Fairfield is filling the rostrum for the society during April, and exhibits a wonderful power in the mirthful darts he shoots at the inconsistencies of Orthodoxy. He will request the audience to "go straight ahead for their own sake, and zigzag like Christians for Christ's sake," while action and expression gives an electrical effect not describable on paper, and the result is that the audience is frequently convulsed at his excellent hits. He spoke yesterday under the control of Lorenzo Dow upon the "He-God, the he-ministry, and the he-religion," making some excellent points against the "He-Principle" in the Bible.

Victoria C. Woodhall, President of the American Association of Spiritualists, also paid us several visits, speaking both here and in Camden, N. J., to immense audiences in her usual effective manner.

Progressive Communities.

BY J. W. EVARTS.

CHAPTER III.—SOCIOLOGY.

Sociology is that science which treats of the inter-allinity of mankind. In the abstract it reaches farther; it forms one continuous chain of dual relations from crystalized granite to the brightest seraphim of celestial life; every sense and insensate form being a connecting link in life's social gradations, on its spiral pathway, from darkness into light.

If we take our alchemy, and go down into the crude realms of matter, we find every element with its fated counterpart, inherently indued with the momentum of attraction and repulsion. Take botany, zoology, and mythology, and the perfection in which the principles of duality exists, in all forms, is definite to the mind of every student. The principles of propagation, for certain special ends, is fixed with as careful precision in plants as in animals. Take the grape, as a test, and if you desire a variety combining certain qualities, seek two varieties—collectively containing the elements required, and by hybridation the results are certain. These facts are well sustained by natural science, and need no further proof.

It is on the dual relations of human souls, in their connection with vitalized matter, that I propose to throw light in this essay; and first, let me say, that while I may clear up some of the vagaries of both the past and the present, whatever credit or discredit I may give to individuals, or combinations of individuals, my single idea is to arrive at truthful deductions. To be better understood, I will premise, by dividing the social problem into seven duplexes, representing Love and Wisdom, on the spiral path of progress, viz:

THE SOCIAL DUALITY.

- 1.—Self love,.....1.—Me-mentor.
- 2.—Sexual love,.....2.—Ami-mentor.
- 3.—Conjugal love,.....3.—Nupti-mentor.
- 4.—Parental love,.....4.—Philo-mentor.
- 5.—Filial love,.....5.—Fili-mentor.
- 6.—Fraternal love,.....6.—Frater-mentor.
- 7.—Celestial love,.....7.—Uni-mentor.

Man's social condition, in esse, proceeds from the predominant element, in relation with the subservient elements of his affectional structure, in subservieny to the predominant element in relation with the subservient elements of his intellectual structure; and these in relation with the affectional and intellectual standard of surrounding minds.

Men and women must be taken as we find them, and not as we fancy they should be. To seek for perfectly balanced affections or thoughts, in our present stage of planetary progress, would be an overreach of the designs of infinite wisdom, and leave us chasing shadows, while substances decide our folly. Then let me take the ruling passion, and the dominant thought, and follow them in their tendencies. To avoid complication, I will first analyze the affectional in relation to the intellectual; and in another chapter, the power of the intellectual over the affectional.

Man's affectional nature is readily divided into seven distinct elements, combining what is commonly termed the love-principle, or Love. To say "free-love," in present progress, or in any stage of progress where general harmony does not prevail in social and civil life, is simply supererogation of terms, and has no applicable meaning, so long as one of the seven elements of love is in anywise dominant over the others, or antithetical to a soul of harmonious proportions. In this age of the world, with the damp fogs of the lower propensities enveloping the earth, and with but few faint gleams of fraternal and celestial light penetrating the clammy darkness, while our planet is dripping with the baptism of wars, tumults, and famines of the centuries, "free-love" would signify freedom from restraint to the dominant passion, and to the dominant element of an undeveloped, unbalanced, selfish, calculating and conspiring intellect,—to advance, to shield, and to gratify, whichever of the first five elements of man's duality that may be predominant with the millions.

The seven elements of love, viz:—Self love, sexual love, conjugal love, parental love, filial love, fraternal love, and celestial love, truly and typically represent seven distinct periods of human history, viz: the granite age, the alluvial age, the herbar age, the sensate age, the human age, the spiritual age, and the harmonial age.

In a general sense, the first five of these periods are still in dominant existence, and eternally will be, somewhere, through the evolution of the universe, on the road from animal to man, from savage to civilized; and they only lose power as the human enters the spiritual, as the filial enters the threshold of the fraternal.

Now let me trace the record of a characteristic race of people, the Hebrew, in its migrations up the mountains of progress, as far as it shows evidence of advancement, and follow the line through the Anglican nations:

1st.—From the dimmest trace of Hebrew history, to the birth of Moses, we behold the dark mantle of self-interest unwrapping every movement of this race. For self, a brother was killed, a world was drowned, cities were destroyed, a wife prostituted to intent, wars were waged, captives were outraged, plunder divided, babes murdered, and nations seized of their lands, and placed in bondage; the God of the period is the type of the jealous, hateful, grasping, conspiring, thieving, overbearing, and unrelenting instincts of self-love.

2d.—From the birth of Moses to the dawn of prophesy, we find another link added to the chain of social life—the dominance of sexual

love is unabated, it becomes the sycophant to a master passion. We trace its steps through pools of blood; through war, and famine, and pestilence; through hatred and malice, and revenge, to subserve the interests of lust. Husband and wife are put to death for their fair wives; brethren are doomed to writhe in seething fire, or be torn in shreds by furious beasts, and fairest women are sacrificed on the altar of lust. Mediums are put to death, lying spirits of God run rampant, and male incontinence is not only common, but popular. The God of the period is the Lord of Moses, Joshua, David, Solomon, and of Elijah, who killed the prophets of Baal.

3d.—From the dawn of prophesy to the birth of Jesus we find a deep moan against the ruthless "man of sin." The element of kindness between man and woman assumes a dominant position, and self and sense become its ministers, though unabated in their power. Man's religious nature improves; poetry, art, philosophy and science, begin to lead the races into the light of the true and the beautiful, though still stained with lust and selfishness.

4th.—With Jesus, dawns the silver light of parental affection; love of children is breathed in every breath of angelic inspiration. This element outgrows Jewish nationality; and primitive Western Europe makes record of its dominant power.

Fathers and mothers shield their babes from Herodic danger, the infinite possibilities of human attainment are portrayed to them, and Copernicus, Angelo, Luther, Galileo, Faust, and Gutenberg, are among the post-natal developments. The God of the period becomes softened down by loving-kindness and mercy to the bonded, the scourged, the persecuted and the reviled, for kindred's sake. The seeds of hereditary descent were carefully planted during the early centuries of the Christian era, and were already deep-rooted when the Prince of Orange bore the starry banner of empire westward into Britanny. The stress of British history teems with inscribed thousands of immortalized witnesses to the genius of parental love.

Men and women labored and stored for the born and unborn, transmitting forever, in fee-simple, the ripe fruit of exhausted energy—to whom? To children that might, could, or would be born. In this centralization of the fourth degree of love, in the cost, and by the law controlling this cost, there lies a latent compensation, which, when quickened into being, assumes the form of filial love, and

5th.—Social progress, with the four accessories attained, all-powerful, with the fourth dominant, receives a new impetus, by the rising sun of Western Europe, when, by the magic power of the growing element of filial love, worthy sires become the praise of noble sons. Great adventures and deeds of daring, may well take their date from the birth of Columbus, when filial reverence fully dawned upon the great encampment of humanity. Adventure filled the world with the record of heroic deeds; fathers were emulated by their sons, and mothers by their daughters; the family tie attained an air of sacredness, and the first five loves sought their level in monogamic marriage, with filial love as the ruling element, and the preceding four as accessories.

6th.—The last half of the nineteenth century, with the advent of Spiritualism, brings us to the dividing line, where the filial gives dominion to a brighter, purer, and more powerful element—fraternal love—whose innate power lay dormant through the tumults of the ages; but when awakened, gleams up in streams of golden light, and the ascending path of our social being becomes wreathed in new beauty, new truth, new hope, new aspiration, inspiration, and destiny; new cost, and new compensation.

7th.—All that can be said of celestial life is in hope and prophesy. In hope, when all are as the emanations of light; in wisdom's selection, and love's attraction. In prophesy, when, as a thousand years, the lion of the intellect has laid down with the lamb of the affections, in fraternal unity; when association is made by soul-attraction, and not by the material bonded relations of kith or kin; when souls revel in the glory of their own attractive beauty—washed from the stains or granite, alluvia, and mineral and animal pollutions, and when one grand harmonic unity rules all terrestrial conditions.

The millions are yet in the first stages of social development; the thousands are yet in the intermediate, and the hundreds are gaining the altitude of the higher planes of life.

It is for the hundreds that I write,—those who are ready to meet life's issue on that level where fraternal love will be the governing element, in conjunction with its mate—element of the soul.

In the application of this social problem to unitary homes, it is not designed to designate progress but progressive communities; and in view of this, the marital relations take shape according to degree of progress. Howbeit, the inspecting genius of this unitary movement raises the standard of pure monogamic marriage,—not as it is practiced under present law,—as the only marriage where reproduction walks in consonance with the laws of progress. All marriage being governed measurably by the existing usages and customs of nations, for the protection of the unborn rights of offspring, whatever progress is made in this relation, is necessarily made in harmony therewith. Bible-communion stands as a mystical fungi of an effete age; and complex marriage, on the one hand, as a doctor of the excrescence of sexual misdirection, and on the other hand, as a safeguard against conjugal infidelity; and as such, it has its merits. It is better than either of the evils it shuns, though it fails to meet the higher demands of the dual relations of individualized souls. Thus it stands upon expediency, and not upon principle.

Spiritualism v. Religion.—No. 2.

BY J. R. BACKUS.

We are glad to find that our introductory article on this subject has provoked a lively criticism from the pen of Bro. T. S. Givan. This is as it should be, as by agitation of thought and the conflict of ideas, truth is certain to be developed.

In the course of these articles we shall endeavor to advance such thoughts as accord with our highest conceptions of truth; not claiming, however, to have discovered the philosopher's touch-stone of infallibility, we earnestly solicit from our brethren in the progressive movement such friendly criticism and discussion of our thoughts as any may feel disposed to indulge in.

In our first article we only attempted to state our position, leaving the proofs to be brought forward in subsequent communications, and we shall now proceed to give some of the reasons why we accept Spiritualism as a science, but reject in toto the religious character which many well-meaning Spiritualists seem so intent upon clothing it, and we respectfully request of Bro. Givan and others who differ with us, to excuse us from pausing to review their criticisms until we shall have presented our argument in full. Please give us a careful and candid hearing first, then we shall be ready to debate the question, and if unable to meet your objections, we will acknowledge our error, come forward to the anxious seat, sue for membership into your Spiritual church, that

we may have "shed abroad" in our infidel heart that true religion "which can give sweetest pleasures while we live," that holy religion "which must supply solid comfort when we die." (3)

But until we are thus convinced, we prefer to cling to the anchor of demonstrated, scientific fact, rather than trust our bark to float without rudder or compass, upon the open sea of religious fiction.

In pursuing a systematic investigation of this subject, it will be necessary first to inquire, What is religion? second, What is science? and thirdly, What is Spiritualism? After which, by comparing the results of our investigation, it will not be difficult to ascertain the affinities or antagonisms of the ideas peculiar to each, by which we will be enabled to classify each in its proper order.

If we shall find, as some claim, that science and religion are merely different modes of expression, clothing the same central idea or thought, and that all that is known of the one harmonizes with the developments of the other, then we can not avoid viewing them as identical. And further, if we find that the real element of Spiritualism comes in rapport with the other two, then we must receive and acknowledge its religio-scientific character—accept it as a scientific religion.

But if we shall find that science and religion can not be made to harmonize—that the elements of each repels the other, the absurdity of attempting to classify them together will certainly become apparent, and also the still greater absurdity of attempting to compel Spiritualism to coalesce with two antagonistic ideas at the same time, but following the natural order, we must allow this heaven-born idea to classify itself according to its true affinity.

Religion! What is it? Who can tell? Put this question to each one of the six hundred distinct religious sects, whose central thought and cohesive power is that venerable time-honored something, supposed to be embodied in the term religion, and in all probability out of this vast number no two would be found to give you the same answer; and for the simple reason that this is the point from which each radiates in his disagreement from the others. Each would, no doubt, tell you that religion is a rare and precious gem—indeed so very rare, that in all the whole habitable globe there is only one true and genuine religion, not forgetting to add that "ours is the self-same 'Simon pure' article, and that all else are base imitations, frauds and counterfeits."

The Musselman will tell you that Allah is God, and Mohammed is his prophet; and that through this prophet God has most gloriously revealed his will in the Koran, a book which contains the only true religion, vouchsafed to man, and that without its sacred influence all mankind would certainly go to perdition, as there is no true religion outside of its teachings.

Ask the Jew, Moses, he will tell you, was the great law-giver, who received direct from the hand of God, the whole divine law written on twelve tables of stone by the finger of "Jehovah" himself; thus revealing his will to man—to his chosen people, confiding to their sacred keeping the only true religion whereby the human family may escape the wrath of an angry God, which will certainly be visited upon all who reject the saving ordinances of his holy religion.

The Christian will point to the teachings of Jesus, the MAX-GOD, if you wish to find the "pearl of great price," for they say "there is no other name given under heaven by which men may be saved." Embrace the religion of Jesus, or "go away into everlasting torments prepared for the devil and his angels, where there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

The Heathen Chinese knows no true religion outside the teachings of Confucius. And the Latter-Day Saints, or Mormons, find the true religion revealed by "God, the Father of us all," (7) through his prophet, Joe Smith, as contained in the book of Mormon.

Thus, were we to go on through the whole catalogue of sects, and even press our questions to the most minute details of their religious faith, we must certainly despair of ever arriving at a settled definition of this so much revered and sacred "What is it?" ycleped religion.

Terre Haute, Ind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lyle Station, Minnesota.

DEAR JOURNAL.—We have been having quite an exciting time here for about two months. First came J. L. Potter with words of cheer to our little flock and of condemnation to all hypocrites. He gave earnest counsel to all. Met with some abuse, no real opposition, however. At the same time, at a small town some three miles from here, a Campbellite preacher held forth. He continued his ministrations some two weeks after Mr. Potter had left us, and, Christian-like, no sooner was the field clear, than he commenced a most shameful tirade of abuse against all Spiritualists; not one escaped the venom of his tongue. He went on to say that "the Iowa State Association of Spiritualists, at one of their former meetings, had denounced this Potter who was traveling through your country, as a low-lived blackguard and a liar." Naturally the Spiritualists present were somewhat roused, having the utmost confidence in the gentlemanly qualities and the perfect veracity of our State agent, and mind you, all this after Mr. Potter had left us.

After Mr. Nichols had ceased his tirade for the evening, I secured an introduction, and asked him, first, if he was acquainted with our Mr. Potter.

"No, he did not know as he was."

"Well, sir, I wish to know particularly if you had reference to J. L. Potter when you said he had been denounced as a low-lived blackguard and liar by an Iowa Association of Spiritualists."

"No, oh no, nothing of the kind. I know nothing of this man's character, whatever."

"Well, sir, he is the only Potter who has traveled through these parts lecturing to the people on Spiritualism."

"Yes, madam, but I do not know this man at all. It was another Mr. Potter—in fact, a Dr. Potter" (of whom I had never heard, nor in fact has any one else as far as I can learn).

Well, now to business. Would he discuss this terrible question with J. L. Potter? I told him I was anxious for the truth, and the light of which he declared I had it not. I told him I should be very glad to be enlightened, so would he discuss?

"Oh, yes, madam, but you must know there will be very much hard talk—always is in discussions of this sort; and, madam, I will not be obliged to confine myself to King James' version of the Bible, as there are so very many mistranslations."

"Oh, then," said I, "if that is your style, there is no use of a discussion, as, of course, the common people will not understand your dead language," and took my leave.

Well, no sooner is he gone, than along comes an Advent divine, who tells us that this Spiritualism is not all a delusion and a humbug, as Mr. Nichols has assured us it most certainly is, but is all of the Devil, and is a terrible reality, that is to deceive the very

elect if it were possible. He says it is more terribly true than the most radical Spiritualists proclaim it to be. He tells us the truth will walk bodily and boldly in broad daylight, and proclaim themselves our departed friends gone on before (oh, hasten, hasten the time say I), but he adds: "If my dear father were to come to me, and stretching out his arms say, 'O my son, I am not dead but alive, and am come to earth to show you that he that was dead is alive; that the soul is indestructible, I would say to him, 'Get thee hence, hind me Satan; I know thee not.' " "Do you think," he adds triumphantly, "that he would ever trouble me again?" and we answer sadly, we do not believe he would. But this believer in demons seems to have some of the disposition of the God he worships, for last Sunday he was discoursing certain theories with a Campbellite preacher, and as the debate waxed warm and warmer, both seemed to forget they were in the house of God, and "pitched into it," as the boys say, assailing the private character of each other mercilessly. Of course it was a most disgraceful scene, but what can you expect of persons who believe in an angry God, devils, and demons whose name is legion, and of a hell-fire, where we poor souls must ever live in eternal, conscious misery if we can not be brought to believe in this very angry God and this hell.

But my letter is already too long, and with an earnest prayer that the dear, bright angels may ever inspire you, I am, fraternally, Yours,

ADDIE WHITFORD.

April 3, 1872.

Letter from Benjamin Todd.

BROTHER JONES: It is well known to you and all Spiritualists that are acquainted with me, that for many years I have been a bitter opposer to an organization among our people with a pronounced creed that would, in any sense, constitute them a church, to take in, proscribe, or turn out its members. Not that I do not believe in a church, for I do; but I would have every one have a church alone, have one of my own, and no one belongs to it but me; nor would I consent for any consideration to allow any other person to join my church, knowing (and rejoicing at the fact) that no other person in the wide world entertains precisely the same ideas that I do. I am fully convinced that if any addition should be made to my church, quarreling would be the result, and that possibly I might get turned out of my own church, and then what a fix I should be in!

I am resolved that no one shall come into my church, and then I shall have no fears of getting turned out, but shall live in peace and die in the church at last.

But some people are over-sensitive in the matter of organization, and will not consent to one of any kind; hence, they unwisely flitter away their strength in individual action, and the cause languishes in many places, when if they had concentrated their efforts they would have carried forward the cause with commendable speed.

What harm can there possibly be in an organization on a purely financial basis. I am well aware that thus far, to a great extent, the workings of Spiritualism have tended to disintegration of organized institutions, and individualization of the masses; hence individualism has been carried to extremes by those who are naturally ultra in their make-up. The result of this extreme individualism has been to create a sort of egotism that has proved the bane of organization in any form; and thus, too, on the part of those least qualified to take the lead in matters generally. It has, to a certain extent, created a rule or ruin spirit. In other words, be the biggest tot in the puddle or spatter mud in the other ones' eyes.

The result of all this is that those who are really capable of directing affairs become disgusted and relinquish all effort whatever. But let me inquire of those individuals if they think such a course a commendable one. On the other hand, from the standpoint of a true philosopher, is it widely open to criticism?

If we truly have the cause of Spiritualism and the welfare of mankind at heart we shall not easily be driven from the path of duty by moralizers and vilifiers. We should remember that there is a class of individuals in the world whose criticisms of our conduct would constitute our highest mead of praise.

But I will stop my moralizing. When I took up my pen it was for the purpose of saying that just before I left Denver in Colorado, some twenty or more of the Spiritualists in that place met and organized a society on a financial basis by electing the Hon. D. D. Elden, President, Mrs. W. H. Bright, Secretary, and W. H. Fisher, Corresponding Secretary. They would be glad to have speakers traveling that way give them a call.

April 20th, 1872.

Waterbury, Connecticut.

MR. S. S. JONES—Dear Sir:—I have read with interest Dr. Slades defense. All will say that, of course, there would be a denial; but the statement of Mr. Simmons seems to be truthful. You probably have been flooded with evidence in his (Slade's) favor. Now, if the Sun has got any rebutting to do, let him come on. You may be blamed by Dr. Slade's friends, but considering the position you occupy, your course was the correct one. I was not aware that there was any Spiritualist that did not believe in physical manifestations of some kind, but I know that many are apt to be suspicious of all mediums, except their particular friends. Mediums, as a class, are not any more honest than any other class of good citizens, yet we condemn them for not being more honest than we are. Is any man strictly honest with himself? Do we not all try more or less to satisfy or please those with whom we are brought in contact? The man in court whose testimony is colored by his friendship for the prisoner; the man who hides his troubles so as not to wound a sensitive friend; the editor who writes what he does not believe to please a portion of his subscribers; the clergyman who appears to be all holiness on the Sabbath before his congregation; the man who puts on a false bosom to cover his dirty shirt; one-half of the manufacturers, and those whose occupation is the adulteration of the necessities of life; the followers of fashionable mediums who so try to please, that they unconsciously at times, do assist in producing the manifestations, and those who, when conditions are right, can produce genuine manifestations, and under unfavorable conditions are strongly tempted to manufacture them, and often yield to that temptation. All the above can be put in the same class as far as motive is concerned. Yet in the above you will find the best men and women that we have, all demanding that others shall be strictly honest, yet forget to look into the mirror of life to see what reflections there may be seen in it. W.

A NEGRO preacher at a Georgia camp-meeting told his hearers that they could never enter Heaven with whisky bottles in their pockets, and urged them to "bring 'em right up to de pulpit, and he would offer 'em a sacrifice to de Lord." The consequence was that the good shephrd was in the evening so overcome by the spirit as to be unable to preach.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr, Ad- dress Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

Correlational Forces and Evolutions.

SCIENTIFIC—SERIAL NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN.

Let us in keeping with the general range of facts already stated, proceed now to infer something of the natural character of the nature and character of the fundamental rules of action by which our planet has been found, and the self-sustaining forces by which its grand balance relations and reciprocal dependencies have been originated and are sustained. Let us for the purpose of illustration, suppose in our planetary beginning, that our common center, the sun, as a representative of polar power, sent forth its positive electricity through chaotic space, and that this positive electricity in passing out through negative condition, became gradually negative until reaching such a point as caused it to form a compound with all in the negative range of space through which it had passed. Let us further infer, that the polar nature of such a combination as would necessarily be the result condensed as an ingenuous circle around the sun or positive center. Guided by these electrical law lines of indication, we find that a ring cannot be rendered a magnet, but that when broken, one end becomes positive and the other negative, and thence becomes an individual magnet of positive and negative extremes. Hence, let us continue the inference, that this ingenuous belt round the sun, thus necessarily parted and became a magnet, the positive end so attracting the negative end as to cause the ingenuous mass to wind itself into a ball or globe, and thus continue its motion in its diurnal form, and correspondingly assume in obedience to a paramount law beyond of the same though more sublimated nature its corresponding position and relation in space.

To simplify, if possible: Is it not reasonable to suppose, that in thus passing out from a positive point, it must become negative at some outward verge, from the loss of virtue expended in the chaotic matter through which it passed? Now, if it did become more negative at its outward verge than at its eliminative source, did not the two extremes present different polar conditions?—and if, as we legitimately infer, these extremes did present radically diverse polar conditions, was not this relation of the two poles an imperious reason for a radical re-action and re-union of these positive and negative extremes of electric condition?

This union must have been more radical than any character of chemical union known to us, because the extremes extended in their radical nature beyond all the polar extremes or condition of earth, by reason of which all the relations of elementary virtue then embodied in a dormant state in the highly magnetic condition of the heated earth, were retained, and successively developed as the temperature of the earth receded, and as the establishment of the grand balance went on.

It appears that immediately after the first formation of the igneous globe, it was, as a polar individuality, necessarily negative to the positive sun, and therefore gave off negative rays (oxygens) to meet the positive rays (electricity) of the sun. These rays, of opposite magnetic condition, united in the formation of nitrogen, which became the grand balance-relation between the positive rays of the sun, and the negative rays of the earth. This polar union thus established, the remaining excess of oxygens, and electricity assumed an equi-polar relation to the compound (nitrogen) formed by their union. The nitrogen, thus established by polar requisition as a great balance-relation, necessarily assumed a negative condition, and gave out negative rays to meet the positive rays of the sun. These rays united upon polar principles, forming the highly electric, though subtle compound—hydrogen; while, at the same time, the nitrogen assumed a positive condition, and gave out positive rays to unite with the negative rays of the earth, the union forming the compound known as oxygen—the oxygen treated of in our chemical works.

The hydrogen and the oxygen thus formed by the medium relation which the atmosphere sustained to both the sun and the earth, united in the formation of water, the next important grand balance-relation, the progressive and reciprocal establishment of which contributed to the immediate reduction of mundane temperature, and the origination of that polar condition in matter, by which inter-electro-chemical action manifested itself in the production of the ruder kinds of mosses peculiar to the primitive strata, whence dates the progress of Nature manifest to mind outside of spiritual relation.

By way of order and convenience, we will consider the first planet—Mercury, as the world thus created, and assume that other planets were successively formed, and their relations and dependencies established, by the same polar force and action.

As to the moon, when the earth was first formed, and revolving with immense velocity in an igneous condition, it is reasonable to infer that a large amount of matter was thrown off and condensed as a magnetic individuality, in an orbit between the positive earth and negative space beyond, in the same manner that the earth itself was condensed into a globe.

Having thus problematically referred to the origin of the planets and satellites, let us advert to the future course of the operative power which formed them, and mark its accomplishment of those formations which stand forth as much the wonder of antiquated ages, as the theme of modern speculation. Let us trace the operations of this force throughout the various strata and the more progressed kingdoms of Nature.

As already suggested, the polar force, by which the formation of the earth was effected, and her grand balance-relations established, contained in itself all those elements or electrical grades given off, in proportion to the decrease of the earth's temperature. Hence, we may consider the earth—in its immensely high temperature, at this remote period, when naught but air and water surrounded it—as a magazine of neutralized architects (or elements) which could not come in play until a further diminution of temperature was effected. This will explain why the electro-negative gases (fluorine, chlorine, bromine, iodine, etc.) which were expelled by heat, are not found, like oxygen, combined with the granitic formations. As the temperature of the earth receded, the combination of oxygen with these formations was effected by the most infusible deposits known to geologists as quartz, feldspar, mica, hornblende, sienite, serpentine and porphyry, and the oxides of silicon, calcium, potassium, magnesium, aluminum, and iron.

With a further reduction of the earth's temperature, the air and water became purer, and more refined formations were superinduced—such as mark the metamorphic and transitional strata. During the cooling process, the general range of polar relations rose, finer crystallization began; and, at a somewhat later period in the course of the metamorphic and

transitional formations, the increasing purity of the atmosphere and water rendering them positive to the cooling earth, they began to have a positive effect upon its negative surface. This, of necessity, produced an inter-electro-chemical action, which resulted in the concentration of carbon, commencing at the cruder mosses, which we find first among the fossil remains of the carboniferous era. This concentration of carbon and production of the carboniferous formations, from the crudest moss to the forest pine, instituted a new character of inter-electro-chemical action, by the zoophyte (the first vestige of animal life) was produced.

Let us proceed regularly with our course of observations. We find that air and water, both being warm, were facilitators to that character of inter-electro-chemical action, which concentrated carbon, and produced one of the most marked geological periods, and which subsequently plays a very important part in developing the animal kingdom. The warm water, covering the surface of the earth, was, from the nature of its elements, positive to the earth; and hence resulted the peculiarities of the metamorphic and transitional formations. As the temperature of the earth diminished and these formations progressed, they began to present the oxides of aluminum, calcium, magnesium, potassium, and other primitive compounds, to the positive action of the superincumbent water, by reason of which that character of polar condition was established, which necessarily resulted in the concentration of the carbon of the carboniferous formation. Carbon, thus necessarily becoming the connecting-link or balance-relation between the negative earth and other more positive elements, give rise to a still higher and more refined character of inter-electro-chemical action; or, in other words, the carboniferous formations were most probably the battery-action between the negative strata and superincumbent positive water.

It is probable, from all the facts manifest in the metamorphic strata, that a slight chemical action may have been instituted during their progressive formation, which, though it may have been a mere thermo-electric current, was sufficiently powerful in its effect to account for many of the more anomalous formations of that period. But, as we observe no vestiges of carbon in the metamorphic strata, except in such cases as prove it to have been subsequently affiliated by circumstances of a transmutative character, we infer that the carboniferous formations date their origin from this period, and may be considered as containing in their nature the electrical impress of all the then surrounding elements and relations. And it is from this period that come those interesting results which serve to teach mankind, most impressively, the true nature and character of those laws and relations with which we are surrounded; for we observe that polar currents thus established are as strict in their philosophical policies as so many mathematicians, and through whose elaborate agency all earth forms must ultimately be perfected.

As already observed, the lowest order of mosses, ferns and sea-weeds appear to have been the first products of the last-named character of inter-electro-chemical action, as evidenced by the fossil remains of the graywacke group in the transitional strata—prior to the formation of which, it seems the inter-electro-chemical action was too imperfect for either germinal organization or development. Hence the term "transitional" is generally applied to these strata, where the electrical current between the positive water and negative earth first began the legitimate labor of its vast system of physical elaborations. This we infer, not only from its being the first field of inter-electro-chemical action, but from the peculiar nature of the fossil remains of that period. It is here that we find the germinal remains of the monocotyledons, or the single-lobed seeds of such inferior mosses, ferns and sea-weeds as grew from without inward, and were originally engendered beneath the water by that character of thermo-electric action already referred to, as going on between the positive water and negative earth. Here are also found some few of the fossil remains of the lowest order of animals, which, like the sponge, attached themselves to foreign bodies.

It now becomes necessary to observe, in reference to the origin of germinal life, that electricity obtains entire control of polarized matter, after a process of physical development, as we have already seen in the case of the magnetism produced by electricity in motion, from which Nature seems to derive the apparently intuitive intelligence manifest in the origin and development of germinal concentrations, which marks, and ever will mark, the progressive foot-prints of the germinal development throughout all time.

Owing, however, to the low order of both the vegetable and animal remains of the transitional strata, germination is generally supposed to have been effected either beneath the water, or in low, marshy localities. But, as we approach the secondary, or carboniferous group, we find about three hundred species of plants, all of which are now extinct. Two-thirds we judge, from vestige remains, to have been mosses, ferns, and sea-weeds, and the remainder pines and palms. We also infer, for the same reason, that, though the vegetable kingdom advanced most rapidly during this period, the animal kingdom remained comparatively stationary.

It seems that carbon, which constitutes the basis of these formations, has ever been an object of extreme interest, not only as a chemical element, but as the constituent basis of many apparently anomalous and wonderful organizations. In order, therefore, to place this remarkable element in its proper philosophical position, and to satisfactorily account for its apparently strange formations, let it be remembered that carbon, as an electrolyte, stands forty degrees positive to the negative earth; and, as before suggested, owes its important position, as an element involved in the great elaborations of Nature, to those polar virtues which it derived from the inter-electro-chemical action by which it was concentrated in the form of vegetable productions.

Let us trace the true nature and character of the inter-electro-chemical action going on between the polar conditions of the earth and its surrounding elements. This chemical action eliminated electricity, which, when thus set in motion, involved the objects from and through which it was eliminated, in its circuit supervising or suspending chemical affinities, and thus assimilating, through the inherent intelligence of its magnetism, such elements as were necessary for a prototypical germination—originated, most probably, by virtue of the integral reality, assuming an outward form, and thus establishing that duality in Nature from which we derive the concentration of mind.

As the process of carbonization went on, and the temperature of the earth receded, the oxides of the developing formations increased, and gave greater force and effect to their inter-electro-chemical action, thus producing vegetable organization. When the carboniferous development was completed; it remained in a stationary condition, because its productions not being conductors, it retained its concentrated polarity, which was disturbed or affected only by such processes of decomposition as rust, decay, or fire—all of which are but the effects of different operations, or different stages of activity, of the same law.

Mediums' Directory.

The RELIGIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL JOURNAL, being an especial friend to all true mediums, will heretofore publish a complete directory, giving the place of residence of all professional mediums, so far as advised upon the subject. This will afford better facilities for investigators to learn of the location of mediums, and at the same time increase their patronage. Mediums will do well to advise us from time to time, that we may keep their place of residence correctly registered.

It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their self-respect as to speak of other mediums, not infrequently even of those who are far from their superior. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Register so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their including in such unkindness.

It should be borne in mind that individuals visiting mediums carry conditions with them—so to speak—which aid or destroy the power of spirits to control the medium visited; that one medium gives satisfaction to certain persons, another better to others—all having their friends, and, justly so, too, and all equally honest and useful in their place.

- Chicago.**
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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1872.

The Search after God.

Mr. Francis, our associate editor, and the medium through whom the above-named series of articles are given, was unexpectedly detained at his home in Kansas, where he went a few days since, on business; hence, the omission to publish, this week, a chapter in the series. We expect him back to his post before the next issue.

Objections Discussed.

Why are there so many phases of spirit manifestations?

This inquiry often arises in the mind of the investigator. And why, say they, were the first demonstrations of Modern Spiritualism so low, so disgusting to refined people? And why is it that mediums are eccentric in their motions and manners, and why are they contorted in countenance and nervously unbalanced, as is often evinced by their being jerked about in an unseemly way? And why in the early stages of their development are they compelled to clap their hands, dance, and talk all manner of gibberish? Why do they sit in circles, and even in dark circles, greatly to the disgust of refined Christians? In a word, why can not spirits come and talk and show themselves to their friends in broad daylight, and face to face, without the interposition of low, disgusting, immoral, unchristian people called mediums?

Why need Spiritualists and Spiritualistic newspapers say anything against religious people, religious books, religious newspapers? Why not let everybody believe in church dogmas, the infallibility of the Pope and the holy Bible?

If they would only be like Christians, it would be so much better, and then we would believe in Spiritualism. Such a kind of Spiritualism would not be so repulsive. Good Christian Spiritualists we could endure; but "oh, my!" who that have any respect for themselves can endure these queer people? Who can bear to sit in circles with them? Who believes that their dead friends who have gone to their home in heaven, or are asleep in their graves, will willingly come to such places? They would not do so when they were alive, and now they are dead and gone to God, I know they won't. It is all the work of the Devil, and all mediums are impostors, or worse—bewitched by the Devil! I tell you I wouldn't go to seances even if I knew that all my friends who have gone to heaven would come and talk to me. No: I wouldn't go to such low places and mix up with such low folks if I knew my mother would come right down out of heaven to meet and talk with me there. No, I wouldn't.

Such in substance are the inquiries made and the declarations uttered every day in the week in different parts of the country. And yet, despite such queries and declarations, more or less of the self-same people are, day by day, from a train of unforeseen circumstances, led to do the very things they protest against and avow they would not do.

Would not go to such a circle if you knew that by so doing you could meet a loving departed mother!

Such a declaration is only uttered when the mind is under the influence of prejudice or a slavish fear of what some friend or acquaintance might say who was equally prejudiced.

Conditions and circumstances alter cases. Scarcely a day passes in which many of the class referred to are not converted to the truth of spirit communion. A dear friend who stands high in public estimation incidentally refers to his or her experience, mentions the fact that sweet communion had been held by him or her with a beloved friend or relative, that a darling child had materialized its little fingers and its little mouth, so as to caress and kiss, and speak words of affection even as before the monster death divested it of its mortal body. Or perhaps a loving companion, a sainted mother, a dear brother or sister had returned to the family circle through an honest medium, with similar touches of tenderness and words of true affection.

How quick prejudice ceases when such

truths are communicated by a dear friend without any attempt at dogmatic imposition of religious theories.

The simple truth when thus communicated by a friend finds a listening ear. The philosophy of spirit communion, when divested of all dogmatic religious theorizing, is more congenial to the mourner than any other consolation that can be administered.

But for the prejudice that exists—a prejudice that is fostered to the utmost of theological power—every soul would hope that spirit communion was true. But for prejudice every one would not only hope that it is true, but they would seek for such communion and test its truth.

Indeed the bitter prejudice that has heretofore existed is rapidly yielding to a potent force that is gaining in power irresistible. The best men and women in enlightened countries are quietly investigating for themselves. Once having engaged in the investigation and received kind words of comfort and encouragement from loved ones in spirit life all prejudice against mediums and against investigation of the subject yield, and every opportunity for obtaining more light and more communion with departed friends is improved.

There is a soul satisfaction in communion with a loved one in spirit life that nothing else can give. It robs death of its terrors. It relieves the mind from that painful uncertainty in regard to the condition of the loved ones gone before, as no power on earth has ever before done.

However prejudiced the mind may be, there are moments when the horrors of the after life as contemplated by the light (?) of *old Theology*, are most terrific—if believed. If true, who knows what may be the final destiny of any soul?

Under such painful suspense, what would give peace of mind and satisfaction to the soul like words of consolation and affectionate caresses from the re-materialized lips of the loved one who was the subject of so much anxiety?

Reflect upon the subject and the foregoing inquiry. Ponder it well, O blinded, prejudiced devotee of a mythological religion. Tell us, we pray thee, in the light of this presentation of the truth of spirit communion why you indulge in such rank prejudice against the most holy faith that was ever revealed to mankind.

We ask you not to believe in a dogmatic creed. We invite you to no church formula for a pledge. We ask not your assent to any law or sectarian code. We ask you not to lend your influence to build up this or that "ism" or movement in society. The Philosophy of Life has no pet objects involved. Its aim is simply to enlighten the minds of the people; to demonstrate great truths by facts well established. It claims no right to restrict your honest convictions. It asks not that you should do or leave undone a single thing that your highest convictions of right urge you to or not to do.

Spiritualism in its legitimate sense, invites the world to witness a truth. It leaves every one to be governed by that and all other truths in proportion to the impression made. The *Philosophy of Life* recognizes the principle of progression and eternal development; hence it seeks not to sectarianize. Light and knowledge are the pulverizers of fossilizations; wisdom reconstructs and builds up the waste places.

We will now in a few words attempt to answer the inquiries so often made and which were incorporated into the introductory part of this article.

There are multitudinous phases of spirit manifestations because it is a demonstration that all is done in accordance with the law of life, whose manifestations are infinite in variety. There is not an object in existence which does not contain a living and ever active spiritual principle. Every object is a demonstration of spirit power.

Special manifestations, superinduced by individual intelligences on the spiritual plane, is strictly in accordance with natural laws. Our ignorance makes us deem them marvelous and limited in number. No sooner does a so-called wise man suppose that he is capable of demonstrating such manifestations to be the result of something different from what the intelligence producing it claims it to be than, like the ever-changing kaleidoscope, it presents a new phase. Intelligent men and women on the spiritual plane desire to agitate thought among men for the development of mind. Hence new phases of spirit power are being continually developed.

The early demonstrations of Modern Spiritualism were of the so-called low order because the minds of the people were so low and sensuous upon the subject of spirit communion they could receive none higher. The trance medium, the writing medium, the artistic medium, would have been persecuted even unto death as necromancers and witches, even down to the last quarter century. Such is the power of superstition and religious intolerance. Wisdom dictated that it should be ushered in by the tiny raps—that no bigot could reach to persecute. By degrees the minds of the people became used to the raps, and the wise doctors of medicine (who are own brothers in simplicity and assumption to the doctors of divinity) having accounted for them upon the hypothesis of the snapping of the toe-joints of the Fox girls, the moving power gave another phase of manifestations. And so, step by step, a multitude of phases of spirit communion has been demonstrated.

Persons upon the negative plane of life are more easily controlled, as it requires a positive effort of a spirit to control a medium, even as a positive effort is required by us to accomplish any effect; and the medium through which we accomplish any work is subjective or negative to us. As we are capable of positively controlling or handling a thing, so are

the motions induced harmonious and agreeable to the beholder or eccentric and fanciful.

Mediums sit in circles for development, just as we perform any other task to any definite end for the purpose of development in any line of duty.

We will discuss this subject more at length in a future article. This is already far too lengthy.

Questions and Answers.

A Professor propounds the following inquiries:

Q. How can I become a medium?

A. We don't know that you can ever become a medium. You can try in this way. Devote two evenings in each week—one hour and a half at each sitting—for that purpose, either alone or with a few friends.

If you sit with friends, have none in the circle but those who are fully devoted to the experiment and will meet with you regularly each evening agreed upon for experimenting, and such as are of a temperament to spend the requisite time without becoming impatient. About an equal number of ladies and gentlemen are preferable. If you have over a dozen persons in the circle you will be liable to introduce a discordant element that might render your efforts abortive. It is well for those who are present to be seated in a circle around a table, sitting as near to each other as they can and be comfortable, uniting their hands, with the palms resting on the table. On first sitting down let all who can unite in singing some lively songs or in chanting something pleasant and agreeable. The object of this is to harmonize the minds of all present upon a similar train of thought, and to render all negative, freeing each from cares and anxiety. Indications of an electric or magnetic current will be manifest to all in a short time, by an apparently cool current of air passing over the hands. Some of the hands usually are spasmodically moved, sometimes with astonishing rapidity, which frequently results in the hand thus moved being developed to write mechanically or subjectively to the will of a disembodied spirit. No resistance should be made in such cases, but pencil and paper or a slate and pencil should be furnished and placed on the table before forming the circle when thus required.

Frequently the raps are heard upon the table, or the table is tipped. In such cases a conversation can be held with the spirits manifesting. One rap or one tip of the table is used to indicate No; two, Don't Know; three, Yes. Instructions for further conducting the circle will thus be given. Some may be developed in such circles to the phase of trance mediums; some very perfectly, others to a phase but little above their normal condition. Others may be raised to such a plane of sensitiveness that they simply reflect the opinion of the members of the circle, or of some one who asks questions. By pursuing substantially the course indicated good mediums are often developed. One or two, or any number, will meet with success if they manage judiciously, as directed. If a promiscuous running conversation is kept up, the minds of those present are made to assume the positive condition, in which their own active brains consume the element used by spirits in getting *en rapport* with individuals who can be used as mediums. To the end that a negative condition may obtain, it is better to have a little light only in the room. Light is positive; darkness negative. If it is the desire of the investigators to develop mediums for physical manifestations, let them sit in a room of absolute, total darkness, and let the hands of all be firmly joined, with some light musical instruments lying upon the table. In these circles all who can should join in singing lively pieces—familiar songs, with animating choruses in which the entire company can unite. The result, in due time, will be most palpable and agreeable communion with the loved ones in spirit-life, as tangible to the senses as when in earth-life.

In these circles the elements eliminated from the brains and bodies of those forming the circle are chemically combined by spirit friends so as to re-materialize their spirit bodies, rendering their touch palpable to our material senses.

The truth of this proposition is demonstrable to those who will patiently investigate. We have attempted nothing but a plain outline of a reply to our friend's inquiry. As it was made in a spirit of honesty, so we have answered, and we cannot refrain from asking our readers to experiment thoroughly for themselves.

Our querist secondly inquires why seances are often held in darkened rooms. This we made clear in the foregoing reply to question first.

Q. Where is the good of spirit communion?

A. This question is often asked, but as often betrays extreme ignorance on the part of the questioner. It demonstrates immortality. It proves that our friends, when apparently separated from us by death, are really as near to us as before that change;—so near that they can take cognizance of our every act, and respond to our calls when we make proper conditions for communion with them. It explains the nature of the next sphere of existence,—the geography, the appearance of that other world, the condition of the inhabitants thereof, etc., etc. Through spirit communion we get wisdom—we get knowledge, which is the true savior of sinners.

Q. Do the spirits of mortals ever leave their bodies and return to them before the final death of the body?

A. There are well-authenticated facts that convince many that such is the case.

Q. Why do some people on awaking from sleep in a perfectly dark room, see the furniture and everything in the room?

A. Because they are clairvoyant to a certain extent.

Q. Being a musician, would my development as a medium weaken my musical powers or would it bring me *en rapport* with musicians in spirit-life?

A. Spirits always operate through brains adapted to the work in hand. Hence it follows that the law of sympathy or affinity would bring you *en rapport* with the class of spirits referred to, and they would intensify your musical powers.

Q. Do Spiritualists generally believe in the Bible?

A. We know of no Spiritualists who do not believe that there is a book called by that name, and that in that book are recorded many things which are known to exist at the present day, as well as many things that are untrue and improbable in the nature of things.

Q. Was Thomas Paine a Spiritualist?

A. Not in the sense in which that term is accepted at the present day.

Mrs. Blair, the Spirit Artist.

Mrs. Blair and her husband contemplate taking a trip west the present summer.

Her spirit guides have marked out a programme to this effect. To the end of doing all the good during the journey that can be done, they will stop for a few days at points twenty miles or so apart, on one of the main railroad lines from Boston to Chicago.

During the time she is stopping at such points, she will paint for all who patronize her, and give tests of the highest and most convincing character of spirit communion.

Not only that, but she will give one public seance for painting and tests to the Spiritualist society, if there be any in such towns and cities, free, which often nets the society an hundred dollars, as she executes the most intricate paintings blindfolded before such audiences as may be assembled; be they many or few.

Such seances are always a success, and are attended by all classes of people, to witness such marvelous works of art through the hand of a person that they know is most securely blindfolded.

We state these facts in regard to this most remarkable medium, that our friends may avail themselves of the privilege of seeing the beautiful works of art executed by spirits through her hand, and the benefits of the tests given through her.

Those of our friends who feel that they would like to give Sister Blair and her husband a home for a few days, and allow their neighbors to call for the benefit of her mediumship, will be fully compensated for so doing out of her earnings, and need we say it, be blessed by the angels, who are using every means in their power to convince mankind not only of the immortality of the soul, but of the nearness of the spirit world, and of their powers to commune with and impart knowledge and happiness to loved ones of earth.

We have one of Mrs. Blair's symbolic paintings in our reception room, that we value almost beyond price. Her exquisite work astonishes everybody that sees it executed.

She will start on this visiting tour so soon as she can get a sufficient number of responses to indicate to her what route it is best for her to take.

Let all who desire to extend to her the invitation indicated as acceptable, respond at once, as the route she will determine to take will depend upon the feeling manifested by those who write her upon the subject.

Address Mrs. E. A. Blair, 34 Atlantic Block, Lawrence, Mass.

Spirit Likenesses.

We are in receipt of a number of photographic spirit pictures, executed by Mr. Mumler, the spirit artist, of Boston. They are very distinct, and are recognized by their relatives as true likenesses.

Our friends, Spiritualists and others, are respectfully invited to call at our reception room and examine them at their convenience. We invite artists especially to call and see them, and our columns are open to their criticism against the fact of their being truly spirit likenesses, executed in the manner claimed. Tell us, Mr. Artist, just how you can do the same thing, and we will be most happy to put your work on exhibition. But until you can do something more than to blow "humbug," we shall be compelled to believe that there is more being done in the arts and sciences by spirit power than you ever dreamed of in your protestations that spirit portraiture is a fraud.

Of the fact of Mr. Mumler's being a medium through whom spirit likenesses are given, there is no more doubt than there is of any other demonstrated truth. All who desire a test of the matter should patronize him.

A Good Institution.

The seventh annual report of the "Illinois Institution for the Education of Feeble-Minded Children" is on our table. Its object is to promote, by all proper and feasible means, the intellectual, moral and physical culture of that unfortunate portion of the community who have been born, or by disease have become idiotic, imbecile or feeble-minded, and by a judicious and well-adapted course of instruction, training and management, to ameliorate their condition, and to develop, as much as possible, their intellectual faculties, to reclaim them from their hopeless condition, and fit them, as far as possible, for future usefulness in society.

It is for children between the ages of ten and eighteen years of age who are idiotic, or so deficient in intelligence as to be incapable of being educated at any ordinary school.

The detailed statement of the expenditures show that the cost of their custody and care in the State Institution is no greater than it would be elsewhere, while they are elevated from a condition of misery and idleness, to that of comparative happiness and productive usefulness, by judicious training.

A Touching Incident.

S. S. JONES—Dear Sir—I clipped the following article from an Iowa paper. Thinking it might not have come under your notice, I take the liberty of sending it to you, believing that it should have as wide a circulation as possible, that those who believe in murder as a first degree may take courage therefrom. The article speaks for itself, and to me there is a volume of the most cruel bigotry in it.

Very Truly Yours, S. S. JONES.

Des Moines, Iowa, April 19, 1872.

"One week ago last Sunday night, Miss Cornelia Maccaw, a young lady of eighteen years, arose from our altar for the third or fourth night. She went away, still seeking with all her heart, and was made happy in her Saviour at home. She was suddenly taken ill with congestion, and on last Monday morning she died triumphant, saying, 'Sweet Jesus, take me!'"

I preached her funeral sermon January 23d, four miles north-west of the city, at the Baptist church, to a large company of friends; and we buried the white flower under the cold snow. One in heaven from our revival already. Bless God!"—*Indiana Christian Advocate*.

Yes, she went away with a brain fever, which speedily terminated her earthly existence; and *Old Theology* is the assassin that is responsible. Religious excitements have caused more insanity than all other things combined.

These religious devotees accuse Spiritualism of making people insane. Never. If a Spiritualist becomes insane, it is one who has been trained to believe in church dogmas. No philosophical thinker was ever made insane by the demonstration of immortality, and the truths of spirit communion.—[*Ed. JOURNAL*].

Immortality of the Soul.

While my mind was being exercised on the weight of reasoning of "Cato" and "Rationalist" on the above subject, I felt relieved by another over the signature of "A Believer," of whom I expected much to remove my skeptical clouds. But, alas! I have been much disappointed.

The most fatal result to ever so good a cause is a weak or unwise advocate, and I am fearful "A Believer" stands in this position. I think it fair to admit that a universal and natural desire and longing in man exists for immortality—a continuation of existence after death. But of its absolute assurance, beyond a strong hope and a tradition of faith, what do we really know? "A Believer" talks about faith and ignores reason. Now, faith is a good thing, but a natural question arises—faith in what? If there is merit, the Mahomedan, the Brahmin, the Hindoo, the Mormon and the Catholic far exceed the Protestant Christian in its abundance. But I think I hear "A Believer" exclaim, "But these are heathens." Well, what of that? "But our reason teaches us they are ignorant, benighted and contradictory, and what is contradictory our reason tells us can not be true." Ah, our reason teaches us! Thus even in matters of faith we are to refer everything to our reason. So "A Believer" will stultify himself, and in spite of the much vilified Paine, has to call this apostle of reason to his rescue.

Now, I am earnestly in search of proofs of man's immortality, and am not captious, but can not, in matters of faith, "go it blind," but must, like my friend "A Believer," refer everything to my reason, for if he did not, he might be a Mormon, or something else. I want something reasonable to base a faith upon. My kind-hearted friend, "A Believer," would refer me to the venerable Scriptures. Here again I am annoyed by my reason. I seize the Divine word, and open to Ecclesiastes iii, 19, 20, 21, and read:

19. For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence over a beast; for all is vanity.

20. All go to one place; all are of the dust, and all return to dust again.

21. Who knoweth the spirit that goeth upwards, and the spirit of the beast that goeth to the earth.

Here is cold comfort for an unwilling skeptic. I turn to the New Testament, hoping to find some sure foundation for an assurance of immortality. True, much is written upon the faith of a spiritual state, and much sound, moral teaching enunciated, and the primitive Christians doubtless suffered persecution in a thousand various forms, implying a living faith in miracles they had witnessed. Oh, that I had lived in those days!

We are assured by Jesus after he had risen from the grave—Luke xvi, 17: "And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

I ask my religious teachers, only to give me some of these promised signs. They shake their heads and talk of faith—faith in the Lamb—of great missionary work among the heathens; but the promised signs, the evidences of a Christian's faith, where are they? What am I to infer? That all our devout Christian teachers are bogus; that preaching has merely become a trade, a mere fashionable means of livelihood, a mere repetition of cant, as it were, "like sounding brass or tinkling cymbal?" God forbid! The truth is, from want of these promised signs of Jesus I am fast settling down into a condition of indifference. I have heard from time to time of the wonders of Spiritualism; of absolute intercourse with departed friends, and have many worthy, sensible friends who are converts to this faith. My religious friends counsel me by all means to avoid this Satanic snare; that although it may demonstrate immortality, it is sheer diabolism, and will most assuredly lead me into trouble.

Now, the caution of my friends I highly respect; but, as in everything else I refer to the guidance of my reason, which, thank God, has never deserted me, I am almost inclined, in spite of the denunciations of the Church, to give this subject an investigation.—*Skeptic*, in *N. Y. Herald*.

A Card from N. B. Starr.

I am in receipt, and have been for years, of scores of letters, making inquiries in regard to Spirit Portraits. A very large portion of those letters have no postage stamp enclosed. I have ceased, long since, to reply to such. I cannot afford it; therefore, those who have written such letters and received no reply, will know the reason.

As I do not control the spirit influences, (they are supposed to control me) those who order Spirit Paintings are expected to take just what comes and pay for on delivery; and any person who is not willing to comply with these conditions, it is useless for them to write to me on the subject, as my time is fully occupied with orders right here where I live.

Port Huron, April 25, 1872.

"And God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light."—Gen. i. 5.

In the beginning the mandate of creation's architect went forth, "Let there be light." Each atom rejoiced in its new-born attribute; each pebble, each huge mountain mass, recognized the all-potent glory of the beauteous change; the fleeting shadows glided across the valleys, where hitherto no shadows came; but all was an impenetrable deep of darkness.

The vasty chaos of murky night was superseded by the brilliant coruscations of the "sun to rule by day," and the "moon to rule the night." Vegetation came smilingly forth, beaming valley, plain and mountain side with living verdure; vast forests of every shade and tint, sent forth their refreshing shadows of shelter. Animal life was brought into being, and developed through the various forms of vegetation, which preceded. Man steps upon the theatre of those magnificent transformations and developments, the ultimate of all. He beholds the all-conglomerating glory of the solar day, and meditates in silent admiration upon the solemn beauty and grandeur of the lunar night.

Not only did the mandate of the Infinite come to man's admirably adapted physical organism, but to his intellectual and spiritual, it came in words like these: "Let there be light within the temple of the human soul!"

The physical body has its orbs of vision, through which the genial sunshine of nature glows, and shall we not judge that the spiritual body has its orbs of mental vision, through which the genial sunshine of heaven glows? Its windows through which the glorious sunlight of truth may penetrate, to brighten with its streaming light the temple of the Infinite?

The window of our spiritual being is the reason-principle, and when we find this stained and obscured by bigotry, superstition and false dogmas, how dark and uncertain must the interior consciousness become! How dark and contracted the path-way of the soul's thoughts; how cold and gloomy the tabernacle of the holy spirit!

The reason-principle may be compared to a diamond of the first water, a star of the first magnitude, set in the human intellect to give lustre and utility to the other gems therein. Without it, man stands little superior to the animal creation; with it, he stands the crowning apex of creation, in the image of the Infinite, the noblest manifestation of God on earth. And yet how terribly fettered do we find this supreme attribute, even in the midst of progressive civilization and religious liberty. How comparatively few of our brethren do we find, who think for themselves, and can fearlessly state their opinion, agreeing with reason, upon the subject of those doctrines which old Theology is continually heralding forth as infallible. Probably not less than three-fourths of the entire human race are morally and spiritually blind as to the true import of the spiritual revelations of the past and present. In the past, these have been received as wholly supernatural, contrary to the laws of nature, special interventions of the Divine Power, miraculous; and the result of this is superstition. A certain class of revelations have been received as coming directly from God. As such they are classed as infallible, as containing all of inspiration necessary for all people, that with them inspiration ceased to visit our earth, that the volume of God's love, wisdom and truth to man, was closed forever, when John finished writing his "Revelations." "This causeth bigotry, which begetteth persecution." The window of the soul is thus sadly stained and obscured by the past systems of priestcraft, and present misrepresentations of Theology; the reason-principle with which we are endowed to judge right from wrong, truth from error, is circumscribed; the searching sunlight of "truth from the Eternal" is not permitted to reflect itself upon the pages deemed by priests and bigots as infallible. If reason was allowed to illumine those pages of myth, mystery and miracle, well does crippled Theology know the consequence. Infallibility would forever cease to be the signature of their favorite creeds and pet dogmas.

To-day we all know that all over our country meetings and conferences are being held for the purpose of attempting to unite Church and State. Can we look for anything else but persecutions, wars and revolutions, when we read those words which form the proposed religious amendment to the Constitution of the United States? They read as follows: "Acknowledging Almighty God as the source of all power and authority in the civil government; the Lord Jesus Christ as ruler among nations, and his will as revealed in the holy (?) Scriptures as of supreme authority," etc.

Friends, this is nothing short of an attempt to establish a system of Church despotism, similar to that which exists in European governments. A system which has led to innumerable martyrs to the stake and Christs to the cross; a system which has spread death, desolation and slavery all around us.

The means are being taken to suppress the eternal tide of progress, which is slowly but surely sweeping errors from our religions and philosophies. The adoption of such measures can be for no other purpose than to abrogate all free thought and untrammelled truth, and establish in its place a system of priestcraft that circumscribes us within the narrow limits of a creed, which has proved itself fallible and contradictory in thousands of instances as a creed that fails to supply the soul's most urgent needs.

And while these are facts, who will we find to exclaim that we have no need of a continued and present revelation; that there is no necessity for a continuance of the angel ministry that blessed our earth in ages past? Who will say there is no utility in the mission of our loved ones departed back to earth, with their messages of love, inspiring import to lead us out of the house of bondage nearer to our God, into closer communion with our own souls? Who will say we have no need to hear the mandate of the Infinite thundered once more in our ears, "Let there be light within the human soul?"

The world of spirits is not dead, nor does its inhabitants slumber, awaiting a resurrection of the just and unjust. No, as long as they perceive the fruits of this spiritual and mental darkness, pervading almost every condition of society and system of theology, we know they will lead to us a helping hand to abrogate error, and dispel the dark clouds of superstition which each priest-craft now threatens our fair land. Each soul that passes in darkness and doubt to the other shore, is but an invitation of deep significance to the good angels to "come over and help us," and say shall the invitation be unheeded, when we know that death changes not the love of our loved ones? We think not, for they still claim the fraternal relationship of all earth's children. They acknowledge our material plane as their birthplace; as the scenes of their first experiences upon the grand theatre of life; it was here they first felt the blessed influence of material love; it was here they first gazed up through the limitless expanse of space, and wrought out the first idea of the Infinite Father. Earth they claim as the mother, who kindly cradled them in wisdom and love; who taught them to sleep their morning and evening aspirations; and

who wait for the quick footsteps that were wont to meet us at the door, listening for the rippling laughter, whose merry music is now hushed. No consolation anywhere. The ghost of our departed dreams haunt our footsteps like some demon of unrest. We read, but before us flits a vision of bright eyes, and a head crowned with a halo of golden hair. We essay to clasp the shadow; it vanishes, and we see naught but empty air and white, cold walls.

We remember the moonlight walks; see again the smile, but we know it is but a dream, cheating our senses with its weird fancy. Then we go forth among men, seeking for something to fill the aching void. We find it not, but return to our cheerless home as night comes on—until all its weird fascinations is upon us, and we are alone; all alone, since she, our darling, has left us. But a strong thrill goes throughout our system; a soft and mellow light pervades the room, as if some angel had caught from heaven the golden cloud, shook from its inner folds the limped light, and poured its wealth at our feet. Out from its lovely beams comes a voice—the voice and form of our lost one. We gaze in awe upon the vision; it stands smiling before us. Then with a mighty effort we stretch forth our arms and clasp—What? Empty air! The vision has gone! Was it real, or but the dream of a distracted mind? Was it not the midnight's power over the physical senses, or did I behold the evanescent glory that comes from the spirit-world? Was the aromatic perfume, with its entrancing sweets, the breeze that is wafted from the isles of Asphodel? Was it not the scintillation of the hidden gems that lie buried deep within the mystic chalice of every human soul?

Oh, God, give us light; make thy teachings plain to our weary hearts; pour over us the balm of Gilead; float out from the sunny isles of the blest the snowy bark of hope, and let the oarsmen be our beautiful dead.

Reedsburg, Wis.

Spirit Communication.

The following was communicated by Emma, a young lady in the spirit-world, for Enoch Root, an artist in Rome, Italy, with the request that it be printed in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. His name was not given until the letter was finished, and I am not acquainted with the gentleman.

DR. ABRAHAM PALMER.

DEAR BROTHER-FRIEND:—Thy footsteps seem to be in foreign lands, and not in thine own loved clime, yet they are guided and guarded by the one great Father's hand, and he sends ministering angels to cheer and bless, and whisper words of peace to the hungry and tired, and world-weary soul. Often when faint with life's burdens, and the spirit longs to fly to other scenes, duties and loves, gently hands are laid within yours, as much as to say, "You are safe; grow not weary in well doing; ultimately the true life and light will come to thy life."

Out of the depths came forth worlds, so out of the depths of darkness, of wearisome waitings in all truly great lives, come forth beautiful truths, holy thoughts, sublime patience—ultimately peace and rest.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new, and hope is brightest when it dawns from fear; and rose is sweetest washed with morning dew, and love is loveliest when enshrouded in tears.

For thy future it appears that the pinnacle of fame is difficult of ascent, but step firmly, and slowly, and surely will thy future become bright, and success will crown thy efforts. Study seems still necessary, and within one year and six months you will be conscious of spirit aid in your work. Labor on, and let hope cheer you, and when returned all the years of toil and waiting will only beautify and enhance the new and higher sphere, in which you will live.

"He is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the power within himself to suffer, and still possess the quality to 'learn to labor and to wait.'"

"He that would enjoy the sweets of spring, or obtain the honeycomb of Mount Hybla, must not dread his face being stung, or annoyed by briars;" for is not the rose guarded by thorns, the honey defended by the bee? So when in the lonely walk, remember that when the time comes that duty can allow of thy return to thine own land, warm hearts, bright eyes and loving hands will bid you welcome and be glad.

Give heed to caring for thy health, because only in perfect health there can be a perfect mind.

March 12, 1872.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 624 Race St., Philadelphia.

The following poem was improvised and given through Nellie J. T. Brigham, at the close of one of her lectures in Philadelphia, in March. It was in response to a question sent to the desk:

"WEARY OF LIFE."

"Weary of life, oh! so weary;
When the soul looketh up to its God.
Shall the flower be weary of growing?
As it rises from earth's heavy cloud?
Weary of life, oh! thou spirit,
Why restest thou below?
Why doth thy voice say, oh weary?
Though the darkness enfold thee with woe.

"Why art thou weary of living?
Because of the darkness around,
Because of the sin and sorrow,
Which thy spirit in earth-life has found?
Cease weary soul from repining,
Cease from thy sadness and tears,
For around thee are loving arms twining,
From the light in the heavenly spheres.

"Weary of life, oh! so weary,
Dost thou shadow come from within?
Thine eyes are so dim with weeping,
They see not where sunbeams have been.
A part of the griefs that oppress thee,
A part of the burden of pain,
From thy heart's human weakness confess thee
Is of darkness in which you remain.

"You say that your hopes have been blighted,
That your loved ones have faded away,
That death so relentless has gathered
All the blossoms that grew by your way.
Oh! soul thou art sad, and so selfish,
To mourn when their life is the day,
Whilst thou art here waiting in sorrow,
The morning grows bright o'er their way.

"Oh list to the song they are singing—
The shadows are fading afar,
So bright is the light, life is bringing,
That pale seems the light of the stars;
Life in its joy is a blessing,
Its path by the angels still trod,
And through all its griefs is possessing
The tenderest love of its God.

"Think not of this life, thou art weary,
'Tis the school where earth's labor is done,
Where the spirit prepares for existence,
Beyond the bright realm of the sun;
Then grow like the flowers—never weary,
Through lingering shadows of night,
Through the dust of many afflictions,
Yet shall thy garments grow white."

The Materialization of Spirits.

A Communication from Dr. Marc.

Few subjects are exciting more interest than this, and I propose to give, through you, my views and experiences in relation to it.

If the position presented by me in a former article, that matter is the result of the decusation, or crossing of the lines of force, be accepted and comprehended, you will more readily understand the phenomena under consideration. Thus, not only each human being, but every atomic body has its peculiar rays of motion which distinguish it from every other one.

The spirit world and all its scenery and conditions, as well as spirits themselves, are material; that is, they are composed of refined forms or expressions, which result from the more refined and progressed movements of the currents of life-force.

This world and its inhabitants are, and ever must be, invisible to human beings, except, as provisions may be made for precipitating them into the conditions peculiar to the mundane sphere, which is closely allied to the lower conditions of spirit-life. So much so, that certain individual spirits on coming out of the earth-life are so nearly on its plane, that they have, under favorable circumstances in all ages, been at times made visible to mortals. One of these circumstances is the absence of light; hence, most of the spirits that have been seen of men, or that have produced marked physical phenomena, in the various ages of the world, have done so in the night, and all history confirms this fact.

It is obvious that the nearer a spirit approaches to external materiality the more power it will have upon such substances. The raps and the movement of physical bodies belongs appropriately to this class of spirits, and they are mediums for spirits of more refined spiritual organizations whose knowledge is greater. We are just as dependent upon this class as they are upon their mediums in the earthly form.

These coarser organizations are not any more attractive to those who have more refined ones here, than on earth, and they would not be brought together except for the uses they perform in the manifestations, and for the beneficial influences that advanced spirits feel that they can bring to bear upon those who are less developed, so as to enable them to progress to higher conditions.

Upon the lower planes of this life, spirits are often very crude and undeveloped, and at times quite mischievous and unruly; just as certain classes of workers on earth are, who are very necessary in their places, and to whom the more refined classes are under continued obligations for the performance of a great amount of labor which is essential for their comfort and happiness. You have recognized that we have similar grades here to those of earth, all of which are represented here, while there are no advanced than any of earth's children, and yet in the divine economy, here as with you, all are essential to the perfection of the whole and none could be spared.

Those spirits whose conditions approach the nearest to the materiality of earth are constantly around individuals still on that plane and draw largely from them for their sustenance. The drunkard and the glutton feed this class of spirits, and to a certain extent, satisfy a morbid appetite which they have brought with them from the haunts of vice and crime on earth. The debauchee of both sexes is surrounded by a low class of spirits who find gratification in their vicious habits. This class of spirits draw largely from the physical systems of certain mediumistic persons, and they often suffer intensely, although they may be entirely ignorant of the causes which produce this. The elements which they draw from these earthly associates enable them to maintain their peculiar form of materiality. I would not have you infer that these spirits are always on a low, moral plane and vicious, their conditions depend very much upon those of the physical system when they leave the form.

Among this class of practical workers on the material plane, there are a large number of the aborigines of our country—strong and powerful Indians who are, here as with you, generally susceptible to kindness, and who, when thus treated become valuable aids to us, not only in producing physical manifestations, but in the practice of healing, and by their influence here we are enabled to restrain those of our race who would otherwise be quite unmanageable. When these Indian spirits become attached, as they do very generally, to spirits on a more advanced plane they are capable of producing very beneficial results to mankind. In the healing art they are selected first, because they have greater strength than any other race. Second, their systems have not been contaminated by the diseases of civilization, and they are therefore purer.

I have made these remarks preliminary to the subject of materialization of spirits, in order that you may understand it better.

There are two kinds of materialization which occur in the presence of certain mediums; one occurs mostly in close proximity to the medium, where the elements are drawn from his or her form, out of which hands, faces and other portions of bodies are formed which are not really vitalized as living bodies, but are instruments which are used by the spirits that form them. These often have the appearance of natural flesh, and can scarcely be distinguished from this. They are used by spirits to touch persons and handle them as they would with a pair of tongs or any other

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 624 Race St., Philadelphia.

The following poem was improvised and given through Nellie J. T. Brigham, at the close of one of her lectures in Philadelphia, in March. It was in response to a question sent to the desk:

"WEARY OF LIFE."

"Weary of life, oh! so weary;
When the soul looketh up to its God.
Shall the flower be weary of growing?
As it rises from earth's heavy cloud?
Weary of life, oh! thou spirit,
Why restest thou below?
Why doth thy voice say, oh weary?
Though the darkness enfold thee with woe.

"Why art thou weary of living?
Because of the darkness around,
Because of the sin and sorrow,
Which thy spirit in earth-life has found?
Cease weary soul from repining,
Cease from thy sadness and tears,
For around thee are loving arms twining,
From the light in the heavenly spheres.

"Weary of life, oh! so weary,
Dost thou shadow come from within?
Thine eyes are so dim with weeping,
They see not where sunbeams have been.
A part of the griefs that oppress thee,
A part of the burden of pain,
From thy heart's human weakness confess thee
Is of darkness in which you remain.

"You say that your hopes have been blighted,
That your loved ones have faded away,
That death so relentless has gathered
All the blossoms that grew by your way.
Oh! soul thou art sad, and so selfish,
To mourn when their life is the day,
Whilst thou art here waiting in sorrow,
The morning grows bright o'er their way.

"Oh list to the song they are singing—
The shadows are fading afar,
So bright is the light, life is bringing,
That pale seems the light of the stars;
Life in its joy is a blessing,
Its path by the angels still trod,
And through all its griefs is possessing
The tenderest love of its God.

"Think not of this life, thou art weary,
'Tis the school where earth's labor is done,
Where the spirit prepares for existence,
Beyond the bright realm of the sun;
Then grow like the flowers—never weary,
Through lingering shadows of night,
Through the dust of many afflictions,
Yet shall thy garments grow white."

The Materialization of Spirits.

A Communication from Dr. Marc.

Few subjects are exciting more interest than this, and I propose to give, through you, my views and experiences in relation to it.

If the position presented by me in a former article, that matter is the result of the decusation, or crossing of the lines of force, be accepted and comprehended, you will more readily understand the phenomena under consideration. Thus, not only each human being, but every atomic body has its peculiar rays of motion which distinguish it from every other one.

The spirit world and all its scenery and conditions, as well as spirits themselves, are material; that is, they are composed of refined forms or expressions, which result from the more refined and progressed movements of the currents of life-force.

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them, they disappear in a really present in which the elements of which the body is formed, are in part borrowed from the medium's organization and will be returned to the corresponding part after they disappear. As a proof of this, if they be blackened, the corresponding part of the medium's body will present this color after the experiment. By the superficial observer this is taken as positive proof that these are portions of the medium's body who is practicing deception. I know that the above explanation is the true one, and careful experiments will prove this.

The other form of materialization is that in which a spirit is really present in the form presented, and differs very much from the above. The spirit is here made visible by a covering of material substance, which is applied to it by other like substance which only renders them dimly visible, to a very dense material substance which may be clearly discerned by all present, and may be photographed as plainly as the physical body itself, though in all cases of spirit photographs this is not essentially so. They may be made sufficiently material to act upon the sensitive plate of the photographer and not be visible to the human eye.

This form of materialization is becoming much more common, and would be still more so if it were not for the fear that mankind have of seeing spirits, or ghosts, as they call them.

It requires a peculiar form of mediumship, though not a very uncommon one, and considerable skill on the part of the spirits operating to produce this manifestation. The process is this: in a darkened room or behind a dark curtain—and this distinguishes this form of materialization from the former, at present at least—a spirit occupies the position designed to be exhibited, and is covered more or less thickly with material substance, which is obtained, by the operating spirits, from the medium, and the circle or party assembled to witness the phenomena are made to witness the manifestation. The process may be attended with painful results to the spirits thus covered, and hence the utmost care should be taken, by those who witness such scenes, not to become excited, or in any way disturb the operation. One should wait patiently for the process to be carried through all its phases.

As soon as mankind learn the philosophy of this, and are prepared to witness it without fear or excitement, it will become much more common. The time is coming when spirits will be able thus to materialize some of their friends in circles, and speak audibly to mortals. The dawn of a new era in Spiritualism is upon you and this is to be one of the phases of it.

I will now recapitulate this subject.

1. Spirits are material and real. The difference between their materiality and yours is in the degree of refinement, the one being intangible and invisible to mortal eyes, and the other being tangible and visible.

2. Spirits vary in their materiality, some being much nearer to tangible matter than others, and hence, more capable of influencing this matter directly.

3. These physical spirits, as we term them, are used by the more intelligent and advanced spirits to produce the various manifestations which are now awakening mankind to a knowledge of the after life and its conditions.

4. This class of spirits can and do manufacture hands and other organs out of the material elements of physical beings and the atmosphere, bearing a very striking resemblance to the physical body from which they are taken.

5. These which are really inanimate forms are generally confined to a limited space around the medium from whom they are taken.

6. They are not luminous but present a very marked resemblance to the physical body from which they are in part taken and to which a portion of them must be returned.

7. A second form of materialization exists, differing essentially from the former, being the covering, more or less densely of a real living spirit, presenting the entire form or parts of it for identification.

8. These may be able, under favorable circumstances, to move and give various signs, and at times speak in an audible voice.

9. Such materialization can only be produced under a very moderate or subdued light.

10. Being luminous they are seen much better in the dark.

11. Both these forms of materialization are destined to become much more common, when the laws governing them are better understood.

12. We consider these as the most important and complete means of convincing the world of our continued existence and identity, and hence, there is a desire on our part, that you should do all you can to promote this form of manifestation.

Passed to Spirit Life.

Passed to the Better Land, from his residence in West Aurora, Ill., April 8th, Samuel Swift, aged 67 years.

The subject of this notice was for nineteen years a firm and sincere believer in spirit communion, and a temperate, honest man.

Services were conducted by Brother Wickiser, at the house.

Passed to the higher life, March 29th, Charles E., son of E. K. and T. A. Eversol, aged 29 years 11 months, of consumption.

For nearly two years he was a great sufferer; yet with a cheerful and unflinching spirit, he walked down the shadowy vale, and crossed the silent river, confident to greet the loved ones left behind, in the beautiful world above.

Passed to spirit-life, from Belle Plaine, Iowa, on Friday morning, April 6th, at nine o'clock, after a brief illness, of cerebro-spinal meningitis, Carrie B. wife of Amos Stone, aged 58 years, 8 months, and 25 days.

"Our mother was a woman of fine intellect and culture. She took a deep and lively interest in the reform measures of the day. For many years she has been an avowed Spiritualist. The last few years of her life were a grand triumph over the fear of death. To her the change is a blessed one. Rest in peace, dear companion and mother. Thy memory is precious, and the example of thy good deeds will cheer us in hours of trial, and we will look forward to meet thee in the blessed home above. Farewell to the worn-out caskey, and God and good angels bless the spirit now set free. As we lay away that venerable form we feel that it is hard to part with the caskey that we have so long loved, though the gem is gone. We know that those who welcome souls shall no more be hindered by the material body, and we will look forward to the worn-out caskey, and God and good angels bless the spirit now set free. 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Price's Positive and Negative Powders
at this office.

In the confused elements of the world, where truth agonizes to overcome error, and in the dark struggle there are a thousand failures to success, there is nothing so important to those who would advance her cause, as to select principles and issues that are vital and momentous, and to elucidate and sustain them by reasons sound, fortified and absolutely defensible. This is conceded all along, from the "Q. E. D." of the learned logician, to the "center shot" of the illiterate huntsman. When thus established, each one is a host and a victor; for the weapons of truth are few and simple, and can not be ultimately resisted, while the shafts of error, though they darken the air, must yet fall innocuous in such a contest. I say, in such a contest; for if the weapons of truth are not bared and properly used, then the enemy keeps possession of the field.

The learned logician that rightly deduces from certain fixed premises, may properly say "therefore," and the world moves onward; but if both, or even one, of his premises be not true, or his deduction not logically correct, then there is "confusion worse confounded."

The huntsman, with faultless rifle, powder and ball, with true and steady aim, brings down his game; but if there be one defect, the game is simply scared, and runs away, and can not be approached again. The traveler, along the direct road, will gain his point; but if his direction be wrong, the greater his effort and speed, the greater his departure, and the worse his plight. When the youthful David marched against Goliath, one stone planted between the eyes brought down the giant. If he had hurled whole mountains, and not well directed, David would have been weary, and the defier of the armies of the living God unharmed. The great Napoleon marked the commencement of his public career by firing loaded cartridges upon the mob, when his predecessor had fired only blanks. Had he also continued the blanks only, the boys would have been delighted, and the mob would have still derided, unmoved.

There was much of a certain kind of learning in the schools of the dark ages. Premising that angels were immaterial, the church schoolmen questioned, if they occupied space? Could they pass from one point to another, without going through the intermediate space? How many could stand on the point of a needle? and like questions; and filled tomes with elaborate disquisitions and affected answers. Lord Bacon attempted to utilize their learning by converging it upon practical questions, a work not yet fully accomplished. Some one asked Franklin why it was that fish did not weigh anything in water? But the infidel, doubting Franklin, questioned back, if it was a fact that they did not? An example of great value to the cause of truth, but not yet fully effectual to all people.

But what is truth? It may be very difficult, and it may be presumptuous to attempt an answer; but this much I will venture: a truth is a correct statement of what is, and since every thing, fact or principle, is related to every other thing, fact or principle in the world, a full statement, to be correct, involves the consideration of both what it is in itself alone—an abstract truth—and of what it is in connection with all other things—a relative truth. I hardly know. I can not now think of any merely absolute truth without limitations, this side of mathematical axioms (and these definitions are man-made, simply for the purposes of the mathematical structure), that are practical truths.

Nature has involved us, and all things, in endless combinations, intricate interlacings and correlations of rights and duties, all and each bearing on, and affected by all others, in various extent and degree; so that what is asserted as an absolute truth is very far from being a relative truth, or a truth considered in its relations to all its surroundings.

A good illustration of the co-ordination of forces and resultant motions is presented by a view of the starry heavens. No star is moving in a straight line, nor in a perfect circle; but as one is affected by every other one, all impulses and restrictions being the combined effect of an infinite number of influences, which can only be proximately expressed or understood.

What boy has there ever been of considerable brightness but has nursed the idea, and has strongly expected to discover perpetual motion; but yet who has abandoned, on riper years, upon the full consideration of gravity and friction, hindrances that could not be overcome? In like manner, the youthful reformer, a mad, inconsiderate enthusiast, psychologized by one certain, abstract truth—an Aaron's rod that, with him, swallows up all others, in some way blinded as to its relationship to all other truths, plays high fantastic antics with public opinion for a while, but soon impinges on other principles of truth before unseen, and soon subsides from blazing revolution into the unknown.

An ancient fable relates that some inconsiderate youth thought himself capable, and got leave to drive the chariot of the sun for one day; and that, by his rash and inexperienced hands, the heavens were set on fire. A parable which is, to the apprehensive, a vehicle of a great truth.

Government has to deal always with relative truth and principles; with matters not in the abstract, but as they are related to each other, and this is true, though it may nominally affect in terms to do otherwise; for laws are for the whole people as they are related to each other. The work of government is an adjustment of correlated rights, duties and dependencies, a finding of the proper line between different claims, as planetary ellipses, and to be approximated to, more by experiments and deductions than by any *a priori* reasoning, or seeming axiomatic truths.

Governments are established to compel justice; to compel those to do right who otherwise neglect or refuse. In entering into government, each one surrenders something of his absolute natural right, or what seems to be such, as an individual, for his relative right, as a member of community; the equivalent for what he gives being found in the additional power which he receives. As man now stands in a relative attitude, it is the business of government to sustain his relative right at the expense of the more natural right. A good government aims to impinge upon natural individual rights as little as possible; but it must look to the highest good of all combined, and, as an approximation to this, to the greatest good of the greatest number. It is, therefore, in itself and in its details, a compromise of natural rights—"I will do this if you will do that." In other words, government is a question of expediencies, as what shall be done under such a combination of conflicting rights, claims and interests? How much here shall we restrain, and how much there, so as to effectuate the greatest ultimate, the highest good of all?

It is well to consider, also, that governments, to be valuable, should propose to deal with men as they are now in fact, not as one might fancy they should be—upon some higher plane of being; nor as they may be in some far off golden age, when they shall have graduated out of their present infirmities and imperfections; nor only with the few, the exalted, the wise and good, that perhaps need no governing, but with all the people as they are, in all their qualities, "good, bad and indifferent," and ever for the purpose of eliminating the highest good to the greatest number.

I would make, Mr. Editor, these remarks applicable to many of the proposed governmental reforms and would-be reformers of the present day, not excepting the woman suffrage movement, that many of the issues now made, and their methods, are false; but for the want of space that belongs to you, I will pass them by, and come directly to what I wish now particularly to notice—the false issues presented by Mrs. Woodhull in her address in Boston, on "Social Freedom," as she calls it, or on Free-Love, as others call it. I mean false according to my view; and though it may be deemed late by some, and not called for by others, in that her proposition is so intuitively unreasonable that it has no capacity of life, yet as many in some way suppose, there is much of truth in it, or, at least, see nothing that is untrue. As I think there is a fatal error in it, I will, by your leave, lay it before the readers of your valuable paper, for whatever of their consideration it merits.

An epitome of her allegations as to love, marriage and divorce (for I can not quote at length), is this:

1. That love is natural, and can not be compelled nor resisted by force or restraint.
2. That individuals have an inalienable right to love whom they please, and as long and no longer than they please, without restraint from any source.
3. That marriage should be based upon love, to continue while that continues, and no longer; and,
4. That these are natural rights, and government can do no more than protect one in the full exercise of such rights, by the restraint of all interference on the part of any one.

These propositions are put under the specious phase of self-evident truths and inalienable rights as unquestioned and unquestionable; and are put, too, with such a confidence and such a grandiloquence of language, and have so much of a basic truth in them, a very popular sentiment of freedom, that the minds of many are captivated, and the uncritical fail to see the secret error with which the whole is burdened.

My proposition is this: that government has as much right to interfere with the matter of love and marriage, as with any other right, natural or otherwise, with the principal fact, its preliminaries, incidentals, surroundings and consequences; and no matter how pure and sacred it may be. If this be so, then the Woodhull argument, or government itself, will fall to the ground.

In this connection it may be observed, that it is not with internal sentiments that government interferes, but with conduct and action. This is called a country of religious freedom; but is all conduct that may grow out of religious sentiment, therefore, free? And must it be unrestrained? The Thugs of India secretly slay their fellow man, and do it under the impulse of a religious sentiment; and the Thugs, or their like, may be at our very doors; and shall it be said that we may not restrain the acts that may grow out of their unrestrained religious liberty?

Suppose there were a sect of Gymnosophists who, wise in their own conceit, and enthusiastically mad in the matter of natural rights, should, in the exercise of their religion, imitate King David, and dance in a state of nudity before their Lord; or appear in like plight in the churches, the lecture rooms, the seminaries of learning, and in the market places and public walks; will it be said that government can not restrain, because of their natural abstract rights?

In the first of these cases, the Woodhull would say that the Thug, in slaying his fellow man, gets out of his sphere into that of the one he slays, and should be restrained from doing so. I grant you, but how is it in the second case? Here is no physical violence offered—only personal action and example—on the part of those who are dressing and walking as they please. The answer to this is the criterion in the Woodhull theory. What is it? What answer?

Another fatal error, cognate to the others, in the Woodhull theory is, that there are but two parties to a contract, and so persons can enter upon any contract they choose, and retract and abandon when they choose; whereas I insist there are at least three parties to every contract. The two that contract in their limited sphere, and the great public represented in the government, which either permits, approves or condemns, and will enforce or annul, as it thinks best. This third party is never adverted to in the Woodhull theory, except in a very remote and gingerly way, as simply a force to prevent any interference with the individual contractors. Now, is this so, or not, that government may say, that in this way and manner you may contract, and not otherwise, for it is against public policy, the greatest good of the greatest number that you should so contract?

Take the right of eminent domain, so called, the right of government to take private property for public uses. Does it exist, or not? I have certain property, say a piece of land. My right is to hold and enjoy it as I please. It is my way of seeking happiness; but is my right absolutely inalienable, and subject to no interference? The government—which is the people—wishes it for a road, a common, a market place, a public wharf or a school house, and takes it, giving an equivalent. My right to locomotion at will is natural. The government, having taken this land, builds a road and permits all people to pass upon it freely, and yet says, "When two meet, let each turn to the right; if you do not, I will make you responsible in damages, and perhaps punish you."

Now, can government properly do these things? I take it that no one with unperverted sense will answer in the negative. Then government can interfere, and limit, and restrict the exercise of natural rights; and I beg to know why it may not do it in the matter of love, marriage and divorce, in all their essentials and incidentals, as well as in everything else. Government, in its counsels, which is the ultimate judgment of the whole people, may say that persons under the age of eighteen (or any other age) are inexperienced, passionate, short-sighted and disregarding of consequences, and therefore they shall be under a defined control of parents, guardians and myself, and a great injury may result to them and society, and the State, from their unrestrained action on the subject of love and marriage; therefore they are prohibited from marriage below a certain age, and also below a certain age they shall not contract or enter into the relationships of marriage, without the consent of their parents or guardians, or my own, in a certain way to be made manifest.

Government, in its wisdom, from a consideration of all things, the correlation of all rights and duties, as they exist in society, and the influences that each individual and his conduct may have upon all others, may say that, inasmuch as I have the care and custody of property, and must regulate its descent, and as I have the charge and support of the poor and idiots, and insane, and foundlings, and also the education of people and their morals, and their highest good, and inasmuch as marriage should be based on permanent love, and involves the raising of a family, the work of years, and the acquisition of property and its distribution, and inasmuch as temporary marriages, entered upon and ended simply at the will of contracting parties may, on account of their reckless impulses, be highly injurious to them and to society, I therefore command that none shall marry, except with my consent and approval, through my appointed officers, who shall keep a record thereof for public use, and not until the parties are well satisfied that their love is of such a quality, and so deep and strong that they will love through life, and live with and for each other, and provide for each other and for their children, and will promise so to do; and furthermore, inasmuch as marriage, with condition of abandonment and divorce at the will of the parties, or either of them, seems to militate against the object of marriage, and the highest good of all—therefore I ordain that no divorce shall be had, except for certain reasonable cause, and shall be allowed only with my consent and approval after the existence of such causes for a certain period, and the proofs made public, and the decrees of my courts, who shall see that such rules be observed as to the parties, as to children, and as to property, as shall also be for the highest good of the greatest number.

This, Mr. Editor, is the end of my argument at present. The whole theory of free-love is based on the assumption that government can not interfere to restrict or limit natural rights or their exercise, of which love is one. Now, if government can restrict a natural right, the whole Woodhull theory falls to the ground. The premises are false, and all deductions therefrom must be lame and impotent. But if government can not restrict a natural right, then how utterly powerless it is; how narrow and limited in its operations and functions! Mrs. Woodhull admitted and asserted, to give force to her argument, (and for once she was consistent in her logic), that government has no right to enforce a contract of any kind, which one, without the consent of the other even, refuses to perform.

Oh, what a cause is this free-love, that, in order that it shall triumph, governments shall be stripped of nearly all their power and functions, leaving it mostly an affirmation of negations, and there shall be a new declaration of rights, an aversion of old logic, and in them shall be put a glittering phantasmagoria of words that, with a speciousness of general abstract truths, which are captivating but not practical, conceal the absence of relative truths with which we have to deal mainly, is not entirely, in our relationship with all persons and all things. Government, as it has come to us, and as it is, is the aggregate wisdom of the State in its fullest and best expression at the present attained. It is the ultimate of the highest wisdom and best sense of men in regulating the practical affairs of life for the highest good; it is common sense applied to the common affairs of life, and I do not think that extraordinary assertions, that are made in a general and glittering way, should be received with favor, without assaying them at least, in the crucible of common sense; and if they will not bear the test of reason, it must be unwise to deem them practical in government, where a failure would be exceedingly damaging; nor should we be ravished and pushed from our propriety by a seeming bravery, for that may be no more than a reckless daring, more usual in a bad cause than a good one, and worse the more there is of it; nor by the expression of any sentiments because unusual, and given under some divine or other afflatus, while they are not true in fact.

In these days of change and affected improvement, I would propose an emendation of an ancient document, after which it would read, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not common sense, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," and so on to the end of the chapter.

The conclusion, then, is, that all matters pertaining to love and marriage are as much proper subjects of control and restriction by law as any other. And the question, what shall be done for the highest good of all? is one of expediency, as in all other cases. I confess that I feel somewhat offended that this matter of free-love should be so successfully and persistently foisted upon Spiritualism that it can rise only with difficulty, on account of this ill-omened burden; and least of all should it be glorified by certain axiomatic principles, which are found not to be applicable, and thus gain a reputation which a real demon of darkness, clothed as an angel of light, may be able to acquire thereby.

Mrs. Woodhull, in order to give a logical position in the State to her pet scheme, or hobby of free-love—which is love, marriage and divorce at will, without any interference on the part of government, society or individuals—found it necessary to disarm the State of all power to enforce any contract. Such a reform that required such an innovation, it seems, ought to cause alarm to all thinking people. One is reminded how Troy opened her walls to let in the wooden horse, and the consequence thereof; and also, of the mythological story, that some god promised the children of Medea that if they would destroy their parent, he would revive and clothe with immortal youth, but who, after they had followed his suggestion, failed to perform; which story conveys this moral: that in important matters of State, mere mad-cap theories, without reason and experience for support, should be received with hesitating scrutiny, rather than with unsuspecting enthusiasm.

Chicago, Ill.

In Memoriam.

On the 26th of April last, Mrs. FANNIE, wife of LEWIS P. BILLINGS, and daughter of Thomas A. and Sarah Drake, progressed fully into the spiritual sphere. Aged 37 years and 8 months.

The light casket that once contained the mature and seraphic spirit, was buried on the 28th. The funeral was attended by a large concourse.

Her earth life is her best eulogy, and the only one needed by those who were acquainted with her. Few have lived and done as well. Living most faithfully up to her religious and moral convictions, which were both strong and clearly defined, with large charity and cheerful firmness, it may be truthfully said that she had not an enemy. All who knew her were her friends.

Formerly a member of an orthodox church, her impressive, luminous, loving and cheerful spirit was easily raised, by spiritual and angel influences, whose communications she loved, up to the truth and fruition of Spiritualism. Believing, knowing, realizing, that death was only an incident in our lives, aiding further progress—that it causes no separation of spirits, or spiritual communion, during all of her decline, up to its peaceful close, she showed the sustaining power of this truth, and the buoyancy that this knowledge gives. Calmly, cheerfully, she made known her wishes as to all her temporal affairs, even as to her funeral. One of her requests must not be passed over, and I hope it will not be read lightly by any parent. She earnestly requested that her only child here, a boy about two years old, might not be influenced to attend any Orthodox Sunday school in his young and tender years, to have his unfolding mind darkened, and his young credulity imposed upon by their dark, absurd and cruel dogmas.

One remark of hers, characteristic of her life, will be remembered and noted. She exclaimed, "They talk to me about the beauties of the spirit-world. I want to hear more of its uses."

A day or two before her death she became correctly impressed that she was enjoying the last revival of physical strength sufficient to converse, though she would linger some time longer. And one by one she gave to her husband, father, mother, and two sisters that were present and their husbands, counsel, words of cheer and her good-bye, till she should be able to communicate to them through spiritual channels, which she has already done.

Miss Helen Grover, inspirational speaker, conducted the funeral services appropriately, satisfactorily and with ability, speaking with enlightened earnestness from the depths of the soul.

The daily *Leader* of this city gives the following account of the occasion:

"FUNERAL SERVICES OF MRS. BILLINGS.

"The funeral of Mrs. Billings was largely attended, only a small portion of the audience finding room in the house. The afternoon was pleasant, and the people were comfortable out doors. The speaker stood near the door, and all could hear. The services were conducted by Miss Helen Grover, who spoke more with respect to the living than the dead. It was *living and doing* that made the character and helped the growth of the human soul. The ministry of spirits, and the welcome to the other shore was feelingly presented, and the glorious reunion was portrayed in original impromptu verse.

"Rev. P. J. Briggs followed with a few remarks, speaking illustrative of the spiritual philosophy, and spoke of his faith in the daily visitations from the spirits, and expressed his determination to live faithful to the doctrines of Spiritualism, through whatever persecution, contempt or scandal that might follow from such a life.

"The remains were followed to the cemetery by a large concourse of people, bearing testimony to the amiable character and worth of the deceased.

"The ceremonies were new to a great many present, and were listened to with seriousness, and really seemed to produce deep impressions."

This is the first out-and-out Spiritualist funeral ever held in this city.

Respectfully,
F. J. BRIGGS.

Bloomington, Ill.

Sixty Consecutive Days Without Food.

[From the Iowa Voter.]

"DIED—On Wednesday, March 27, 1872, Mr. GEORGE N. BOYDSTON, after an illness of near three months, occasioned by cancers, which were located in the back, near the shoulder, and on the face.

"Our deceased brother was born in Greene county, Pennsylvania, June 6, 1821. He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at twenty-four years of age, and remained a consistent member until his death. A most remarkable fact connected with his illness almost defies belief. The general opinion has been held that two or three weeks is the utmost limit of a human being's living without food. On the 20th of January last he refused to take any solid food, his stomach rejecting anything in the shape of nutriment, such causing vomiting to such a degree as to create an utter aversion to anything like food. For three or four days a teaspoonful of wine was given occasionally; but this too was rejected, and caused such pain that it was discontinued, except at long intervals. Ice was all he could take for some time, and then water until he died. He lived thus without food for sixty days. All that could be considered an exception to this was that a couple of spoonfuls of coffee, on the Sabbath before he died, were put into his mouth, and caused less distress, but were soon rejected by the stomach. On a few other occasions a little jelly or toast was tried, but likewise caused vomiting. Again a thin bit of dried beef was placed in his mouth, when the same distressing symptoms occurred. A little rice was tried, as the only other attempt; but this resulted as before. If the jelly, rice, dried beef and coffee had all been put together they could have been contained at once in the smallest sized teacup; and had they been taken into the stomach, they could not have been sufficient to support the life of a man for two weeks. As they, on each occasion, excited vomiting, it is more than probable that they shortened, rather than prolonged his life. Thus it is proved that a man, under certain circumstances, may subsist on water alone for more than fifty consecutive days.

"His mind, during all this time, was clear, calm and hopeful to an eminent degree. He often sang several verses together of hymns that interested him in his earlier Christian life. On several occasions he seemed, as he told the writer, to have visions of 'the other shore.' Once a beautiful ship was seen, whose numerous passengers thronged every portion of its decks, all arrayed in the most splendid and shining garments; and among them his deceased mother, brother and sister in a group, beckoning him to come. The mother was all beautiful and glorious—not wrinkled and gray-haired, as at death. So of the brother and sister, and the whole of the ship's company. The grand sight seemed to fill him with perfect ecstasy.

"Again he seemed to see the 'river of death,' multitudes of decrepit, sick, lame and weary ones were seen descending on the hither bank; but on the other, as they ascended from its waters, all were bright and joyous, and seemingly with renewed life and springing tread, walked forth to the joys of immortal life. Several times he spoke of others of a similar character, which cheered his long and otherwise dreary illness.

"He leaves a widow, a daughter and a son, to struggle a while longer in life's conflicts, cheered, we trust, with the hopes of a happy reunion at last beyond the reign of care and pain.

"Had his perfectly resigned state of mind anything to do with thus prolonging his life to such an astonishing degree? Were his visions real glimpses of the promised land? We may not know certainly; but they were surely some of the first-fruits of a Christian life, while yet lingering on the borders of eternity."

Respectfully,
E. L. BRIGGS.

"Knoxville, Iowa, March 30, 1872."

Original Essays.

[JOHN BROWN SMITH is open for engagements to give a course of independent lectures on the "Science of Human Life," in Pennsylvania or adjacent States, during the spring and summer, West during the fall, and South in the winter season. Engagements only made for one week in which dates before will be given. His "Science of Human Life," "Republican Government—The Science of True Principles," "Universal Suffrage," "Temperance—Its Moral, Legal, Physical, and Medical Aspects," "The Capital—Its True Relations," "Vegetarianism—The Evolution of Man," "Man—His Spiritual, Moral, Physical, and Social Nature," "God—in the Science of Life," The First, Seventh, and Eighth Lectures embrace the subject of Spiritualism. Permanent address, 812 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.]

DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE OF LIGHT.

[From John Brown Smith, Our Traveling Correspondent.]

On Wednesday evening, April 17th, a goodly number of persons gathered at the new Temple of Light of brother D. S. Cadwallader and sister Maxwell, recently opened at 241 North Eleventh street, to lend their presence and sympathy to the new enterprise, of establishing a *Spiritual Home* for media and other friends of Progress in this mundane sphere, where they may receive sympathy and shelter—independent of the cold outside world. I believe it is the first practical attempt, in this city, to establish such a home, where Spiritualists may congregate, and find comfort and food for the physical and spiritual man.

Mrs. Kattie B. Robinson kindly consented to preside as the instrumentalist through which angel friends could meet with earth friends upon a plane of peace and harmony, as the most appropriate emblems to commemorate the inauguration of such a useful enterprise; and may the projectors reap a golden harvest, by thus doing practical good in more ways than one.

PHILADELPHIA MEDIUMS.

The various phases of mediumship are silently at work with an influence potent for good, in breaking up old theological instructions and effete ideas, as exhibited in the diverse ramifications which lead to the avenues of thought in all classes of society.

From the Roman Catholic father church, down through all grades, to the most liberalized sectarian and materialist bodies, their members exhibit a growing curiosity to explore the truth or falsity of immortality, as exhibited through the phenomena of mediumship, and fail not to encounter the old-time "ghosts" after the going down of the sun, with a bravery which puts to shame ancestral teachings.

It is very easy to cry "humbug," when strangers are the mediums; but when members of the (Orthodox) household become, through the insidious influence, instruments of inter-communication between both worlds, it is far more difficult to cry "devil and humbug," and these phenomena are ever forced upon the attention of thousands of families, who would never dare to go to public places, or even private mediums; thus these facts give an element of universal propaganda, which makes it simply a question of time, when the old father church will be buried in the cave it has dug for its own dead body.

The inquiring mind is ever ready to grapple with the phenomena of nature, and endeavor to discover the fundamental laws which always lay back and form the science, which, when understood, will unfold the necessary conditions for the production of such phenomena.

It is a pity that scientists should acknowledge the phenomena, but immediately go to the extreme, and ascribe production to causes, which only in part cover the whole facts, and are totally devoid of demonstration, while they stoutly deny the only rational explanation yet advanced, and demonstrated to be in accordance with logic and facts. It is rather amusing to hear would-be scientists admit that they can demonstrate that matter has an existence in elements so refined, that our physical senses cannot take cognizance of it, which they are pleased to designate as "ether," and then immediately assert that spirit can have no existence independent of physical matter, because they have not been able to find it. How long is it since they found "ether," although it had existence in spite of their ignorance?

Again, others will admit that they believe there is an element of identity in every individualization in matter, which insures that successive worlds, plants or animals, will be superior to those preceding them, which is acknowledging a principal in matter which retains all past intelligence acquired in the different stages of evolution, which is the identical spirit-principle claimed by us. But immediately they exhibit strange inconsistency in denying that this principle of individual identity can return and psychologize the brain of man, and thus establish its identity, through known personal characteristics; and then, in the same breath, assert that one mind can psychologize another, without personal contact, and impress its thoughts and personal characteristics on the subject.

If an operator can do this without physical contact, why may he not more perfectly, when his mind is liberated from the body?

Some mediums fall unconsciously into the error of not distinguishing between the mesmeric condition which enables the operator to read the mind of the subject, and true spirit control, and thus, unknowingly, are oblivious to the fact, that they are reading the mind of the subject, instead of receiving spirit impressions.

The phenomena of mediumship are as necessary to Spiritual science, as any of the sciences; and hence, true scientific students of nature will recognize this fact, and work in good earnest for the discovery of the laws of spirit control.

Science works unceasingly—clearing away the rubbish of theology, and will yet illuminate the laws of spirit unfoldment so clearly that there will not be left one "bit" of a foundation in nature for a single *ism* to rest upon; and even what is called religion to-day, will surrender to the increasing light and glory of a true science of life.

Go on then, Mediums, in every phase of development, and give us the phenomena which baffles and muddles narrow-minded pompous scientists, and perchance some true students of nature will delineate her foot prints in a way to open the eyes of the self-wise solons.

We have a good number of mediums in this city of Brotherly Love, with various phases of mediumship, and who are all doing a good faithful work for the cause. We will refrain from personal notice of them at present, because we have not sufficient data or personal acquaintance with some of them, to form a correct opinion of their individual phases of mediumship.

Brother H. H. Smith's statement in the JOURNAL of April 27th, that "it is absurd in the extreme to say that animals ever get to be men, or men animals. Everything is a phenological function of God, and must ever remain so, to make God eternal and immortal."

The brother reasons soundly on the other points in his article, but on reflection I think he will be willing to withdraw such a strong statement as the one quoted above. He admits that "the brute creation gives evidence of all the faculties that man possesses—only differing in capacity."

gical function of God," of course the corresponding functions of man and animals are the same functions of God. We know that physical law controls and determines to what extent any function of man or animals will permit the manifestation of spirit through it; hence, physical law controls the manifestations of any function of God. Why, then, is it absurd for the functions of God to be called animals when passing through the evolution of animal life, until, by a successive series of reincarnation, it comes to the conformation of man's body and brain?

It is the same "function of God" all this time, and is merely occupied in progressing through this difference of physical conformation (or capacity.)

The brother speaks of, and consequently it is eternally the same function. Spirit of man or animal can never grow or increase in intelligence, because it is an individualized part of God from all eternity; hence, nothing can ever be added to or taken from it. All development is finite, and belongs to finite evolution, through matter. It is one of the grandest conceptions possible, of the universal brotherhood of God, that he is so benevolent that the same functions are manifested in the infinite diversity of capacities exhibited in nature, from the first and last orders of formation. It dignifies all life to thus view it, and elevates our conceptions of God, making him our own brother, instead of a despotic ruler.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Spiritualism v. Departures.

BY J. D. STILLMAN, M. D.

The liberal tendencies of the age to investigate all subjects, the result of free schools in a free government, guaranteeing politics and religious freedom, has had a salutary effect on divesting the mind of all that superstitious fear that forbade the general progress of spiritual investigation, as it hindered the free expression of theoretical views of social and political problems, that have many times, in the history of the race, had a certain amount of attention. The opportunities for spiritual manifestations, and what are now treated as departures, have been always co-existent, though it may be properly assumed, they have no necessary connection with each other. Spiritualism proper only relates to the fact that the spirit, which is the unseen clothing and active machinery of the human soul, whether in the body or out of it, has the power to change its conditions and represent itself outside of the general appearances of physical law, to leave the body and return to mortals by various sensible and insensible means, subject to sympathetic attractions and conditions for its manifestations, either as impression, inspiration or guidance and control of the machinery of the intellect—the moral, social and passionate, or the physical body alone, separated from these general functions of human will. Among all nations, and in all ages in religious literature and philosophy, its manifestations have given a character to all institutions, and an endless diversity to all thought, action and their results, the various forms of government and religion, under which the world has been moulded or governed. But the spiritual life is beyond the manipulation of human desires, however much such an admixture is sought.

Reforms call forth a particular diversion of the faculties to some particular relation, and magnifies the importance of one affection or principle to the inclusion and exclusion of others, to overlook the new relation of spiritual agencies to every condition of each individual being; hence they beget fanaticism, monomania and an unbalanced representation of human character, which is alike prejudicial to spiritual influences, and their harmonious development. The diversion of spiritual inquiry to reforms, is to clothe the unsolvable essence of an unseen world in all the idolatry of forms and ceremonies that cluster around wood and stone, or human personifications, none the less idolatrous, with which the world is filled. Our own faculties and judgments are given us for use and development. Experience, observation and history are the materials upon which they progress to the practical adoption of the best modes of life and happiness. Earthly life is always subject to the same general needs.

The human mind, though organized to be subject to all conditions of change, has its definite purposes and ends to fulfill, and learns by its own experiences that are peculiar to its composition and condition, what is life. To confound appreciation and respectful regard of individual personal attractions with the selfish desire to absorb the individual possessing them, by sympathetic power, and to revel in the charms of the masses for personal happiness, is, I consider, unworthy of those who claim any knowledge of spiritual influences. To undertake to discriminate between love and lust, requiring a higher standard of moral ethics than the assertion of dogmatic rights that ignore all the conventionalities of sacredness that pertain to the married relation of individuals for this purpose, not less than to the purity of innocence which, under such a domination of theories, would have no existence. A large consideration of such preservative moral restraints as is necessary in any condition of society to prevent excesses in any one direction, limits this freedom (that when too clamorously exalted becomes licentiousness and tyranny), and therefore becomes both polite and wise. Love can only be considered spiritual when subject to these protective restraints that exalt its purity above selfishness, as lust. The ignoring of these restraints in what is termed as freedom of the affections, gives an unqualified definition of free-love, as it does also to free-lust, the mere selfish manifestation.

The inharmonious, restless nature may or may not be interested in the social theories, that would so compound discordant elements into a harmonious mixture by adaptation; but this pertains alone to social chemistry and the definite study of mind, and the laws which govern every faculty and passion, according to organization, cultivation and exercise, or parental origination, but has little to do with the spiritual facts that interest the world. Hence restraints are just as necessary for happiness as freedom.

The unbridled will and covetous desire for untrammelled freedom is as sure to end in disappointment, misery and evil, as it is to degenerate from a moral, intellectual or social selfishness to physical passion, and results in anarchy, discordance and the wranglings of discontent, or the very selfish passions, than which no better definition can be given for lust. Hence free-love necessarily includes free-lust, and the assertion of inherent rights belonging to one which do not belong to another, desiring or demanding the boon that gives happiness, and hence either becomes a purchasable commodity or tyranny instead of freedom; selfish licentiousness, rather than benevolent purity, and opposed to all spirituality. Spiritualism, if it means anything, practically, as a general rule of action, negates all selfishness that pertains to this life for the ultimate, the future of sublime principles that pertain to the development of the soul out of physical relations and earthly affections into the higher of truth and universal good, where self-denial and humility ennobles the spirit to

seek the good of others as the purest happiness attainable here, as well as hereafter, in blessings to all.

If Spiritualism is to further spiritual happiness, it can only thus legitimately secure it in this direction, rather than in the affectionate and selfish, that pertains to the continuance beyond this life of social or animal needs and physical desires, which only pertains to the laws of corporeal organization and earthly existence in a tangible form, which, if perpetuated, must seek again an earthly form for its manifestation upon the same plane, with no higher object or end.

To descend in the order of creation to the animals of instinct for our laws and examples to guide man as a spiritual and intellectual being, is only in keeping with the tendency to submerge the prospective of man's spiritual nature and gross sensuality and lust, which is entirely unworthy of the progressive nature of spiritual truth. Our congeniality and desired affinity is but a sacrifice of the nobler efforts to harmonize ourselves to the conditions of life, so that a supremacy may be established of spiritual power over the terrestrial, to demonstrate the divine power of the spirit over all inharmonious, by the unfolding active principles of moral truth as the true compass for the development of perfection and happiness as spirituality.

The question of habits, food and dress, the equality of different races, and of their sexes in political and civil rights, are problems only solved in that advanced age of civilization, where all these conglomerated elements of society are made homogeneous by following great principles that unite all the diversities of our feelings and interests in the grand governing principles of the universe in which all is harmony. This is doubtless the undiscovered essence of spiritual love, which is just the same in the spiritual spheres of progressive perfection as it is in its lowest spheres in the human experience of earthly life; but it is, wherever it exists, a power that does away with all inharmonious, and destroys all the antagonisms between selfishness, individuality and a sacred effort to be in unison with the highest influences that perfect general good and general advancement.

The imperfections of all religious systems are demonstrated by their practical results. Spiritualism, as a religion, can never be superior until it is concentrated into unflinching principles of action, that produce no bad results, but are wholly spiritual, without evil. Hence, the less material adjuncts that are carried along under its name, the more free will be the disclosures of spiritual life; for these aspirations will bring always the corresponding demands of the mentality through which these aspirations rise. To fetter Spiritualism by making it terrestrial, is only to subvert the economy of order, that places the spiritual beyond and above human control, working out through all the definite operations of unknown natural laws, the infinite problems that are dependent upon conditions and progressive change for all grades of development and future good. It should always remain questionable how much human wisdom and its sagacity should appeal to the spiritual for a sanction of its progressive efforts. The two worlds are here widely separated from each other, and are dependent upon different laws: the one is terrestrial and human, the other above these earthly laws, and spiritual.

The mission of Spiritualism is to create an interest in the future life, which tends to substitute for fictitious and mechanical morality an active, earnest desire for a natural development and perfection that will become progressive at every step in life. As it institutes conditions for future progression in the life to come, then each individual learns to become self-governed. Still to contend against law and restraints utterly unfit, by the very nature of the contention, the individual from having these principles of harmony, that demonstrate self-government, under any conditions that may be imposed by them. This makes it apparent that moral axioms, as intuitive, spiritual truth, which develops the individual into progressive harmony, is beyond all organized means for securing great reforms in any or every direction, and must be regarded more for its influx into individual life, as the result of earnest and passive receptivity that comes to us from aspiration and interest in the spiritual progression of the mind, than for the phenomena, or the ethics of theoretical reform.

St. Louis, Mo.

DOUBLES—DO WE LEAVE THE BODY?

BY DR. H. C. PIERCE.

We are frequently presented with facts which are thought by some persons, to indicate that the spirit can leave the body before death. Perhaps it may or may not. One thing is clear, however, that most of the facts relied on to prove the position, can be easily explained without such a supposition.

The existence of *doubles* does not at all necessitate the leaving of one's corporeal organization. We are continually accompanied by spirit-friends, who often clothe themselves in our magnetism, or aural emanations, and make themselves visible. In doing so, they often take on our conditions so perfectly, that they represent our very appearance. Our particular guardian-spirits are frequently doing this, and will often be seen by clairvoyants and sensitives, as our *doubles*. They often execute our wishes, and visit, for us, our distant friends; and so perfectly are we in rapport with them, that they are able to make us see whatever they wish.

The case published in the JOURNAL not long since, of the gentleman who seemed to visit the inside of a bank, while he was really dosing in his chair, is evidently referable to this psychological law. We are surrounded on all sides by "unseen creatures"—spiritual reflectors—who are impressing our thoughts with visions of distance.

Through our magnetic relation to them, we see, *clairvoyantly*, across continents, and into the celestial spheres.

It is unphilosophical for us to talk of seeing these things, without the aid or influence of spirits. We cannot rid ourselves of their presence if we would. Like ten thousand mirrors they surround us, and we see and experience, in a great measure, whatever they set before us.

We, by no means, ignore the tremendous fact, that we have much to do in determining the character of our communications; yet, it is an undoubted truth—in the Spiritual Philosophy—that we may often be under spirit-influence, when we are not conscious of the fact. Such being the magnetic relations existing between us and our spiritual guides, it is no proof that my *double* is my spirit got out of my body, even though I might have a distinct impression of traveling at the time.

I often have such experiences, and visit distant places, yet, I presume, I am at home in the body all the time, while my spirit-guide travels and sees the various objects for me; but we being in close rapport, whatever he sees I see.

This question of "doubles" will bear a longer and more extensive examination than I can give it.

The Davenport and some other mediums for spiritual manifestations, it is said, have been

detected assisting the manifestations, while yet, in fact, they were securely tied, and the knots sealed! And a gentleman who traveled with the Davenport says he has seen the "double" of one of the boys some distance from where he knew his physical body to be at the time.

Does the spirit leave the body tied in a chair, and go to work itself to produce the manifestations? I think not. Their spirit-guides take on the aura-magnetism and conditions of the boys to such a degree, that they nearly resemble them. This they are obliged to do to produce the desired results. Hence, ink squirted upon the hand of the spirit exhibited through a hole in the cabinet was electrolyzed upon the hand of the medium. It is not likely that the medium's own hand was exhibited, while it was securely tied and sealed! Grant, however, that it was; what power but that of the spirit could loose them in such a manner?

The philosophical consideration of the question of "doubles" leads to an explanation of "clairvoyance" and "mediumship" generally. We know that many clairvoyants assert that they leave their bodies, but a due consideration of the laws of magnetism and psychological control will remove all the fog, and show us the true source of all our *clairvoyant* impressions.

Some would have us to believe they are clairvoyant—independent of spirit-control. They dislike to be called mediums. But no clairvoyant can prove himself or herself thus free from spirit-control while admitting the Spiritual Philosophy, since it is on all hands acknowledged, that we cannot always be conscious of such influence.

On page 675, of Nature's Divine Revelations, Brother Davis, in the trance state, was made to declare this truth:—"The laws of magnetism teach us the same principles, hence, how can clairvoyants know that they are independent of the spirit for the knowledge they possess? They cannot. It is impossible. And it is equally impossible to be independent of the spirit-world." And it is a remarkable fact, that nearly all clairvoyants and professed mediums.

When a seer, therefore, falls out with his mediumship, as did P. B. Randolph, his guides let him become, as he thinks, independent.

Spirits must *learn* some mediums a great deal, in order to carry out their purposes. Hence, they grant them "intrusions into the spirit-world"—all of which is clearly comprehensible under psychological law.

Mrs. Pierce, my companion, at one time began to grow weary of the work. She had labored long for the public as a test and medical clairvoyant. The spirits set her at work again by several new developments, and one was this:—They would take her mind while in a trance—through numerous scenes in the spirit-spheres, which she remembered upon awaking. Now there is no question but that she was under spirit-control, and must suppose it was necessary for her own spirit to leave her physical body, in order that her guides might show her the beauties of the spirit-land!

The ignorant and uncivilized have always believed that the spirit left the body during our dreams. If we were to rely alone upon our impressions, we might conclude so too. There is just as much reason in it, as in the cases of "doubles," or of clairvoyance.

The more we investigate this subject in the light of our magnetic and psychological relations, the firmer become our convictions, that the presence and agency of spirits furnish the only rational solution of these mysteries.

Waco, Texas.

Orthodoxy and Spiritualism.

BY A. E. DOTY.

As Spiritualism v. Orthodoxy is the order of the day, it would be very natural that a pestilential fellow like myself, in probing the putrifying sores in the very hospitals of both camps, should know something of the *pros* and *cons* of both. While no possible good can accrue to our cause, (the cause of truth) in winking at, or apologizing for wrong in our own midst, would it be out of place to suggest a wider toleration of opinion than now seems to prevail?

Our platform has been pronounced free, and the history of coercion is redundant with facts all about us, in the career of our Orthodox neighbors.

Each religious order commenced with liberal pronouncements, and so long as they held practice and precept together, steamed rapidly up stream against tide and current; but so soon as they became aware of strength sufficient, coercion (although in mild form at first) was resorted to. A coercion—not of fagot or stake, but of dogmatic and domineering opinion.

This sly and mean way of torturing the people into acquiescence, if not into open acceptance of their views, has had its outward effect; it has given temporary place and power to Orthodoxy, but its doom is sealed, and its own tyranny has sealed it. Had they have widened their platform from the first, instead of contracting it; had they have tolerated the wider range of opinion, and strove only to secure harmony of feeling, they would have been a tower of strength to-day, that nothing in heaven or on earth could have shaken.

While they have computed their strength by wealth and numbers, and have studied sedulously to perfect the machinery of organization, under the vain belief that they were rendering their citadel an impregnable fortress; the grains of sand under their foundations have been leaving one by one, until now the unbiassed and impartial can see very plainly, that it is being undermined, and it does not seem to require much sagacity to detect the cause.

It is the contracted and narrow range of thought which does not permit fellowship to entrance those who may perchance have a wider range of view.

Is humanity one common brotherhood? Such it most assuredly is to me. Has Mrs. Woodhull taken very advanced grounds on the social question, and planted herself where I am not ready to go? Most assuredly, but it has not diminished my respect for her. Is it her doctrine, or is it herself, as a worker for humanity, that I am to fellowship? It would seem needless for a right minded man or woman, to say the latter, for the former is the snare that Orthodoxy has fallen into—in short, it is Orthodoxy itself. To fellowship belief, and discard humanity, is just what is killing, and will finally destroy the last vestige of churchocracy on earth.

Distinctly then let me say, that neither belief nor unbelief has the right to demand my fellowship, nor does it control it. The church to which I formerly belonged, on my reception thereto, promised the largest toleration, but denied it in their practice, when I took the rostrum. And widely different must my feelings be from the present, when dictation from any source shall warp or control my utterances, unless that dictation shall come from some source besides an earth sphere.

The world has long needed a platform of sufficient breadth for all to stand upon, however divergent their views. Progress has been slow and painful, owing mostly to the several interests of humanity being divided up into parties, with contracted and narrow theories of faith, not embracing any divergences of opinion, and with a great amount of government.

Much rule has resulted in much ruin, in all ages, and not the ruling of self, but of others, seems to be the drift of ambition.

Much as it is to be deplored, that any should wish to narrow down the legitimate work of Spiritualists, to simply receiving manifestations, delivering lectures, and holding meetings, no danger need be apprehended from this source, so long as our rostrum is free to all to express whatever sentiment they may wish. Give us freedom of speech! Give us freedom of opinion!

Was there ever a truer maxim than that uttered by our much loved brother, A. J. Davis, when he said that "Whatever fears investigation manifests its own error."

The history of the world writhing under the tyranny of religious sects, ought to be warning enough to teach us of the one danger—that of limiting the range of human thought and human belief. Many of us have fled from the Church, because our opinions must be trimmed to fit a certain basis.

I never before felt so proud of marching under any banner as that of Spiritualism, and be far from us that dark day, when speech shall be restricted, and the widest range of opinion not tolerated.

Diversity of sentiment never did, nor never can injure us. Suppose the forty-two at Troy did think that they had cast the entire body of Spiritualists into a certain mold and shape. Was it so? Did they ever think so? I cannot believe it. If they did, time will undeceive them.

Spiritualism will cease to be Spiritualism, when once a national convention shall have the power to issue a dictum—defining the boundaries of human belief.

If at Troy they exceeded their prerogative, all know the remedy. If there was not a judicious discrimination of rights and privileges, all know the remedy.

But let us not talk of new departures, and new divisions, but of more harmony and more work. Personal animosities and personal ambitions, will ever arise while imperfections last; but nothing can overthrow the people, and reduce them to anarchy, with a free rostrum, and universal intelligence.

We cannot permit brother Tuttle, and his host of friends to travel off in one direction, while our president and her friends go in another. Our platform is broad enough for all.

The Catholic Church has given us the best specimen of harmony of sentiment, and we see the fruits. And may the time never come when the Spiritualist will harmonize in sentiment, nor agree as to modes or measures.

What, then, shall we agree on? We can agree in allowing every one the utmost latitude of belief, and expression of the same. We can agree in extending our fellowship to all.

So soon as any set of ideas or opinions become necessary to entitle one to our fellowship, or to our rostrum, so soon we stand advertised to the world as a sect. So soon as any particular set of transactions are necessary to constitute a man or woman a rightful claimant to our friendship, while they are acting conscientiously, although differently from us, so soon do we begin to follow in the footsteps of Orthodoxy.

While we have diversities of gifts, and diversities of opinions, we simply need to have the same spirit, or an agreement to tolerate all.

International Spiritual Unity.

A PROPOSAL.

In view of the unsettled condition of affairs in the ranks of Spiritualism, I propose to start the talismanic cry of *Unity!*—financially and socially.

There is no general organization that meets the demands of the popular voice; no permanent social anchor for the individual thinker; no financial shield for the poor Spiritualist; no harbor of safety or bosom of comfort for the shipwrecked brother or sister!

The voice of the millions calls for the remedy, and the angels of heaven re-echo the call. Light! light! more light!—a groan, a prayer! Can the crises be met? Is the permanent remedy to be found in financial and social unity? If in that, then is the world ready for it?

To move clear of past complications, of past misdirections and indiscretions, and of all organic foibles and jealousies, I lead out in a call for an international convocation of the Spiritual thinkers of the age, irrespective of caste, nationality or condition, with the distinct purpose of taking the incipient steps toward organizing an International Spiritual Unity upon a safe financial basis.

I would suggest that this be consummated before the next presidential election in the United States, that the present politico-spiritual entanglement may be wisely and equitably adjusted, and a unity formed, free from the entailment of individual ambition or political demagogism. Therefore I will name, simply as my own suggestion, the first week in September next as the time, and Chicago as the place for the meeting—a place where for the last six months the heaven-born clarity of the civilized world has been concentrated, and where, I trust, the best inspirations of the angel host would take active organic effect.

I would approve that it be the great pentecostal day of Spiritualism, when all who can come, from the uttermost bounds of the earth, under whatever auspices, may give voice to the inward pleadings of the soul. If the time I suggest is too soon, then let it be deferred, and the necessary primary meeting will decide upon the time and place, and should be called in time to give ample notice to those living in remote localities. But my impression is that the time is close at hand for unity—the watchword of temporal, social, and spiritual progress.

Under the auspices of an International Unity subdivisions of National, State, and District Unities may exist, and when once in working order, and business transacted by properly delegated authority, the voice of sectional strife will give way to the voice of the elective millions.

Spiritualism is not a thing of clique, or caste, or State, or nation, or of sectional import. It is world-wide and universal in its tendency, and to give it well directed purpose and power, universal voice must acclaim its premises.

Fraternally and Spiritually,

J. W. EVARTS

Long Lake, Minnesota.

BRO. JONES.—Please say in your glorious JOURNAL, that there will be a basket picnic held on the north shore of Lake Minnetonka, south of G. Tea's farm, two miles west of Long Lake Station, on Saturday and Sunday, the 15th and 16th days of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, of Elk River, Mr. and Mrs. Lepper, of Anoka, Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, of Champlin, Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, of Hassan, and other distinguished speakers, are expected. A cordial invitation to all is given.

Yours, &c.,

G. TEA.

P. S.—Meet on the grounds at 10.30 on Saturday.

G. T.

GARRISON says that the woman question is an "all-embracing one." Who said it wasn't?

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1872.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

The Results of Ignorance—The Englishman's Experience
—The First Cause again Considered—The Character of this First Cause, or God—The Origin of Vice and Virtue.

(NUMBER LXXXVI.)

In wandering in all departments of science, new objects are constantly being illuminated with the lamp of reason. Yonder department is dark. How hideous the aspect! How solemn the grandeur of its secret chambers; and as we attempt to traverse them, we constantly meet with obstacles that are exceedingly difficult to surmount. We attempt to penetrate it—to illuminate it by some secret device, in order to explore its various avenues.

While standing before us in this condition, it is eminently well calculated to excite within the mind superstitious notions, and our conjectures in reference to its nature, can not be sustained by actual observation.

Look a certain room in your house; forbid your wife, children or friends to cross its threshold, or gaze in at the open door, and at once a thousand conjectures will arise in their minds in reference to it. While they were not permitted to see its contents, the most absurd notions would arise in reference to them.

On the coast of Africa, circumstances had placed an intelligent Englishman. A shipwreck, with its attendant disasters, had carried him there, and he had finally been adopted by one of the interior tribes, and lived in comparative happiness and ease.

They regarded the sun as God, while the moon, stars and planets, were his smaller children—each contributing its assistance in furnishing light and heat to these ignorant specimens of humanity. True to their own peculiar notions, animated with assurances arising within their own souls, they knew that which was productive of so much good as the sun, moon and stars, must necessarily be imbued with intelligence, and they would bow down and worship them with the same zeal and sincerity that animates the heart of a Christian at a revival meeting.

In this tribe (somewhat advanced above those that surrounded it), peculiar notions existed in regard to insanity; and they, strange to say, had adopted the practice of some tribes of Indians, and would tie the insane to a tree and whip them, and in many cases, the result was a cure!

This Englishman, after he became familiar with the language of the tribe that compassionately adopted him, one day told them, that in countries which he had visited, that two men could hold conversation, though thousands of miles apart, and not speak a word, and that their language was transmitted through a wire, and that they could convert steam into a motive power, and compel it to move trains of cars more rapidly than any wild beast could run in Africa. This astonished them! They could not comprehend it! To them this was impossible! absurd! And they treated the narration with that contempt which animated their narrow contracted intellects! They regarded him as a visionary character, destitute of common sense, and believed him insane.

He then described the scenery in his own country. Said that he had seen large balls of ice, an inch in diameter, descend from the clouds, with force enough to kill birds, and that during certain months of the year it did not rain any, but that each drop of water formed itself into a soft wisp of snow, like a feather, and that it frequently came from the clouds in such quantities, that it covered the earth several inches in thickness. Those statements, so new to the miserable, ignorant negroes, were regarded as the fabrications of a diseased brain, and this poor, unfortunate Englishman was severely flogged, until he had admitted that what he had told them was a falsehood! Thus it is with ignorance in all parts of the world.

The illiterate always stand ready to denounce those who have made some important discovery, or who take an advanced view in regard to what is usually termed God. Ignorance is the grand stumbling-block in the

way of all reformatory movements. Vindictive, arrogant in its assumptions; bold and defiant in its demeanor, it crucifies those who do not bow down to its shrine. "The world moves" was uttered by Galileo, and what a howl the religious bigots uttered against him! The waves of vindictiveness and hate, rising mountain high, and propelled forward by religious intolerance, overwhelmed him, and he was compelled to recant.

Tell a native of Africa that water forms mountains of ice in the northern regions, as solid as the earth, and he will not believe you! Humanity, instead of passively submitting to the onward strides of truth, resist it by every conceivable means.

In our previous article we advanced a grand truth in reference to The First Cause, if one exists, which all must acknowledge as true. The last generation is a culmination of all preceding ones—including, of course, the First Cause. The first man and woman, or pair, were a culmination of God, and could not possess an attribute or trait of character not incorporated in his organic structure. Then, if the first generation was a culmination from, and of God, and possessed no characteristic that was not a part of him, would not the second, third, fourth, and so on, throughout all eternity, possess attributes, instincts, feelings or passions common to him? If not, please tell me when those that are foreign to him, were introduced into his organic structure; and please describe the Second Cause.

If man has a feeling, passion, function or aspiration of mind that exists independent of God, it must have been absolutely created. But if our good traits of character originated direct from God, please inform me whom the bad traits originated from? If not from him, then two persons were engaged in the formation of man. Please tell me who this "other person" is.

To-day, then, admitting a God as the "First Cause," the murderer, the prostitute, the inebriate, the licentious, the low and vile on all sides, possess nothing—no trait of character, no passion, no function of mind, that is not common to him. The second generation must have been like the first in essential particulars. They could not impart what they did not possess; and as the first was a culmination of God, so would all generations following after them be.

The assassin who holds in his hand the dagger dripping with blood; the inebriate, wallowing in the ditch; the licentious of the low dens of infamy,—all, all, originated direct from God; could not, by any process whatever, possess anything not common to him.

This intelligent God can be no better than the objects he creates. All humanity originated from this one Fountain, you claim, and how is it possible for it to become impure, when that is the only Fountain or source of power in existence? If the Fountain is pure, the streams (generations) leading therefrom, must be pure also.

Again, if man originated from an intelligent God, with attributes common to humanity, he must have thought of him before he created him. If his thoughts were pure, only a pure being could originate from him. Hence, we can conclude that during the creative period of various races of men, at times he was pure in thought, at other times impure; at times angry and vindictive, at other times licentious—giving rise to the various traits of character that we see manifested in the human family. On no other hypothesis can we account for the crimes and virtues of society.

This proves also, that if God possesses one trait of character common to humanity, he must all—and at times he is a "God of war," at other times a "God of peace;" at other times a "God of licentiousness;" at other times a "God of virtue;" at other times a "God of falsehood."

Admitting that all humanity, or the various pairs of different races originated direct from God, he must have thought of them before he made them. If he cannot think he must be idiotic, and nothing could emanate from him. When his thoughts were pure, those whom he created were patterns of honesty and virtue; when he was in a passion, he made pugilists and those who delight to engage in deadly contest; when feeling deceitful, he formed the tattler, liar, and common slanderer; when feeling like fighting, he brought forth the warrior, and those that would stir up strife among nations. You will know, if you know anything, that everything before it is projected in the material world, first exists in the mind. It is planned there. Its length, breadth, interior and exterior forms exist there, and from that pattern they assume a tangible form.

What is true of man must be of God. The various races, the pure and impure; the honest and dishonest; the murderer; the inebriate, or the traits of character that make them such, first existed as thoughts of the Deity (if he created them), and were projected as living entities in the world.

Admitting, then, that an intelligent God exists, he is not a particle better than his children; not any better than the midnight assassin; not any superior to him who is bloated with whiskey; possesses no more virtue than the convicts in our penitentiary; is no more moral than a Booth or a Brutus, and would be guilty of ordering the death of all the women of a certain tribe that had known man, while he allowed his pets to keep the virgins for their own licentious use, and would not hesitate to send forth lying spirits, that King Ahab might be destroyed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To Everybody in the North-west.

Don't fail to attend the convention to be held at Wheaton, Ill., on the 17th, 18th, and 19th days of May.

One of the best times ever known among Spiritualists may be expected.

Diversity of Spiritual Gifts.

In our last article in this series we alluded to the multitudinous phases of spirit manifestations, but were unable to discuss the subject at any considerable length, our usually allotted space having been already consumed by other branches of the matter.

We, in substance, intimated that the Philosophy of Life, commonly called Spiritualism, comprehended in its general scope everything that we could conceive of; that it particularly comprehended the living principle that aggregates and builds up, and the disintegrating power that tears down and dissipates all forms which it has before created; that there is no visible or comprehensible organic structure or substance that has not an internal moving principle by which it is actuated, governed, and controlled; that every visible or invisible motion is but the result of the living principle which we denominate spirit. While this principle obtains everywhere and in everything, and all comes within the sphere of what is denominated the *Harmonical Philosophy*, we at this time desire to confine ourselves more particularly to the varied phenomena recognized as Modern Spiritualism.

In this sense our attention is directed to the phenomena developed by human souls who have passed from their physical bodies through that disintegrating power that separates the organized spiritual body or soul from its earthly tenement or material body.

While there is a general belief among the mass of mankind, of every nation and type, that man does survive the dissolution of the "natural body," Spiritualism alone teaches it with a demonstration not to be gainsayed.

The general belief in immortality has doubtless with all people been predicated upon the fact of spirit manifestations and clairvoyant sight, but inasmuch as such observations have been limited to a very few, the masses have believed it from an intuitive love of continued life, and as a palatable theory, rather than a demonstrated truth, until the ushering in of Modern Spiritualism.

The traditions of the ancients, the so-called sacred writings, are largely made up of the reports of facts witnessed, embellished and enlarged upon, of spirit manifestations of by-gone days.

Those who have departed this life have occasionally found mediumistic conditions by which they could, to some extent, manifest themselves to persons in the body. But such a state of ignorance and superstition has ever abounded among the people that they have actually believed such manifesting spirits were either gods or devils; hence they greatly feared them. A god and a devil was equally to be dreaded. Thus it was "a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God," and no less so to become the property of the other semi-omnipotent gentleman, who never gets short of fuel.

When we consider that a self-conceited tyrant, who rules a nation with a Nero's ferocity, finds himself in spirit-life, possessing precisely the same attributes that he had on earth, and has the opportunity to control a Moses or an Aaron, even as a good psychologist can control subjects without number, is it to be wondered at that he improves the chance to set himself up as a god instead of a Nero, and gives off a Mosaic code of laws for governing an ignorant tribe of barbarians under repeated injunctions of "Thus saith the Lord?" Is it surprising in this view of the subject that willing obedience has been yielded, in different ages of the world, to a number of self-constituted gods? And is it to be wondered at that these gods have put forth codes of laws that have for ages been enforced with savage barbarity, under the authority and by virtue of the command of a "Thus saith the Lord?"

Let it once be conceded that the same law has always obtained which now prevails, in relation to spirit manifestations through media, and that in some cases the control is so perfect that the beholders of the phenomena are thoroughly convinced that some higher power is controlling; accordingly, it will be readily seen that where ignorance abounds an egotistical tyrant in spirit-life could proclaim himself a god, and the multitude would unhesitatingly fall down and worship him and yield implicit obedience to his expressed mandate.

Thus gods have been manufactured from time to time, and such gods have ever reflected the most terrible traits of character possessed by the savage tribes of which their original worshippers were composed.

The tyrant who assumed the name of the Great Jehovah,—the omniscient *I Am that I Am*,—must have been, judging from the commands and licences given through his medium, Moses, a far more despotic character than a Caligula or a Nero.

We call the attention of our readers to these palpable truths, as founded on the soundest philosophy. We predicate our argument upon the fact that man is immortal; that he enters spirit-life as he leaves this; that he can, with all the characteristics of this life, control a medium as a good psychologist does his subject; and having through this means persuaded the ignorant people to accept him as the Maker of the Universe, proceeds to compel them to render him absolute veneration, worship, and obedience, under pain of never-ending hell torments. A selfish priesthood is built up to reiterate the behests of such a God, and the ignorant devotees are but too willing to carry death and destruction to all who resist the servile mandate to fall down and worship the great "I AM."

These demonstrated truths are based upon principles eternal, over which Spiritualists have no more control than they have over any other principles in nature; but knowing the facts, that knowledge predisposes them to guard against all such assumptions, be they of ancient or modern origin.

We have often impressed it upon the minds of our readers that knowledge is the savior of the world. Hence, we shall know how to take all such gods as those above analyzed—be they of the unmentionable name, the "grand, Omniscient" character, or of the more recent origin, who assume to speak with so much authority through the Joe Smiths, the Brigham Youngs, or any other class of media. Belief in such assumptions is due to an ignorance of the *Philosophy of Life*. To the end, in some little degree, of awakening thought upon this great and all-important subject, we present the facts and their legitimate conclusions, fortifying them with the suggestion that *good grows out of even so great a calamity as a belief in a vindictive, cruel, merciless God*.

We are well aware that poor timid souls who have entertained a trembling fear, which they supposed was *love*, for the great Jehovah of the Jews, think this series of articles, as well as the one comprising the "Search after God," by our associate, are sacrilegious—aye, blasphemous! Let us assure them, however, that we have the highest veneration for that ever-living life-principle which is ever and everywhere operating through all forms, from the molecular atom or monad up through all higher degrees, to and including the sweeping intelligences that constitute the myriad throng that composes the highest circle in spirit-life, that we can conceive of.

While we have no veneration for mythological or pretentious gods of the past or present age, we do from our inmost soul venerate that continually unfolding principle of life of which we are an integral part, and in which, as a great whole, we have a being. Call it God: but ever idealize it as goodness unfathomable, infinite, supreme. To that ideal our aspirations shall ever ascend for light! more light!

In this series of articles which were prompted by the calamity of the Ninth of October, we have been inspired to show that there is everywhere a compensation equivalent to every calamity, whose author is the ever-living principle of life indicated.

To understand the philosophy of that life, in its multitudinous phases is the mission of what is known as Modern Spiritualism. Our religious opposers denounce us as Infidels. We confess to the charge and even aspire to that infidelity to all popular fallacies called religion. We seek to know more that we may save ourself and our fellow men from the ills of this life, and from a desire when we pass upon the next plane of life, to impose bonds of ignorance upon those who may come after us in this life, believing most implicitly that the only true savior of the world, here and hereafter, is knowledge.

Who will deny that if a majority of the people living under this government were wise enough to do it, they would banish all the ills of life from the land? If those sufficiently wise to do so in this life pass to the next with all their knowledge intact, will it not be a capital well invested to begin the next life with? Having such knowledge will they desire to control media to impose bonds upon their fellow men remaining on earth, or would every effort be made toward the enlightenment and development of all mankind, both upon the material and spiritual planes of life?

When we, with a philosophical eye, glance at the great system of nature we behold it a unit whose integral parts, like a well-developed whole, is tending to a higher state of perfection upon its plane of being. Intelligent conditions, and appliances, have nuch to do with this development, its delicacy, its beauty, its flavor, its perfection. Even so conditions change humanity from barbarism to civilization; from ignorance to wisdom, to ultimate goodness upon the angelic plane of life.

But we presume this fruitful subject will further demand our attention in future articles.

Rev. George White.

Our Rev. Brother, George White, has been taking us severely to task on the Woodhull question, in the *Woodhull & Claflin Weekly*. He seems to think he is at perfect liberty to malign us through the columns of that virtuous paper, and in truly sanctimonious style cries "mad dog," to the end of bringing out such as are easily duped to retail that which he insinuates, as veritable truth. He cites various well-known Spiritualists and three *sterling papers*, the *Banner of Light*, the *American Spiritualist*, and *Present Age* as Woodhull supporters; then, in true preacher style, says:

"Would Bro. JONES be pleased with the charge of being a 'free lover,' (in the objectionable sense,) and as a proof of it, having it published that he kept a mistress in addition to his lawful wife, and that he encouraged, by his own act, the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, and that he was upheld in this practical sentiment by many who took his paper?"

Now, this usual course of a thief—being the first and loudest to cry "thief"—is just the course that this reverend brother, and several others whose names he has mentioned, have pursued toward the JOURNAL and its editor ever since they found out from experience that it was sufficiently independent to speak the whole truth and boldly defend the right.

This reverend brother means to charge us with free-love practices and with *Atheism*. He selects the columns of the *Woodhull & Claflin Weekly* for that purpose. It is well. We prefer to be assailed rather than praised through those columns. It is all very well for *reverend gentlemen* to attack us with cowardly insinuations in that paper, for presuming to reply to Woodhull's article which we, at her request, published in the JOURNAL, and for which we have received the commendations of Judge Edmonds and many hundred others of the first men and women of America and England. The insinuations of this reverend brother are in keeping with the daily verbal attacks of several of "the warm friends and supporters of Mrs. Woodhull," whom he names, verifying the old adage quoted above.

We are inclined to think that several of the "warm friends" whose names he has mentioned will, on reading the same, know that the thought will be aroused in the mind of the reader, that it is dangerous for a certain class to throw stones.

It is a matter of public notoriety that a certain person who is "deeply pained" and her "warm friends" live in glass houses; yet they coolly and deliberately throw stones out of pure malice. When it is too bald an imposition to insinuate against Brother Jones' moral character, then the priestly cry is raised against his paper, that the "Search after God" is an "atheistical attack."

Then comes the contrasting of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL with "the three sterling papers that have always spoken well of the purity of her motives, her intellectual capacity and reformatory influence,"—to wit: "the *Banner of Light*, the *American Spiritualist*, and *Present Age*."

Our only reply to this discrimination against the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL shall be a few quotations of what the *American Spiritualist* and the *Present Age* say of each other.

We quote the following from the *American Spiritualist* of April 20th, 1872:

"The public is beginning to press the inquiry as to the practical outcome of Spiritualism. It has a right to do so. A Spiritualist that does not make the dishonest honest; the liar truthful; the sensualist pure-minded; the uncharitable charitable; the malicious mild-mannered; and impel the thief to 'restore four-fold,' is not worth the paper it spots."

"To the paragraph in the *Present Age*, we offer no reply. The Managing Editor is the legitimate field of Brother A. A. Wheelock's operations. This position he is abundantly competent to fill, touching matters both financial and personal.—J. M. P. [J. M. Peebles.]

"Our associate has sent us the above, with the gentle hint that something is needed in our line. It has always been a motto with us, that if we said anything of a person, 'we would speak of a man as we find him.'"

"We noticed the attempt at a compliment, considering all such references from that source as such, in the paper referred to, but did not deem one stray Fox game of sufficient consequence to notice, although like flies and fleas, there are small creatures of the human kind that become an annoyance, if not more. Besides, we have known that Fox a long time, and do not consider his *skin* worth the trouble of taking off, although we know there are a great many Spiritualists in Michigan and other parts of the country, who, from sad experience, fully understand the *cunning ways* of this Fox, especially in money matters, and would be pleased to see a little 'fur fly,' or the *hide* itself removed; but pressed with more weighty matters, we decline attending to such a dirty job now."

"The Foxey reference, with pious cant, to that beautiful sentiment expressed by honest Abraham Lincoln, seems rather out of joint with such manifest unfairness; for how can there be 'charity for all, and malice toward none,' with anything more than the mere pretense 'for the right as God gives us to see the right,' where the dishonest purpose to deal unfairly is expressed, to those who made several intellectual efforts to have *The American Spiritualist* noticed in the *Present Age*, as 'courtesy, fairness,' and common decency required."

"Not a particle of that noble sentiment has this cunning Fox manifested! Why were those words used? Simply to deceive. No other purpose."

"An honest man, however earnestly he may oppose us, we can respect, but a hypocrite we despise. We recognise honesty and fair dealing, as a basic principle for action, not profession, merely, in our Spiritualism, while we hold it to be a stern duty, to detest and denounce dishonesty, deceit, and hypocrisy, in a professed Spiritualist, as soon as any one else."—A. A. W.

"A. A. W." means A. A. Wheelock, the managing editor of the *American Spiritualist*.

Col. Fox, the editor of the *Present Age* in May 4th, 1872, replied to the above as follows:

"A. A. W., by management of which some of his former associates can 'a tale unfold,' managed to get control of the *American Spiritualist*, and secure to himself the position of manager. The result has been a marked illustration of the adage 'Pigmies placed on heights are pigmies still,' for however well he may have managed the financial affairs of the enterprise for his own benefit, as an editor he has been unable, from native ignobleness, to rise above expressions of personal hatred and malice."

The readers of the JOURNAL will learn from the foregoing a few of the peculiar traits of character of two of the high-toned, non-atheistical journals that contrast so favorably, in the estimation of our Reverend Brother White, and against the "atheistical" RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

In conclusion we have but to say to all who are using such desperate means to prejudice the people against the JOURNAL: Go on; never spare anything that a *lying tongue* desires to give utterance to. The great mass of Spiritualists prefer a high-toned, independent journal, that protests boldly against all frauds and impostures. They desire a journal that adheres strictly to fundamental principles of truth, however much they may differ from prescribed theological opinions; a paper that combats error among Spiritualists as well as wherever else it may be found: hence they subscribe for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Boulder, Colorado.

BRO. JONES: I have long thought of adding my mite to the columns of the JOURNAL, but your contributors "dish up" such a glorious feast I fear my efforts will be plain indeed in comparison. There is one subject, however, that I will handle pretty soon if some one more able does not; to wit: a series of national school books, *entirely devoid of all theological ideas*. Our school books are doing more harm than both Sunday schools and preaching, in planting false religious ideas in the minds of the young. It must be checked by a series of books such as I have named.

I am very glad Brother Francis did not find the old gentleman. It saved an awful conflict, for I had traveled many a weary mile to find him, and found at last a myth. When he started in I resolved to wait, and if he should be so unfortunate as to have made a successful search, I would have taken the bugle "to pieces for the amusement of your readers." I rejoice in Brother Francis and his Search. It will do more to awaken thought on that important subject than any previous single effort.

Jos. Wolff.

May 18, 1872.

RELIGIOUS REVIVALS.

Discourse by Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson.

(From the Lawrence Kansas Tribune.)

The Unitarian church was well filled Sunday afternoon by the announcement that a lady who had spoken under inspiration upon a subject would be selected by the audience. At her suggestion a committee of three persons, Doctors Fuller, Percy, and John Hutchings, Esq., were chosen to name the subject. They proposed the subject of "Religious Revivals," with which Mrs. Wilcoxson held the attention of her audience for an hour.

She began by remarking that she perceived that an unusual interest was taken in revivals here of late. She had learned by the newspapers that Mr. Hammond had been working in Lawrence, and that many persons, including the local editors, had been converted. We are all by nature religious beings. There is a department of our nature by which we are influenced to penetrate the world beyond—a world which no human thought has fully explored.

Therefore religious revivals are based upon a principle of the human soul. From the beginning the mind of man has been moved to begin the hidden world with higher beings with whom it has sought communion. We are supposed to live in a world which advances the investigation of these subjects. But yet the most important question concerning spiritual affairs remains unsettled. This is shown by the fact that the world is divided over two thousand shades of belief, all claiming to be founded on an infallible revelation; they have compassed the whole circle of the divine thought. But still new heresies continually arise and make headway against the orthodox beliefs. Hence the resort to revival movements to withstand these encroaching heresies. The revivals are founded on a claim of authority to proclaim the true doctrine and condemn the opposing opinions. Authorities that deny the right of private thought and expression. Hence we suffer from the results of old theology.

The fundamental ideas of the revival are: First, that man has fallen from his high state—that he is consequently depraved, and second, the need of a vicarious atonement. A miraculous conception shall produce another God who shall die for the salvation of men. Hence the doctrine of the Trinity, "a kind of three-headed God."

The speaker then proceeded to examine the first chapters of Genesis, in which the account of the fall is said to be given. Here she maintained are two accounts widely different of the creation of man and placing him in the garden. Two Gods are here described very different in character. The first "God" is beneficent and indulgent, who gives to man the unrestricted use of the privileges of the Eden in which he places him. The second, the "Lord God," forbids him to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. This jealous and exclusive God became ever after the God of the Hebrews. A God who will not tolerate the worship of any other, prohibiting recourse to the aid of familiar spirits for fear of losing influence with the people.

The Mosaic God represented the Mosaic character. The ancient Jews did not teach the fall of man, nor is there any such doctrine taught in the Old Testament. Their religion was very much of a mythological character. Their practice of sacrifice was not taken from any idea of vicarious atonement. The scapegoat was supposed to carry away the sin of the penitent, laid it upon the hands of the priest—not to suffer in his stead. Revivals are based on this idea.

Adam's alleged sin was no sin at all. It was a virtue. Then began the expansion of his intellectual and moral nature; then he began to know the distinction of good and evil. Jesus made no allusion in his teachings to the doctrine of a fall and consequent depravity, and loss of man. In the representation of his judgment he calls the people up and addresses them in quite different terms—approves or condemns them on the ground of their conduct as to whether they have done deeds of beneficence, or omitted to do them. If the evangelical scheme be true, this is strange. Why did he not declare himself on this important question? He being so gifted that it is claimed by some that he is the infinite God, must have known if this were true and so necessary for salvation that it be believed. And yet the evangelical teachers claim authority to condemn those who reject their scheme—condemn them because they undertake to set up a moral standard within themselves. What folly to stultify reason—to thrust upon children these mysteries so contrary to their every-day schooling.

The speaker accounted for the remarkable enthusiasm of the revival by the fact that some men have certain psychological powers by which they lead the people away from the calm use of their own reasoning and common sense. If each person was educated in his religious principles so as to be well founded, such a man as Hammond could not lead them into these excitements. She questioned their right to single out men and women and pronounce them sinners.

She believed the revivals were helped on by spirit influence. The spirits who passed away in the orthodox faith would for a while remain so, and until they had progressed beyond them would attempt to carry out the same ideas and measures. For a while these revivals increase; but look a while later, and we shall find but few of these converts.

At the close of her discourse Mrs. W. invited any present to ask questions, and replied to the following as they were proposed:

1. Has any good come from the religion of the Bible?

This she replied, was a very difficult question to answer. There was so many kinds of religion taught in the Bible. It was like an instrument on which any one could play his own tune.

2. Do you believe in a personal God as an ever-present, all-knowing spirit?

To this she answered, "No." Such an idea was a self-contradiction and an absurdity. A personal God could not be everywhere present.

3. Do you believe in the literal resurrection of Jesus?

"No. It would be contrary to well known natural laws, the facts of chemistry, etc."

4. How account for a change of heart in Christian conversions?

This question she said she was inclined to treat mirthfully, but supposed it had been asked in all seriousness. She denied that there was any such change, and so there was nothing to account for. Persons may become excited with religious enthusiasm, or alarmed by fears of perdition; but their character remains the same after as before, in such experiences. A hardened criminal, for instance, just about to suffer death for his crimes, is beset by ministers and pious people, and wrought upon to accept the evangelical scheme for his salvation, as a drowning man will catch at a straw; or as is doubtless often the case, he says he accepts it in order to get rid of his previous tormentors,

who will give him no peace until he yields. But who believes that there is any change of heart in such a case? The man remains essentially as he was before such confession.

We are aware that in our report we have failed to do justice to the eloquence with which the lady held the interest of her large audience to the end of her lecture. We understand she is to remain here for several weeks, speaking every Sunday.

Lawrence, Kansas.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I learn that my beloved father passed on to the higher life on the 9th of April, from his home in Newtown, Connecticut, which was my birth-place. He had passed the three score years and ten, when he began to sink slowly away into the arms of the death angel. From my noble-hearted sister, Mrs. Emeline T. Fairchild, who, with my surviving parent, has tended him during his slow decline, I have frequently learned of his state, and been sweetly and tenderly encouraged by his earnest words of blessing—often sent me across the vales and mountains of apostolic life; and nothing comforts me so much as to feel that his dying blessing has been freely imparted to me, with a promise to return and strengthen me in my future work for humanity. When, years ago, after sinking in a rapid decline, I was first taken by the angel-powers, and pentecosted for my present ministry, my dear father had seen the light before me, having been converted through the lectures of S. B. Brittan, the succeeding phenomena of Spiritualism, through Charley Gordon, the wonderful medium of that time; the manifestations through H. P. Fairchild and C. Barnes, who visited him; and at last, through his own physical mediumship, and the control of his own children.

I have two sisters who have been among the finest mediums in the land. One of them, Mrs. Fairchild, is still one of the best test-mediums—a humble and devoted servant of the angels, who has never betrayed our Christ, but ever stood firm and unshaken—scorning the paltry price of treachery—willing to spend and be spent in the sacred cause of love and truth. And always, though her furnace of trial were seven times heated, has she boldly and triumphantly vindicated the cause of our noblest and most oppressed mediums. Faithful and true, though humble and little known, has she soothed the last hours of our departed parent, with the solacing tenderness of a reverent and filial spirit.

Oh! how sweet the calm and holy trust of kindred souls! When first I was taken, almost from the grave, and electrified by the pentecost of spirit-power, my aged father seemed to doubt the wisdom of the intelligence controlling me, and could not believe that one so frail—so near the river of change, (apparently,) could ever be successful as a public teacher, but he lived to change his opinion, and look with deep interest upon my public success, until at last he became joyous in the deep and tender satisfaction of my triumph over all obstacles, and sent me the most tender assurances of his sympathy.

"He has gone," writes my affectionate daughter—but I cannot mourn. He has gone from the crumbling tenement of clay; gone from the clasp of corroding pain; gone from the hard bed of physical agony in which his strong tenacity for life held him; gone! But only a little way; only on to the peaceful shores of emancipation, where immortal youth and unfading vigor shall clothe the enfranchised spirit in robes of health and beauty. He went from us when the warm gushing life of returning spring filled the air with prophecies of golden harvests, and mellow autumn fruits. Like the full sheaf, he went from us, rich in the golden grains of Spiritual truth; never once doubting the blessed reality of that future state where we shall meet in the full fruition of an immortal existence.

"Another has gone from this cold world of ours, No more to gather its thorns with its flowers; No more to linger where sunbeams must fade, When on all beauty death's fingers are laid. Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet— Weary with parting, and never to meet, Another has gone to the bright golden shore; Ring the bell softly for one gone before!"

May 1st, 1872. M. J. WILCOXSON

Spurgeon's Sermons.

We have received from Janson McClurg & Co., successors to S. C. Griggs & Co., of Chicago, a book, the ninth series, of the "Sermons of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon," of England. Published by Sheldon & Co., 677 Broadway, New York.

Instead of making remarks concerning the book we will allow it to speak for itself, by quoting a brief summary of excerpts from its pages, that our readers may be able to judge of its merits or demerits.

"Salvation! We all fell in our first parents; we have all sinned personally; we shall all perish unless we find salvation. Every person who is unforgiven is the object of divine wrath. 'God is angry with the wicked every day. If he turn not, he will whet his sword.' 'He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.'

"To die without salvation is to enter damnation. What a comprehensive word, then, is salvation! What a thought, that I am set as a watchman to warn your souls, and if I warn you not aright your blood will be laid at my door! My own damnation will be terrible enough, but to have your blood upon my skirts as well—I pray you, then, by the blessed Trinity, by the joy of angels and glorified spirits, by the malice of devils and the despair of the lost, arouse yourselves from slumber and neglect not this great salvation!"

"Oh, sirs, if every harpstring in the world should resound your glories, and every trumpet should proclaim your fame, what would it matter if a louder voice should say: 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!'"

"Salvation! Salvation! SALVATION! Nothing on earth can match it, for the merchandise of it is better than silver, and the gain thereof than gold."

"If you are saved it will be 'your own salvation,' and you yourself will enjoy it. If you are not saved, the sin you now commit is your own sin, the guilt your own guilt."

"There is a page in God's Book where your sins are recorded unmingled with the transgressions of your fellows."

"No other can be washed in Christ's blood for you; no one can believe and let his faith stand instead of your faith. The very supposition of human sponsorship in religion is monstrous. You must yourself repent, yourself believe, yourself be washed in the blood, or else for you there is no forgiveness or acceptance, no adoption, no regeneration. It is all a personal matter through and through; 'your own salvation' it must be, or it will be your own eternal ruin."

"Reflect anxiously that you must personally die. No man imagines that another can die for him. No man can redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom. Through that iron gate I must pass alone, and so must you. Dying will have to be our own personal business;

and in that dying we shall have either personal comfort or personal dismay."

"A substitute there is to-day for every one that believeth—God's appointed substitute, the Christ of God; but if that substitution be not accepted by you, there can never be another; but there remains only for you a personal casting away to suffer personal pangs in your own soul and in your own body forever."

A Mysterious Affair.—Exciting Midnight Adventure.

(From our Fireside (Centralia, Mo.) Guard.)

A short time since our town was favored with a real sensation, which has been the subject of considerable speculation since its occurrence, and which also caused considerable excitement on account of its mysterious nature. The circumstances are as follows:

One night recently, a handsome, well-dressed lady, accompanied by a gentleman who represented himself as her brother, got off the eastward-bound 12:40 P. M. express, at Centralia, and went to a well known hotel, the name of which we withhold for obvious reasons, and registered their names. The lady said she was the wife of a minister at St. Joseph, which has since transpired to be correct.

There was no one up at the time of their arrival at the hotel, except the proprietor and clerk, who took the lady to her room, which was situated near the front of the building, on the first floor, while her brother was put in a room in the rear end of the house—these being the only two rooms unoccupied at the time. Thus far, all was well and in proper shape.

But here comes the strange part of the affair: About two o'clock in the night, while everybody in and about the hotel was locked in deep slumber, and all nature was hushed in that calm and silent repose that always precedes the hour of midnight, some one suddenly startled the echoes of the still air by violently knocking at the chamber door of the lady, rudely arousing her from the happy dreams of the loved ones in the far-off home. The lady raised up in bed, and inquired what was wanted, when a strange male voice answered, without the door, that he wanted a certain lamp that was in the room.

Although thinking this was rather an unusual time for any one to disturb her for that purpose, the lady got up, found the lamp in the dark, and utterly unsuspecting of anything being wrong, she slightly opened the door, sufficient to admit the passage of her hand, and reached the lamp to the man, whose figure was scarcely perceptible in the gloom; he, however, did not move, nor make any effort to take the lamp from the lady, but immediately entered into conversation, saying—"You are from St. Joe, are you not?"

Being answered in the affirmative, although reluctantly, and with some embarrassment, at the strangeness of the question, under the circumstances, he eagerly said—taking one step forward—"I belong there too, and am going back."

Upon seeing that the man persisted in keeping up the conversation, with unpleasant familiarity, keeping the lady standing in the chilly night air, she abruptly cut short his remarks, and pushed the lamp into his hands—telling him if he wanted it he had better take it. He then apparently, very reluctantly took the lamp, while the lady, now somewhat alarmed, by the strange conduct of her midnight visitor, quickly shut and bolted the door. Then going to a window that overlooked the porch, she silently, and with bated breath, anxiously watched the movements of this mysterious individual, who, she describes, as a slim, spare made man.

He stood awhile at her door, as if undecided what to do, and after taking a cautious survey around, he turned and started slowly across the porch, in the direction of the street. After going a few steps, the lamp chimney fell off and was shattered to atoms at his feet. Turning his head, the man exclaimed in a tone of regret, "There, see what you have done!" He then rapidly stepped off the porch, crossed the yard, went out at the gate, and quickly vanished down the street. Since then, neither the lamp nor any one answering the description of the man has been seen.

The most curious part of the affair is, how an apparent stranger could so readily find the lady's room in the dark, as there was no one except the clerk and proprietor present upon her arrival, and no one had access to the register after that, by which the number of her room could have been found, were that possible, but stranger yet, the rooms in the hotel have no visible number on the door, and no one but the clerk and proprietor knew what room she was placed in.

From the lady's description, neither of them could possibly have been the person she saw. There is an air of deep mystery about the whole affair that will, perhaps, never be penetrated. What possible object the person may have had in view, is known, perhaps, to no one but himself.

The lady left the next day with her brother, and it is now known positively, that she is as she stated, the wife of a well known minister of St. Joseph, Mo., moving in the first society, and of a spotless character—far above reproach.

Since the above occurrence, a night watchman has made it his practice to keep an eye skinned on the lookout for that chap; should he ever have a desire for another midnight confab, and should he put in an appearance, he may have a fair chance to be the principal character in a funeral.

Lapeer, Michigan.

One word in regard to Dr. Slade. I have waited so anxiously for his defense ever since I read his expose in the JOURNAL, and in the last number I found the defense as given by Mr. Simmons, and I must say I am a little surprised to find that he rather blames you for demanding of Slade a full explanation of all the facts of the case. Mr. Simmons seems to forget, or else not to know, that there are thousands who demand the same of him and Dr. Slade, and that their failure to give the required explanation would cast a stain upon the cause of Spiritualism that all its able defenders would be unable to clear away. You did right to ask it of him, and he should give it gladly and freely, without casting such hints at you as he has done. I am not a popular woman, but I believe I have just as strong a sense of what is right as though I were Mrs. Woodhull or Britten or any other strong go-ahead of the day, if I do not scorn to stay at home and attend to my household duties myself. I lecture every two weeks, yet my name has never been in a public journal as such. I am simply

Mrs. E. B. HUNTERSON.

DR. W. PERSONS.—In another column will be found the advertisement of the above-named well-known and most successful healing medium. The Doctor has been located in St. Louis during the last six months, where he has done a successful business. He will treat all who call upon him during his sojourn in Chicago; and from success in the past, the sick who patronize him may expect to be speedily cured. Probably no healer in the United States has had more experience or been more successful.

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

Love in Absence.

Midst all the turmoil of the busy day,
And in the peaceful stillness of the night,
Recurs thy dear, fond name; when'er I pray,
Years I to see thy loving face so bright.
All in a mist, when'er thou art not here,
Looms in the distance, phantom-like, thy face.
I fancy, darling, feel thee near—
Can feel thy power and ever soothing grace.
And ever in my heart an echoing sound
Yields up its tune to Love's untrifling hand;
O'er my lone spirit love-born joys abound,
Unclouded by a shadow is Love's hand,
No pen, nor voice, my love can tell.
God knoweth how I love! Darling, farewell.

Man, Know Thyself.

Looking over the world of humanity, from a spiritual standpoint, we see that the knowledge which man has of himself varies from a very low point—almost of entire ignorance, through a great variety of degrees up to the highest point which man's spiritual attainment has reached.

The masses of mankind are satisfied to know that they are physical beings; indeed, they boast of this as the only real knowledge which can be obtained. They consider all knowledge of man's mental and spiritual natures as mere theory and speculation; and there is no other class so completely bound in their ignorance and conceit, and hence, they are in many instances unapproachable. When they pass out of this life, they are the hardest cases for the reformers, whose labors are to enlighten these and bring them out into a knowledge which shall enable them to grow and unfold into better conditions.

The religion of Spiritualism differs from all other religions in the grand fact, that while it sees these men and women—the masses of humanity all over the world, in these low conditions—it does not find any single one who can possibly be outside the pale of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. It consigns no one to a hell of endless torment, or any other kind. It condemns no one, but says to each and all—whether high and pure, or low and degraded—there is for you a brighter and better condition in the future. It says we are none of us our brothers' keepers, nor even their judges, and we always err when we get into a condition to condemn others.

We may be called to point out to them what seems to us to be a better way, and endeavor to show them that a greater amount of happiness will result from pursuing a different course. Spiritualism comes to humanity in every possible condition, and always brings something adapted to its wants.

All other religions have had more or less of the Pharisaical idea that would say, "Stand back I am holier than thou;" and it has become a part of their religion, often that in which they are most zealous, to condemn, and consign these ignorant and undeveloped—it may be wicked ones, to an eternal hell. The people have been particularly careful to carry out this part of what they suppose to be their God's decree, and they evince their adherence to him by the earnestness with which they carry this out.

Thousands in the churches, and many more out of them, within the last quarter of a century, have discovered that they have mental and spiritual powers, and in the exercise of these have become infidel to the dogmas and creeds of the church. To such a fearful extent had this gone that, had not the living gospel of Spiritualism come to these, millions of minds would have been wandering upon the barren mountains of cold and materialistic speculation, who are now in the enjoyment of that living knowledge which makes their souls truly happy. Many persons in the churches have experienced this gospel which the angel-world has brought to them, and they think it better to remain there to leave these. Others have come out and taken a bold and independent stand in favor of spiritual freedom and the recognition of the divine principle within every human being which is the recipient of inspiration, by and through which the soul of man grows and becomes unfolded in its native beauty, and gives evidence of its capacity for the enjoyment of purer happiness than had ever before been realized.

Each step in man's spiritual progress impresses him more deeply and solemnly with the importance of knowing himself in all the departments of his being; at the same time it reveals to him that this is to be the study of eternity, and that each revolving cycle of the grand future will reveal to him more of himself, and while it removes all narrow selfishness, it expands the soul with an all-comprehensive love that fills it to its utmost capacity for the time.

It is the great mass of ignorant men and women who are most stern and severe in their judgment and denunciation of their fellow beings. They have no nice discrimination of motives, and are often most fierce in charging others with those things which they are guilty of themselves. They hurl forth their anathemas upon institutions and individuals without knowing that they are hurting themselves an hundred fold more than these. Inspired by their prejudice and ignorance, they know no better. There is another class of individuals whom we are compelled to see, and of whom it may be thought that we lack charity in doing this. We allude to the class of hypocrites who, in the language of Shakespeare,

"Have stolen the liver of heaven
To serve the Devil in."

These are they of whom Christ spoke when he said, "Ye generation of vipers, how shall ye escape the damnation of hell?" He does not accuse them but asks them, "how can ye," etc. This class are among the fiercest and most bitter in their judgment and denunciation of others.

We would say to these—friends, brothers and sisters, search your own hearts as with a lighted candle, and endeavor to cast out all deceit and every root of bitterness; learn this great lesson, that to deceive your fellow-man is only to cover up that which shall be to you a cancerous sore in the future, that you will find great difficulty in healing. To deceive yourself is the greatest delusion that any human being can possibly take to himself.

The remedy for these evils is not in denunciation, not in bitterness of feeling toward each other, not in sitting in judgment upon each other, but simply and alone in self-examination, and a prayerful desire to do right and be right. These desires should go forth to the Infinite Father, and especially to his ministering spirits, the holy angels who are around about us, and to our fellow-men, for we are all appointed, and, if we did our

duty faithfully, we would be anointed, as saviors one of another.

The great mission of life is to purify and unfold our own souls into the most perfect conditions of harmony—the highest growth which our surroundings will permit; and in order to accomplish this, we must not only work in and for ourselves, but we must be willing to do whatever our hands find to do for our brothers and sisters—the world of humanity. It may be to heal their bodies, for this is a much more general work than we have yet learned to appreciate—a work in which almost all may find something to do, especially when they find their proper sphere of labor in life. It may be to speak a kind word to some one in sorrow and distress. "Kind words never die;" and it remains to be true, that "words fitly spoken, are as apples of gold in pictures of silver;" they will be treasured up.

The great mission which will continue to be ours throughout all the cycles of eternity, when we lay aside all the uncongenialities and improper relations which seem to be forced upon us here, whether we will or not, is to instruct those around us and aid them in their growth and unfolding into higher and holier conditions—to seek out the good that is in every human being, and endeavor to remove the clouds of error and darkness that may have gathered around it, so that the sunshine of pure love may descend upon it and cause it to grow.

The world, especially the religious world, has made a fearful mistake, in supposing that its mission is to pronounce judgment and condemnation upon those whom it calls the erring and fallen ones, while it has nothing to do in searching for the good that lies buried; it may be deeply in every human soul.

There are many of those whom the world thus condemns, who have overcome much more of evil than the brightest saints who have ever walked the earth, and who have their reward for thus overcoming. "Blessed are they that overcome."

The highest knowledge that we have been able to attain of ourselves, teaches us, first to sweep in our houses and before our own doors, and then in kindness and brotherly love to offer a helping hand to all whom we can influence. In this way we shall "bind up the broken-hearted, proclaim liberty to the captive, the opening of the prison to them that are bound, and thus preach the acceptable year of the Lord." Of this we may be certain, that the nearer we approach to perfection in our own souls, the less will we be inclined to condemn our brother or sister. But seeing the causes which have been, and are operating in and around them, we will endeavor to correct the unpleasant influences of these, and, by the manifestation of our love, bring these nearer to us, and in this nearness of soul is the greatest source of strength and growth that we can experience.

We do not now refer to that interior soul-love which binds one man and woman together in a blissful union that grows stronger and more beautiful with the growth and unfolding of their soul-natures, and which, we believe, is eternal in its duration. We mean that humanitarian feeling which is to save the race, and which is an evidence of the love of God in our souls; "for if we love not our brother whom we have seen how can we love God whom we have not seen," and shall not see.

"To thy tents oh Israel! To thy tabernacles oh Jacob!" Into the inmost recesses of our souls let us look with a desire to cast out all bitterness and unkindness, and we shall find the fountains of love and purity flowing therein, and angel guests will come and dwell with us; and seeing them face to face they will rejoice with us in our triumph over sin, and suffering, and death. Then shall the kingdom of heaven come into each one of us, and we shall have no need to say one to another, behold this kingdom! for each shall realize it as the dwelling-place of the soul wherein peace and joy shall abide forever and ever.

Passed to Spirit Life.

[Notices for this Department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.]

Julia Ann Fisk passed from earth life to spirit life March 17th, aged 63 years, from Fredonia, N. Y.

Past from earth-life to spirit-life, from Pierceton, Ind., April 16th, 1872, was a devoted Spiritualist.

Departed, for the bright Summer Land, where sickness and pain are no more, from Irving, Montgomery county, Illinois, on Thursday, March 14th, William Edward, eldest child of Frederic and Emily S. Challacombe, aged 3 years and six weeks.

Weep not, fond mother, for thy beautiful flower is but transplanted to a garden tended by angels, where it will continue to bloom with more fragrance and loveliness than it ever could with thee, and where the poisoned arrows of earthly disease will reach him no more.

Think not that thy darling boy will ever forget thee, but feel and realize in thy inmost soul that he is with thee still, and will play with his little brother Joey just the same; and though he may be invisible to thee, thou wilt not be invisible to him; for death takes nothing from the loving human heart, but only enlarges its powers of enjoyment. Then be of good cheer, bereaved one, for we know that every dark cloud has its silver lining.

M. A. S. K.

Dep arted this life, Ephraim Orr, of Oregon. Miscou, on the 17th day of April, 1872, aged 37 years.

One more friend of the cause gone. He may be called a veteran of '48, for he was one of the earliest to believe in the spiritual origin of the phenomena called Rochester knockings. His conversion was easy, because of certain mediumistic qualities in himself. If I am truly informed he never was a "Bible slave," spiritistically accepting every word therein as the voice of God. He was a genuine Spiritualist. His creed was not "I believe because I do believe;" but "because I know." If ever any man died calmly, even joyfully, he certainly did. His conversations during his illness and his last words were but expressions of joy at being so near home. Patient of his present sufferings, his dying eyes lit up with happiness as he saw the near shores of the Summer Land. His life was a good example, and his death a proud triumph. He seemed to regard death as nothing—a mere stepping off of the boat which had borne him as a voyager down the river of time to the roll of his dear loved native home.

"May I live the life of the righteous, and my last end be like theirs." C. L.

UNDERSTAND DISTINCTLY that we do not discontinue sending this paper to subscribers when the time is up for which payment has been made. If any one wants to have it discontinued, let him or her give distinct notice to that effect, and if anything is due him the same along with the notice. These are the terms on which subscriptions are taken, and we are thus emphatic that there may be no misunderstanding upon the subject. Justice requires that remittance shall be made as soon after prepayment as possible so that subscribers can without great inconvenience do so. Three months trial subscribers are not entitled to come in for a renewal under the \$1.50 provision. It would be an injustice to our friend, who would be called upon to make up the balance. Friends, let us ever bear in mind that we are daily painting a life-picture. If we are so selfish as to do another injustice, it will forever stand as a blot on our life's record.

SPRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.—Copies of Spirit Like-nesses can be had at this office. Sent by mail on receipt of thirty cents.

Our Correspondence.

THAT CHALLENGE!

Elder Haines to Dr. Kayner.

BRO. JONES—I herewith subjoin the remainder of the correspondence to date, on the subject of a discussion in Chandlerville, as previously reported; and I wish here distinctly to state, that I am ready to entertain any fair proposition, wherein the Bible and the religious world on one hand, and the Philosophy of Modern Spiritualism and Spiritualists on the other, can be faithfully presented. But all attempts to force the question, as in the case of Eld. Haines, can only end where it began—in smoke. The following will explain itself.

CHANDLERVILLE, ILL., Mar. 25, 1872.

D. P. KAYNER—Dear Sir:—Your reply is before me. Permit me to say that your manner of disposing of my resolution is not to my mind, courteous. If my resolution does not contain the difference or points at issue, why not say so?

You came into the community, as I understood, affirming and advocating a system of religion and morality, proclaiming publicly that it was superior to the system known as Christianity, as set forth in the New Testament by Jesus Christ and the Apostles. And when I ask you to affirm it in debate, you coolly pass it, and offer something entirely the opposite, seeking to change the affirmative and shift the laboring oar to other hands. If you believe Christianity is what you said it was in your lecture on Friday evening, and if Spiritualism is what you claimed then and there, you certainly could affirm it. I don't believe that Modern Spiritualism is superior to Christianity, and therefore deny it; you do, and should so affirm. If you do not believe Modern Spiritualism superior to Christianity, you should not ask us to receive it; but if you do believe that Modern Spiritualism is superior to Christianity, then you are bound to affirm it, and from this there is no escape. I shall certainly hold you to that position.

I wish nothing unfair, nor do I wish to treat you in any other than a friendly manner. The length of time mentioned for speakers to occupy is too short, in my judgment, and I can not consent. The other suggestions are only satisfactory in part.

Yours Very Respectfully, JOHN A. RAINES.

The following is my reply:

ST. CHARLES, ILL., April 11, 1872.

ELD. JOHN A. RAINES—Dear Sir:—I have delayed answering your second letter (of date March 25th) until the present time, for three reasons:

1. I was too much occupied with my evening seance and clairvoyant examinations, which continued up to the hour of my departure, to reply before leaving Chandlerville.

2. I have been so much engaged with my professional duties since my return, and a part of the time from the precarious state of my health unable to labor, that I could not attend to it before this date. And,

3. The animus of your rejoinder to my first reply was such that I did not think then, and do not now, that you meant business in a fair and honorable discussion, but that it was evidently done for the purpose of raising a "smoke" and throwing "fog" over what I had been doing in Chandlerville, after my departure therefrom.

If, however, I am mistaken in my interpretation of it, instead of throwing away a large portion of your record, the "Holy Bible," and attempting to force a question upon me, which will allow you to drag in all the follies and vices that are directly traceable to the "religious teachings" founded upon "the Bible," which have "outcropped" among some of the so-called Spiritualists, as well as among your professed Christians (while you desire to reject your own record). Come up squarely with your entire "Plenary Inspiration" and its records of the doings of your God among men, together with its history of those "holy men of God," who figure in its pages; come with your 1,600 different religious sects founded thereon, with their catechisms and creeds; come with the bloody history of the "march of Christianity," and the iniquity of the clergy generally, and offset these against the teachings and works of Modern Spiritualism, and then I am ready to meet you.

Until you do this, or accept the proposition in my former note, do not, if you please, charge discourtesy upon me, while attempting to force a false proposition upon me.

Trusting I shall yet see the time when we will work shoulder to shoulder upon the platform of progress, I remain

Sincerely and Fraternal Thine, D. P. KAYNER.

As a good sequel to the whole matter—my lectures and the opposition they called out from "the faithful" challenge, eggs and all, the story is so well told by a Chandlerville correspondent, in the Virginia (Ill.) Gazette, of April 5th, which we here append, that further comment is useless:

CHANDLERVILLE, ILL., Mar. 30, 1872.

BRO. SIMON PODAUGER POKEASY—I was very much struck with the remark you made to me the other evening while returning home from caucus: that "a general intelligence among the masses was destructive to our peculiar institutions," and I heartily endorse those sentiments, and would further say that I know of no greater power in our land to bring about general information among the people than that of the Gazette, and newspapers in general—hence my opposition.

"The next power in our country, is the rostrum. (And just here I would say, that I had scarcely finished my opposition to the newspaper enterprise of our village, when, lo! I had to turn my attention to an effort that was being made in our midst, to enlighten the minds of people on physiology and clairvoyance, and a future state of existence. And—would you believe it?—this scientific man just "let the cat out of the bag," and told the people that Pigmuntum Nigrum meant black paint, and that most any plow-boy might be made where the bag was open. Yes, and don't you think he had the impudence to tell the people that if they would be happy they must be good, honest and truthful, and that in order to be healthy they must obey the laws of health.

"I saw just what the thing was leading to, and if the lecturer was allowed to go on telling such facts, that the people would know as much about the human system as we do, and would become so enlightened in a law of compensation that they would be too healthy for doctors and too good for preachers. So I just sounded the alarm, devil, devil, devil, and it was diverting to see the magic influence of this mysterious word; they did not want to go where he was; no, sir-ee. And it was well they didn't go, for there were a few that had brains enough to think for themselves. They went and gave him a hearing (for that is all that truth asks), and now they can say "Pigmuntum Nigrum" as good as we can, and can't see themselves highly entertained by the lecturer.

"But as the lecture progressed, we saw that

the interest in scientific truths was increasing to an alarming extent, and that there must be something done. So I suggested to Bro. Podauger, that we hold a prayer-meeting, if it was not our regular right—have a nigger show of some kind; anything to keep the people away from the lecture. And, if necessary, have the boys to throw some eggs at the lecturer, and then apologize after he is gone, by saying it was all done in fun. (You know eggs splatter just as much when thrown in fun as when thrown in earnest.) I didn't go to hear him. It's all the work of the devil. But I am sorry to say that some of the flock did go and hear him, and they say that his lecture on clairvoyance was not only truly scientific, but very interesting, and demonstrated before intelligent men and women that it was worthy of their consideration.

"I have many other things to tell you, but I have said too much already for the good of our cause."

Yours Respectfully, "PODAUGER."

Westfield, New York.

BRO. JONES—Thirteen years ago, the 4th of the present month, the first article we ever wrote for publication, appeared in a small sheet termed the "Good Time Coming," published by Overton & Lasley, at Berlin Heights, Ohio, from which we make the following extracts:

"Are not positive and negative principles interchanging relations, and is there any one thing, power, or intelligence in the universe that is, and remains positive to all else. It seems that all mankind believe that there is a great positive first cause or intelligence, located in the centre of the universe, or else pervading it that controls all, and which Christians call God. In the study of nature, I find plenty of proof to sustain my views, but when I begin to look for something to call God, at the other end of the rope, the proof comes up missing," etc. From that time to this our sole object in what we have written, has been to sustain, and try to demonstrate the position then taken, that spirit and matter are different conditions of the same thing, and that they balance each other, and become one by interchange. In this we have been entirely alone, so far as our knowledge extend, and considered an ultra enthusiast unworthy of notice. You will recollect that a zealous brother would have had us expelled from your columns for doubting the existence of a supreme being, and asserting we could see no use for one except for the few to make slaves and tools of the many. We also recollect the noble stand you took on that occasion, that when truth would not sustain itself against error, your occupation, as a journalist would cease. The fruitless search for such a being, by brother Francis, for the last eighteen months, and the evident change that is taking place in public opinion on the subject, together with the growing difference among Spiritualists, would seem to indicate that a change of base from the supreme to the universal, is a necessity that cannot be much longer ignored. To sustain these views, we quote from authority which all Spiritualists will respect, whether they accept it or not. We refer to the recent communication in the Philadelphia department of the JOURNAL, from Professor Hare, through that truthful medium, Doctor H. T. Child, from which we make the following extract: "The recent discoveries of science with you, have left many of the old landmarks, with which I was familiar, and led us far out into the ocean of truth. The fact which has been generally accepted by scientific men, that there are but two divisions in nature, namely, force and matter, will soon be followed by another step, which, from my present stand point, and all the information I have obtained here, I now accept, that in the ultimate analysis of the universe there will be found to be nothing but force, that which is known as matter being simply the result or product of modifications of force. This is the platform on which I stand, along with the great philosophers and sages of antiquity, many of whom I have met here." Standing upon this broad and eternal platform of truth, so grand and yet so simple, all the universe is a unit of force, or spirit, for this is a necessary conclusion from which there is no escape.

Passing the balance of the article as unnecessary to sustain our position, we will merely quote the two closing paragraphs:—"19th. That spirits will soon be able to give to the world the means by which these statements may be demonstrated in an absolute and scientific manner," and "20th. That the progress of the race in spirit-life and on earth are simultaneous, and spirits are just as dependent upon mortals, as they are upon them, for these developments."

And now we feel that we are no longer alone; that this bond of union for which we have contended—the reciprocal relation of all things—is to be the guiding star of the future of our planet. You may well imagine that such confirmation of long cherished opinions, coming from such a source, give rise to a thrill of satisfaction that to be appreciated must be realized.

April 6th, 1872.

Courtney, Texas.

I am so glad that you still insist that Brother Slade shall come out in a bold, fearless, independent manner, to refute the Sun's accusations, and truly hope, for the sake of Spiritualism, that he will. If he himself only were concerned, he might afford to maintain a dignified silence; but he is public property, and therefore his acts are a target for the public. I am the only Spiritualist in my neighborhood who comes out, and openly avows a belief in its beautiful faith. But my husband and his sons are inclined to investigate the subject, and when they read the article from the Sun it threw a severe damper on their feelings. My husband could not shake it off, and every Banner of Light, and RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL that I get, he will ask: "What of the Slade exposure? Has he come out like a man and defended himself?" Well, of course my answer is, "No; but his friends are doing that for him." "But," says my husband, "that will not have the same effect as if Slade was to come out and denounce the accusation himself," and I can see that his little faith, gained from a few months investigation has considerably diminished.

As I see from the pages of your JOURNAL, that Brother and Sister A. J. and Mary Davis are going to devote themselves to lecturing for a year, I do most sincerely pray that they may come to Texas. I wrote to him in '62 or '63, and begged him to come; but his agent wrote that his time was too much occupied then.

I think if Brother E. V. Wilson would come to our beautiful Texas he would be well paid. God grant his spirit guides may lead him here. May you be richly blessed for promulgating our glorious doctrine in so fearless a manner; the sincere wish of your sister in the cause of Spiritualism, JOSEPHINE WHITEHEAD.

Dear sister, ere this number of the JOURNAL reaches you, we trust you will have seen the edition in which Brother Slade's vindication over his own signature is most ample. We venture to publish the above extract from

your letter, as a justification of the course we pursued. It gives us pleasure to know that we exactly met the desires of the great mass of Spiritualists, by demanding an explanation directly from Dr. Slade. It further gives us pleasure to know that our course received the full approbation of the spirits who control the Doctor. This was a case not to be dodged. "A dignified silence" would have been ruinous to Dr. Slade's reputation. A bold refutation of the charges places him fully before the public as an honest medium.

We pity the little dwarfed souls that are taking so much pains to prejudice the minds of others against the JOURNAL for doing its duty. But eternity with its ample developing forces is before us all: there is hope for them.—[ED. JOURNAL.]

St. Louis, Missouri.

MR. JONES—Having been a reader of your excellent paper, and a thorough investigator of the beautiful phenomena of Spiritualism and animal magnetism, for the last two years, I feel like adding my testimony to the truths I have discovered, and sending them forth, like "a wall upon the waters," through your columns, hoping they may reach some stricken heart like my own, and prove another pillar to buoy them up in the faith of the consolation of spirit communion.

Like Mr. Figuer, and many others, I have been driven to the unseen and occult forces of nature, by the saddest of all earthly afflictions, the death of a darling and idolized companion, and but for the consolation which I have received through your paper, and other like sources, though now, no doubt, have been hopelessly insane. For the teachings of my religion and simple faith in our unknown future beyond the grave does not satisfy the longings of a devoted heart like mine, without something tangible to make assurance double sure, that "when we die we live again." All of which, thanks to my own perseverance, and the kind sympathy of my spiritual friends, I have received.

I shall at present mention but one or two phases which have come under my observation, and which have created a great revolution in the minds of a large class of the best people of St. Louis, the conservative and creme, *ala creme* of our best circles, who had scarcely, if ever, heard of such wonders.

Through Mr. Willis, a spirit photographer, I last fall obtained a picture of my husband, which has proved a world of consolation to me, and an astounding verification of spirit-presence, to my wondering friends.

There are several tests connected with it which make my letter too lengthy, and which are known to my personal friend Hon. Warren Chase.

Another phase which has made a loud noise, and called forth much speculation, is the wonderful cures performed by the celebrated Dr. Persons, who is now here, practicing his wonderful powers upon many of our most intelligent citizens. Even the most Orthodox are glad to receive the magnetism, healing powers, or whatever it may be, by the laying on of his hands.

One lady, whom I know well, the wife of one of our oldest and most estimable clergymen, considered herself the subject of a miracle, so perfectly was she restored from a state of helplessness to literally arise from her bed and walk, and after having been a sufferer for months, became entirely restored.

Another lady was not only restored instantaneously, but every vestige of swelling and unnatural appearance of the limbs instantly disappeared.

A little daughter of one of our most intelligent and conservative families, has been saved almost miraculously from becoming a hopeless paralytic, by being kept upon her back by the old practice; but through his healing powers, she was raised to her feet.

These are only a few—for "their name is legion"—of his wonderful cures.

Can it be possible that this is an awakening of an innate power that has lain so long dormant? And is it not probable, that a very thin veil is between the seen and the unseen? Yes! it must be true. As Milton said, "That thousands of spirits tread the earth unseen."

St. Louis is a hard field for the spiritual laborer, for it is truly a Catholic city; and while a very large class of our citizens—the most elite and intelligent cannot deny the miraculous and spirit-power inside the church—it is only men, eminent for their moral and intellectual bearing, like Dr. Persons, who could command the respect and confidence of our city.

VERITAS.

Springfield, Missouri.

BRO. JONES—I wish once more to call the attention of the readers of the dear old JOURNAL to the benefits of the Sunday law, as carried on in this section of Missouri. One Jesse, a boy of 17 years, and his younger brother, both bright looking, intelligent boys, are living with their mother, not many miles from here, and one Sunday last fall, while they were permitted to rest from their almost unceasing toil to support themselves and mother, they saw a small flock of quails in the brush near by, and, naturally enough, thought it a fine idea to drive them into a quail trap. But this did not instantaneously, and without any noise. This, lo! one of "God's chosen people" happened to pass by, and, in order to elevate himself, reported the boys to the Grand Jury, and that humble (?) body (bound to carry out the law, whether right or wrong) found an indictment against the boy Jesse. I suppose it was for offending God, for he surely injured no one else. He was brought before the court, and, unluckily for him, there was no one in the court room to bail him; *etc.*, there was none of his friends there at the time, and consequently he was put in prison with criminals of all classes, and there allowed to remain nearly two weeks before coming to trial. When the time came he employed the services of one of the brilliant young lawyers that south-west Missouri is famous for, and after about five minutes' trial, he was fined ten dollars, and his able lawyer charged him twenty; and furthermore, the boy says he was not permitted to go on the street to get bail, nor was he allowed bail after he was confined, although it was offered.

The boy says the prison was swarming with vermin, and that his mates were criminals of all kinds.

These are facts as I glean them from the boy, and I know him to be a truthful, hard-working young man.

I wish this incident placed before the public, that they may read and ask themselves, why it is that in our 1,800 years of Christian civilization, there has been no means devised whereby our young men can be kept from the prison or the hangman's grasp? Are men so ignorant that they can not see the curse of such institutions—places that feed the baser portion of our race, and that the better part go unutilized? All the time when mankind shall rise and shake off the cursed yoke of so-called Christian enlightenment, and stand forth a free nation!

Yours Truly, J. B. WARELOCK.

"Is the Spirit Immortal?"

BRO. JONES—I saw the query in your paper, by H. A. Eastland, with some remarks, and I thought, perhaps, you would let me answer the question in another way, as my influences seem to think different, on some things. For instance—"The spirit always was, is, and ever will be, an individualized entity in form," etc.

In this we differ. The soul containing the possibilities of infinite advancement in development, is, and ever has been, an individual. But the spirit is the surrounding material or body to give to others a knowledge of distinctive individuality. The spirit body is as much changeable as is the physical body, it being composed of the vital principles of cosmic matter, or the energizing properties of earth matter. The soul obtains this principle from matter, by being brought into a condition of *en rapport*, through the laws governing organic compounds.

By its stronger affinities it holds in combination for its use, and it gains against physical elements, but being brought under the laws governing spiritual as vital elements, it is subject to interchange of particles and motion; hence, composition, as well as decomposition, are constantly going on in the spiritual, as well as the physical spheres.

We perceive man to be a three-fold being in this sphere, viz.—Physical body, spiritual body, and mind, person, or soul-individual. The mind, or mental, being the unfoldment of the latent possibilities inherent to the infinite individual.

By the law of pro-creation, the physical is projected, with its vital principle, but not without ordering of the soul proper, who claims the material working out of material, for its spiritual body, through which it puts on immortal consciousness in individualism.

We think, then, the spirit may be composed of parts, and a union of these parts is essential to conscious manifestation of the soul, and yet it is not subject to dissolution and death, but is subject to metamorphoses, in action and correlation to mind.

We see this exemplified, day by day, in the metamorphoses of tissue in man as a physical being. The only union to be severed by death being where mind and matter are united, and spirit and matter—not where spirit and mind are united.

Man, in the next sphere of being, will be a dual, and not triune compound, and there being no stronger affinities than soul for the spirit, there can be no loss, but exchange only in equivalents.

The soul is the vital of the spirit, as the spirit is vital to matter. So the ultimate attained in specific personal conditions and qualities remain for ultimate acquisition. Hence, infinite expansion in development to the spirit and soul, and man is immortal.

GEORGE W. CARPENTER.

Kendallville, Ind.

Warwick, Massachusetts.

S. S. JONES—Dear Sir:—The contents of your JOURNAL have been eagerly read by me, for I too am searching for the truth. Most truly do I believe that our friends in the other life manifest themselves to us in various ways.

When bereaved with sorrow after the loss of my mother, some years ago, and the thought haunting me, she is dead! she is dead! as persistently came the whisper, *she is not dead!* until I troubled and grieved over it, a state almost feel that she had been buried alive, although knowing, of course, to the contrary. Again, after the death of my husband, two years ago, I passed through a similar experience, and I had almost made up my mind to send to where the body had been laid, and satisfy myself that it was not so. It was when in the depth of this sorrow that I was startled by the seeming touch of a hand upon my shoulder, and had a kiss, and turning, expecting to see some member of the family, saw nothing.

This is but one of the many similar experiences I have had.

Now I say, "not dead—not even sleeping; in that bright world watch they are keeping; over their loved ones here. That these experiences have lifted the clouds from before me and shown me the silver lining of the summerland, you can easily imagine. I do not call myself a Spiritualist, for I feel that I know but very little of their belief.

It is with almost childlike eagerness to learn that I read your paper. I have envied Dr. Slade's power (or rather gift) until his present trial, through which I hope he will pass safely, and come again before the world, pure and true. It seems to me that if this great gift, of seeing the loved ones gone before, hearing them talk, etc., were mine it would afford me almost perfect happiness. I have almost felt, upon reading of his wonderful writings upon the state, that upon him should depend my future belief. He must be a true defender of Spiritualism.

Excuse me for writing so much. When I began, I had no idea of giving you even as much of my experience with the angels as I have.

Thanking you for the good I feel I have received from the JOURNAL, and wishing you all success in its publication, I am

Yours Respectfully, M. A. LANGSTROTH.

Milbury, Ohio.

DEAR BROTHER: I received your letter in answer to the one I wrote you, and now inform you that my papers are all right. Brother Maxfield lives here and is my near neighbor. I don't know how to express my gratitude for your kindness in sending me your glorious JOURNAL.

Now, I hope I shall not intrude if I should say something of myself. I have been told by different mediums that I was mediumistic in a very marked degree. And, for one, Mrs. Severance writes me so, and I have been influenced enough to place some faith in it. I have, at different times, practiced medicine with excellent success, but have given it up; but for the last four years people send to me from fifty to one hundred miles for advice or treatment and in every case I am successful. I either from seeing the patient, or from a lock of hair can determine their disease and prescribe a remedy without fail. I have from five to six calls daily, but then my services are gratis.

I think if I could be where there was a good circle of mediums I might be developed, and be an instrument of great use, but where I live there are but three or four Spiritualists, scattered over as many miles, who only meet by accident or chance, and this gives me a poor opportunity to progress; but still I have good hopes of amounting to something yet, although I am an old man seventy-one years old, of very limited means, with a family to provide for, and with no help. Still I am not cast down. I suppose my subscription is about run out and should be renewed. I shall do my best to secure the paper at all hazards. Please don't deprive me of it, but send it right along, and I will try and pay for it, if I should be obliged to live on two meals a day in order to save the means for it.

Yours in the bonds of fraternal brotherhood, F. HERRINAY.

Voices from the People.

LAFER, MICH.—I, G. Hughson writes, "Angels bless you in your brave work for human rights. I am proud to work for the dear old JOURNAL."

FINE BLUFF, ARK.—J. Merrill writes, "Every number of your JOURNAL, knocks out one brick, at least, from the foundation of old Theology. God bless you in your noble efforts."

WOODBURN, OREGON.—E. C. Conley writes, "All liberal-minded people should read the JOURNAL. I could not well get along without it. Go on the glorious cause of human reform, for you are doing a great and noble work."

NEWVILLE, CAL.—W. K. Conyer writes, "Send you three dollars in Greenbacks. You place in with good paper and I will stick them out here. I should like to meet you and see how a live Spiritualist looks."

NEW HARMONY, IND.—C. C. Warren writes, "Many thanks, for your very kind attention to my request (in my note of the 5th). It makes me feel happy to have a friend interested and able to contribute so much to my happiness, as does your deeply interesting and most glorious JOURNAL."

VALLEY MILLS, WEST VA.—J. V. Dunbar writes, "You say, 'Send good words to your JOURNAL, I can but admire you; your kind words and benevolent acts toward those who want your paper, and who are not able to pay at the proper time, and many not able to pay at all. I have never read a word from your pen but what I admire.'"

Thank you, brother, for all you do to circulate the JOURNAL. [ED. JOURNAL.]

OPHIR, UTAH TERRITORY.—Cox & Linton writes, "We regret that circumstances beyond our control, have prevented us from being more prompt in renewing our subscription to the JOURNAL, but we can not afford to be without it though we go without our dinner. We shall endeavor to extend its circulation in the mining camps of the (Saints) Utah, believing it will do much good in breaking down priestly rulers."

CAMDEN, OHIO.—E. S. Rees writes, "Although there are no Spiritualists in Camden, I am inclined to think a good test medium would set the people to thinking, and bring about a desire to investigate this new theory. Many, I believe, are growing tired and disgusted with the old Orthodox sect. I would like to know on what terms we could get a reliable test medium, one fully competent to sustain the cause."

WORCESTER, MASS.—Mrs. Flagg writes, "I am a Spiritualist, true blue, and have been for more than seventeen years. I have never been so situated that I could subscribe for any paper that suited my ideas of right. But since I have taken the JOURNAL it seems a real treat every week. I feel it to be one of the needs at the present time to break up old Theology. God speed you in your grand and noble work."

WINTERSET, IOWA.—J. P. E. Whedon writes, "We have been enjoying ourselves this winter at the expense of old fogeyism. We have crowded them so closely by spells that they have closed down on all discussions on Orthodoxy, and the 'bell-weather' (ministers) tell their dupes not to talk with any one who advocates the idea of going to heaven for 'Christ's sake.'"

BROOKFIELD, MO.—J. D. Stone writes, "The cause of progression is going on slowly but surely in this place. But we have two good mediums, and are developing some more. Dr. Perkins and lady, of Kansas City, have been here and lectured two Sundays, giving good satisfaction. Mrs. Perkins is a good lecturer and an excellent healing medium, and myself with others, can testify to her healing powers, and do cheerfully recommend her to all who are willing to trust themselves in the hands of good angels, and wish to be healed."

BLACK RIVER FALLS, WIS.—James A. Dyer writes, "You will find enclosed fifty cents for Hon. Robert J. Ingersoll's Oration on the Gods. If the book is anything like your paper, the JOURNAL, I want it just as soon as I can get it. The JOURNAL is the best thing I have got hold of since I got out of old Orthodoxy, and found I could think for myself. I never saw but little of Spiritualism; but the JOURNAL is food for a hungry, starving soul. I will let you hear from me again at no distant day. Yours for the right wherever it is found."

ELKHORN, WIS.—M. ROPER writes, "I have had to have some one read the good old JOURNAL to me, and it may be I have heard half what is in every number; but that is worth more to me than twice the price of it. It doesn't seem to me that I can get along without the dear old JOURNAL which contains so much good food for the mind. I live twelve miles from the post-office, and am the only Spiritualist in this side. Our Postmaster is an outspoken Spiritualist and a veteran in the cause. I give the JOURNAL to every one who will read it. It may do good by and by."

WALLULA, W. T.—T. J. Peabody writes, "Herewith I send you two dollars, for which please send me a box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's 'Tobacco Antidote.' I want it for a friend of mine. I will enclose to you four dollars more to be used as per order with same. I always keep a lot of spiritual books and papers laying around loose in my office for my Orthodox friends and the public generally, to blunder onto. I have all of Bro. Wm. Denton's and also the greatest part of A. J. Davis's books, and quite a number of many other authors. I intend to send for 'The Debatable Land' before long."

Thou doest well, brother. If all Spiritualists would follow your example in that particular, they would not only soon gain the respect of their neighbors for their independence of character, but they would soon find that they were living in the midst of a neighborhood of liberal-minded people. It is astonishing how soon people take to Spiritualism when convinced of its truth by reading books and newspapers devoted to the subject. [ED. JOURNAL.]

ENTERPRISE, IOWA.—S. Shimer writes, "If I fail to get the precious JOURNAL when I send to the office, I feel that I have lost an edifying friend, until it appears. I have been an investigator of spiritual manifestations for more than twenty years and have witnessed many of its different phases, therefore you will not be surprised if I tell you that I don't only believe that we have communion with the friends gone from earth, but to me a certain knowledge. Long may the JOURNAL live to give light and spread its soul-inspiring influence over ignorance and old superstition. Good angels guide and protect you and your contributors in this glorious work."

ST. LOUIS, MO.—M. A. Koch writes, "Our cause has been quite lively here this winter, and is yet. Mr. Chase lectures Sundays, morning and evening, at Avenue Hall, corner of Washington avenue and Ninth street; and the Lyceum is in successful operation. In the afternoon, at Teknor's hall, corner of Washington avenue and Fourth street, under charge of our President, Mr. Tuckett, and the Vandell Bros. We have had a so-called, literary and musical, on Thursday evenings, at Avenue hall, besides social parties at Teknor's hall on Tuesday evenings. Dancing from eight till twelve. They will close for the season, on the last Thursday in this month, with a calico ball. So you will see that one thing and another has kept us pretty busy. But I fear that I am trespassing on your time, so, with my best wishes for the JOURNAL and its publishers, I close."

WESTFIELD, MASS.—J. W. Fletcher writes, "There never has been, so far as I know, a time before in the history of Modern Spiritualism, when, among Spiritualists themselves, there were so many diverse opinions. Yet I have watched your course, as a journalist, and I ever see you steadily going forward in the straight and narrow path of justice and truth, and I am glad that you, at least, have dared to speak what you think, and not what you have, concerning the so-called social reform and its exponents. Glad that our noble Sister Hardinge, who has given her life to Spiritualism, and our equally noble Brother Tuttle, can find support in the columns of your estimable paper; and I believe that when they speak at a convention, ever do, against the growing licentiousness found on every side, they but echo the sentiments of every true worker in the cause. Your paper I find filled with valuable information, and I know it meets with a warm welcome in every home where it enters."

Friendship, its Laws and Conditions, with Brief Instructions for the Formation of Spirit Circles, by J. H. Powell.....

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Frontier Department.

BY..... E. V. WILSON.

Our Eastern Tour--No. 15.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, Sunday and Monday, March 16th, 17th and 18th, we gave three lectures and one session to crowded houses, giving many fine tests.

Spiritualism is not dead in this goodly city, but active and full of life. Sister Sarah A. Burtis helped us in deed and word in getting up our meetings. Thanks sister, from the soul thanks. Miss Millie Burtis is as true to our cause as her mother. A faithful young worker, and besides being a true and faithful worker in Spiritualism, she is extensively engaged as a dealer in Lady's Human Hair Goods, and Manufacturer of Gold-mounted Hair Work, Hair Flowers and Device Work. We advise all desiring this kind of work, to employ Miss Millie, who will guarantee satisfaction and at reasonable prices. Let the Spiritualists everywhere remember Miss Millie, No. 30 Sibley's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

We made our home at Bro. Cronk's, at whose hospitable table we were supplied with the comforts of life. Bro. Cronk keeps a boarding house at reasonable rates, and can easily be found by Spiritualists visiting Rochester. Bro. and Sister Parkhurst, on Sophia street, can give all desired information. They, too, are workers. Our sister Isaac being noted as a clairvoyant doctor. Bro. Isaac Post and his good companion, were on a visit East and we did not see them. Truly the cause in Rochester is alive. Bro. J. G. Fish has moved to the city and opened an office for healing the sick, and we heard good report of his works. Try him all ye who are afflicted with aches and pains. As a speaker and writer he is already widely known. May he succeed. We met many other old and tried friends, who gave us a cordial welcome.

We gave some very fine tests and had some sharp conversation with skeptics. We love to meet an honest skeptic. But save us from all such who have been ten, twelve or fifteen years' investigators. As one said to us--"Well, I am an investigator and have been for seventeen years, but I am not convinced yet!" We answer to all such, "No, nor will you be convinced until, like the candlewick, you are ducked and dipped in hell, and come out incrustated in sulphur, as the candlewick is with tallow, and then your investigating soul may find light. No! sir, investigator, you are an alligator with your mouth wide open, snapping at whatever lights thereon, provided you can borrow or sponge spiritual food. We know many such who are paying from ten to five hundred dollars per annum for sermons that describe hell in glowing terms, and sponge their way into spiritual things.

From Rochester we wended our way to Ellicottville, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., at which place we lectured on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, March 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d, to good audiences--both in number and intelligence. Ellicottville is situated among the hills in what is known as Great Valley, on the banks of a small stream of the same name. The village is the center of one of the best dairy counties of the State, and Cattaraugus county butter and cheese are famed for their good qualities throughout the State. Bro. Litchfield, medium, seer and speaker, is doing a good work for the cause, and is a tower of strength wherever he is. We made his pleasant home ours during our stay in Ellicottville, and a pleasant and cheerful one it was; notwithstanding the angel of Death has taken all the children of Bro. and Sister Litchfield, to the Summer Land. These little ones are mourned and missed; their places are vacant; their little feet no more make merry pattering in the hall; and yet they are not dead, but gone on to a bright and beautiful land. Still they are frequent visitors to their father and mother, at their old earth-home.

Bro. Litchfield prayed for cold weather and good sleighing, and behold, his prayer was heard! The snow fell fully a foot deep; everything froze up; cold as cold need be, and yet the people came out; the hall was full to overflowing--all could not get in.

We gave over one hundred fine tests, most of which were fully approved on the spot. One, a lawyer came who had died and was buried, declaring--"I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive forevermore. Amen." This man was so fully described that his identity was perfect and complete. Second, the boy drowned at eighteen years of age; the taking him out of the water. Third, the lame woman Lorena Todd--fully identified. Thus the work goes bravely on.

Saturday, March 23d, we left for Friendship, Nile and Bolivar, lecturing three times in Friendship, once in Nile, and once in Bolivar. These places are in Allegheny Co., N. Y., adjacent to the Pennsylvania line. Bro. Samuel Sherman takes the lead, and is ably assisted by several friends in the good cause. He is a fearless and staunch worker, and does his work well.

Among the tests given while in these places, the following, we trust, will please our readers:

At the dinner table in the hotel, the sister of a man came and stood by him and showed us how, when and where he came near being drowned. We told him. He affirmed it as a fact.

Captain C., of Cuba, came from his home in the Summer Land, leaving his place on leave of absence from the Army of God, presenting himself to us for full description, which was given to his friend, and fully identified.

The drunkard, full of woe and sorrow--the result of violated law--spoke with regret of his sad estate. A warning to all who tamper with strong drink. The man was fully described and as fully identified. This was a sad failure of a life at one time bidding fair for a glorious future, and to us one more witness to the thousands already received, that there is no such thing as forgiveness. The penalty must be paid in full here or hereafter for the violation of any of the laws of life.

To a young widow came the husband who, but a short time before, was laid away in the grave. This case was a peculiar one, and created a good deal of feeling. At the funeral the minister who preached his funeral sermon, had cruelly and wickedly declared to the listeners and mourners, that there was no hope for him; that his soul was in everlasting woe; thus torturing the young wife's sensitive nature into gloom and fearful agony. The husband who came before us was fully described. He spoke of the funeral sermon, and bid his young wife heed it not, for his happiness in the spirit-world was as much a matter of fact as when in the body, only alloyed by her sorrow. He bid her be of good cheer, for all was well! The sunshine came again to her soul, filling it with joy. The cloud lifted, and the death-

weight of Orthodox damnation removed, and her trembling, sorrowing soul made to rejoice in the knowledge of a progressive and practical immortality.

A spirit man came to his old friends, told them of his death by the fall of a tree, the time and place.

To a music teacher came the girl pupil, in love and truth, speaking of her happy home.

Then came the spirit of Pat O'Neil, killed on the railroad; gave time of death, age and place. All of these were fully identified and confirmed.

Bro. Sherman has been, and now is, the champion of Spiritualism in this section of the Master's vineyard.

Wednesday, March 27th, we leave Friendship for Putneyville, Wayne county, New York, across the State by going half around it, via Dunkirk, Buffalo, Rochester and Palmyra. Time, two days and two nights. At the latter place we took the stage, staging it eighteen miles through one of the very best farm sections of New York State. Reaching our destination at 9:15 P.M., cold, weary, hungry and tired. We found a quiet and pleasant home at the house of Bro. Reynolds. A joyous good old couple are Bro. R. and lady. We enjoyed their home.

Friday evening, March 29th, we were in our place at our work--the work we love--continuing to teach the truths of Spiritualism until Sunday evening, March 31st.

Putneyville is situated on the south shore of Lake Ontario, west of Soda Bay, some seven or more miles, and is the home of many who are following, or have followed, the lakes for a living. The liberal elements predominate, and the people seem happy and cheerful. Among the active workers in our cause in and around Putneyville are the Laeys, Reynolds, Troops, Whites, Austins, Gilberts and others, who are brave, true and fearless exponents of liberal ideas; who are not afraid to live and be good to themselves.

The weather--well, what shall we write of it. "First it blew, then it thawed, then it rained, then it snowed, and then it froze, all the time." This was Col. Crockett's description of the first week he spent in Washington, and it meets our experience during our stay in Putneyville. But, notwithstanding this continuous storm, our meetings were well attended, the audiences being large and intelligent.

Putneyville will soon have railroads, and thus connected with all the world, will afford work for our speakers and mediums.

We gave many fine tests; some of them very remarkable. But being somewhat in a hurry, we will not write them out or give them a place in our "advertising corner," for fear it might again paralyze the weakened nerves and brain of our little friend, lately a deck hand on the craft Woodhull, now "Managing Editor of that erratic and somewhat eccentric sheet, *The American Spiritualist*, that was born in Cleveland, and, like the *Universe*, has gone to New York to die.

E. V. Wilson's Appointments for May.

E. V. Wilson will lecture in Keokuk, Iowa, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, May 10th, 11th and 12th inst. Lectures to be held in the Court House, commencing at 8 o'clock on Friday morning.

A Call Convention.

To the Spiritualists of DuPage Co., Ill., greeting: We, the undersigned, call on you to meet us in council, at Wheaton, DuPage Co., Ill., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 17th, 18th, and 19th of May, 1872, for the purpose of organizing a conference meeting, to be known by such name as in the wisdom of the Convention may be determined on.

This meeting will be called to order on Friday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, the 17th of May, 1872, in the Universalist church in Wheaton, situated twenty-four miles west of Chicago, on the Galena Branch of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, and will continue its sessions through Saturday and Sunday, closing Sunday evening.

We invite all liberal-minded people to meet with us in council, thus taking council one with the other for the good of all humanity.

Let us come together in truth, taking council with each other, asking the angels to be our helpers. Let us know each other here, that we may know our own hereafter.

We especially invite the Spiritualists of McHenry, Kane, and DeKalb counties, to join us. Arrangements have been made with the friends of free thought in Wheaton to entertain as many guests as possible, and at hotels at reduced charges.

E. V. WILSON, H. CARPENTER, MARY ELLEN WILSON, I. SABIN, MILO PORTER, T. ABRA JEWELL, ELIAS JEWELL, K. HOWARD, JOHN THURASHER, C. A. D. SMITH, D. BRONSON.

Epilepsy Cured in Four Months by Spirit Power.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the celebrated healing and business medium, 148 Fourth Ave., among the other wonderful cures daily performed under spirit direction, by letter, without her ever seeing the patients, presented us with the following correspondence, showing the cure of a most desperate case of epileptic fits in less than four months time.

Our readers will bear in mind that the band of spirits controlling Mrs. Robinson delegate one of their number to watch over each case until a cure is performed; and in cases where the sick persons are mediumistic they not only see but converse with and are conscious of being manipulated by such delegated spirits.

These cases seem almost incredible to skeptics; but they are well-authenticated facts. In cases where the sick persons have no consciousness of spirit presence, nevertheless they are thus treated through her mediumship beyond any reasonable doubt.

See her advertisement in another column, in regard to requirements on application for treatment, etc.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson: Inclosed find \$3.00 and lock of hair of my son, William Francis Marion, who is afflicted with epilepsy. He is seventeen years old. I hope you may be able to do him good. Still I cannot do as others do--say I have full confidence. I intended to have you read from lock of hair only as a test, but it is not a test I want; I want him cured if possible. Yours in hope, AARON LORD. Middlefork, Ind., Jan. 4th, 1872.

Mrs. Robinson diagnosed the case and prescribed the remedy dictated by the spirits, for whom she is a medium, with directions for

the father to report from time to time. He did so as follows:

Mrs. Robinson, Dear Sister: I feel grateful for the prospects and the privilege of calling your attention to our afflictions and distresses again. I need not tell you the condition of our son, but send you a lock of hair as before. Can we hope to have him cured?

AARON LORD. Middlefork, Feb. 23d.

Again the medium diagnosed and prescribed and the following is the report:

Mrs. A. H. Robinson, Dear Sister: With a grateful heart I pen you a few lines--a statement of facts. Our son that has been treated by you for epilepsy, is as we believe, completely cured. The truth is he has had spasms on but two occasions since you began to treat him. He first took them when but four years old, and is now past seventeen; and with but slight cessation he has had them ever since, up to the date of your prescribing for him. A great part of the time he was delirious, and had to be guarded both night and day, which is well known by my neighbors and relations. At this time he is capable of taking care of himself, and his mind seems to be only slightly injured. People think his mind will be the same it would have been had he not had fits. I can gladly recommend your cure to all those afflicted likewise. Inclosed I send you a lock of his hair, that you may know how he is. In regard to pay, at the present time, I would say I feel pressed some, but will by and by send on to you. After spending money, time after time, and taking great risk of losing him by quack nostrums, I feel I have found the pearl of great price, and if I should never be able to remunerate you as I could wish, may I be able to send the poor sick wayfarer to you, and may the good angel spirits bless you and encourage you to like deeds of charity, that there may be a rejoicing in many other families as there is in ours.

After examination if you think he needs further treatment send it. We readily trust you. AARON LORD. Russiaville, Ind., April 29th.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Freelight contains numerous short and well-written articles. Published by James Burns, 15 Southampton Row, W. C., London, England.

The Phrenological Journal, for May, is a most interesting number. The following topics are worth special commendation: "How the Faculties Combine;" "History of Photography in America;" "Punishment and Prison Reform;" "Small-Pox and Vaccination;" "The First Chapter in Genesis--another interpretation;" "Tools for our Women."

The Overland Monthly. The opening article of the May number presents valuable facts about "Wine-making in California." It is the closing paper of that interesting series furnished by Arpad Haraszthy, in which we learn that the large sum of \$31,000,000 is invested in this pursuit in California, and that the future annual increase will not be less than \$2,000,000.

A new feature is added, occupying the two closing pages of the number, under the heading of, "Record of Marriages and Deaths on the Pacific Coast," which for reference alone, arranged in a convenient alphabetical form, is very valuable. John H. Carmany & Co., Publishers 409 Washington street, San Francisco, Cal. \$4.00 per annum.

Old and New. Rev. James Martineau, the celebrated English divine, contributes a thoughtful and striking article to the May number, entitled "The Place of Mind in Nature, and Intuition in Man," discussing weighty questions of psychology in a very interesting way. The serials are continued as usual. The editorial introductions are practical and suggestive. One of them tells briefly how to have many flowers from little ground; another shows up the poor quality of current Sunday-school books; and there are statements worth conducting in that prefixed to the "Record of Progress," on social science, and the pleasant account in the Fine Art introduction, of the New York gallery of old masters.

There are some further entertaining "Reminiscences of Brook Farm;" a graceful sketch of woodland flowers in Maytime; several short poems of more than average merit; a sharp attack on Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews' "Universology," and other good matter.

Spiritual Convention.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Spirituists of Nunica, Mich., will be held at the Bartholomew School-house the first Saturday and Sunday in June. Mrs. L. A. Pearsall is engaged for the occasion. Speaking to commence at ten and two o'clock each day.

A general invitation is extended to all. Friends from a distance will be duly provided for.

R. B. JENNINGS.

Sure Cure for Catarrh. I have the only remedy that will cure Catarrh. In no case will it fail. Sent by mail. Large bottles \$2.00; small, \$1.00. W. PERSONS, D.M. 902 Wabash Ave., Chicago. v12n9tf

MESMERISM, SPIRITUALISM, WITCHCRAFT, AND MIRACLE. A TREATISE Showing that Mesmerism is a Key which will unlock many chambers of mystery. BY ALLEN PUTNAM. Author of "Spirit Works," and "Natty, a Spirit." Price 30 cents. postage free. * * For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

FOUR LECTURES BY THOMAS GALES FORSTER. 1.--An Address on Spiritualism. 2.--The Analogy between the Facts of the Bible and the facts of Modern Spiritualism. 3.--Man a Religious Animal; or, the Devotional Element in Man. 4.--Man a Trinity.

These able and learned addresses were delivered by Mr. Forster in Apollo Hall, N. Y., under the auspices of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, during the month of November.

Price 15 cents each; postage 2 cents. * * For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

CRITICISM ON THE APOSTLE PAUL, IN DEFENSE OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS. --O-- Intemperance, War, and Biblical Theology, the three great obstructions to Christianity. By M. B. Craven, AUTHOR OF "CRITICISM ON THE THEOLOGICAL IDEA OF DEITY," "MEDIATORS OF THE WORLD," etc. etc. Price 25 cents; postage 2 cents. * * For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

NATURE'S LAWS IN HUMAN LIFE: AN Exposition of Spiritualism: Embracing the various opinions of Extremists, pro and con, together with the Author's Experience. BY THE AUTHOR OF "VITAL MAGNETIC CURE." Price 1.50; postage 20 cents. * * For sale by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

A New Progressive Era in Spiritualism.

Under the direction and advice of the Spiritual Intelligence, most influential in inaugurating the movement known as "Modern Spiritualism," a NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, of the highest possible literary tone and interest, has been projected, to be entitled

"The Western Star."

The principal features aimed at in this undertaking will be: to establish a record of the deeply momentous events connected with Modern Spiritualism, in the most unexceptionable literary shape, and to gather up and preserve such material as cannot be included in the columns of ordinary weekly journals devoted to Spiritualism; to treat all topics of current interest from a purely Spiritualistic standpoint.

SECOND AND THIRD VOLUMES OF "MODERN AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM." The projectors of this magazine call special attention to their design of securing from Mrs. EMMA HARDING-BRITTEN the exclusive right to publish, in successive numbers, all the voluminous and deeply interesting material she has prepared for the compilation of two additional volumes of her great work, "MODERN AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM."

In this wonderful assemblage of facts, records of special phenomena, and biographical sketches, Mrs. Harding-Britten is possessed of Mrs. and other unpublished matter, as well as literature now out of print and unavailable to any but herself, which renders the treasures she has been collecting during many past years, almost priceless, and more than equivalent to the worth of the yearly subscription, without the reading matter designed for the magazine.

Attention is solicited to the following synopsis of subjects sketched out by the immortal projectors of the work:

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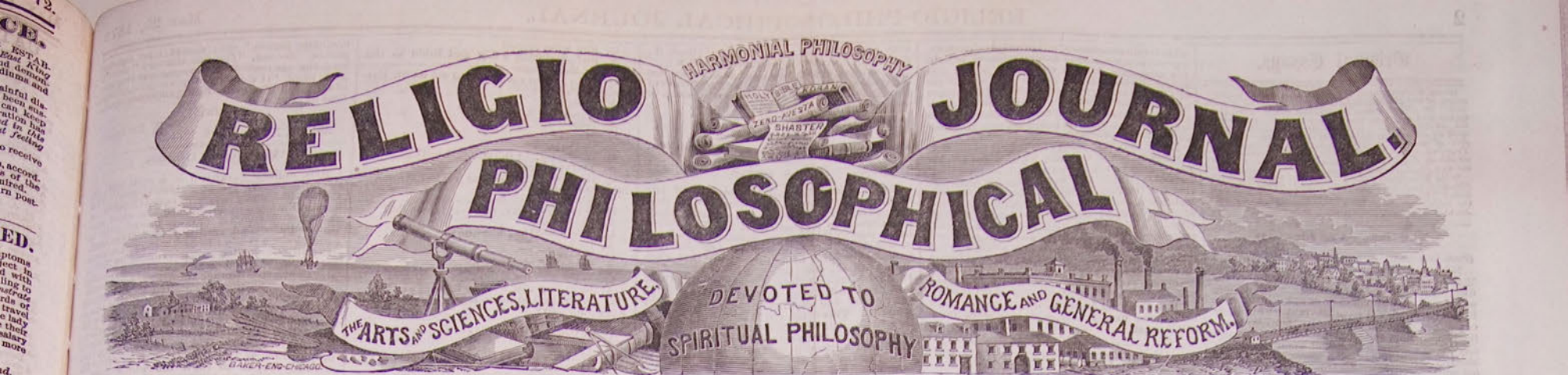
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VOLUME XII.

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MY GRANDFATHER'S GHOST STORY.

[From the Scottish American Journal.]

I have frequently heard the following marvellous story related by my grandfather as an actual episode in his life. I will give it, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words, leaving each reader to form his own opinion upon the incidents, without any commentary upon my part, further than the statement that my grandfather was a man whose veracity I had never any reason to doubt.

It was during a summer vacation that I met Karl Korner. I was reading hard for my degree; for, having been somewhat idle and dissipated during the term, I found it necessary to spend what should have been my holiday among my books. For this purpose I pitched my tent at Bucksleigh, an ancient and romantic village in the New Forest. I was guided by several considerations in my choice of locality: first, it was a reasonable distance, even in those days, from London and Oxford; second, I was bitten about that time by an entomological mania, and here was the spot of all others for rare moths and butterflies; thirdly, a delightful and salubrious climate; and, fourthly, not far away, near Stony Cross, was the family seat of some college chums, whither, if books and butterflies became too monotonous, I could flee for relaxation a day or two.

These friends had very much pressed me to take up my abode wholly with them; but had I done so, I might as well have left Greek and Latin behind me, for all the use I should have of them. So I prudently declined, with the compromise I have mentioned.

The house I lodged in was at least as old as the Tudor days—pointed roof, overhanging stories, latticed windows, painted beams, dark oak staircases, paneled rooms, carved fireplaces, etc. It belonged to a family who had resided abroad for ten years, and was let, during the summer months, in apartments to visitors. I had but one fellow-lodger when I first came to Bucksleigh, Karl Korner, a German, who, with his servant and the old woman who looked after the house, was, besides myself, its only inhabitant. From the first he curiously impressed me. In appearance he was the very beau ideal of the mysterious German of romance. Long, fair hair, blue eyes deeply sunken, pale, hollow cheeks, a moody demeanor, and tall figure—he might have been Charles Moor himself. In his habits he was reserved to moroseness. He had a weird way of talking to himself, and a strange trick of almost every moment casting sharp, fearful glances over his shoulder, as though he fancied some unpleasant object was behind him. No one was suffered to enter his apartment, save his own servant, a dark, saturnine-looking man, as mysterious as himself. I questioned Mrs. Adams, the housekeeper, as to who he was. But she was as much in the dark, and far more curious than myself respecting him. About two months before his arrival she had received a letter from her master, who was then residing in Germany, to say that a foreign gentleman would, in the course of a few weeks, arrive at Bucksleigh. The choice of apartments was to be given him; she was, in all respects, to attend to his wishes, and above all, was to ask no questions. The time of his sojourn was uncertain, but he might leave at any moment. This was all the information she possessed.

There was something about Korner that attracted, and yet repulsed me. The mystery that excited my curiosity may be ascribed to the first feeling; the dark, sinister expression that sometimes mingled with the gloom upon his face, to the second. I frequently saw him wandering about in the forest during my entomological rambles; but both in and out of the house he avoided an actual meeting.

We had been fellow-lodgers about a fortnight, without having previously exchanged a greeting, when we became suddenly acquainted. It happened in this way: I had been out in the forest all morning butterfly-hunting, and having captured in my net a splendid red admiral, two peacocks, and some smaller fry, I was lying back in the shadow of a huge beech, gazing over my prey, when, happening to look up, I saw the German leaning against a tree, with his arms folded, and his eyes bent upon me. I had not heard his footfall upon the soft turf, and his sudden appearance quite startled me. Without a word of introduction, he threw himself upon the grass, and entered into conversation as freely as though we had been old acquaintances. He spoke English fluently, although with a strong foreign accent. I found him to be a man of highly cultivated mind. Our topics were Greek, Latin, poetry, entomology, scenery; and upon all, his remarks were equally just and full of knowledge. He grew warm and eloquent, his cheeks flushed, his eye brightened, the whole man was transformed. Suddenly, without any warning, in the very midst of a speech, he stopped, the color died out of his face, leaving a ghastly pallor in its place, while his face, full of horror, stared wildly upon vacancy. The change was so instantaneous, that for a moment I was struck as speechless as myself, my eyes instinctively following the waving branches of the trees and the bright sunlight. Before I had recovered my self-possession sufficiently to speak, he sprang to his feet and hurried away; as the trees hid him from my sight, I saw him cast the old fearful look over his shoulder.

There was something about the incident that, instead of the bright sunshine, gave me a strange, superstitious feeling. After a long cogitation, I could come to only one conclusion—that the German was mad, and that his saturnine servant was his keeper.

A week passed away, and I saw no more of Korner, beyond a fleeting glance, as he passed my window on his way to the forest. In the meantime I had a visit from my college chums of a few miles off, to whom I related my Ger-

man experiences, and thereby inflamed their imaginations with the most outrageous ideas. He was one of Schiller's robbers: Mephistopheles, a Werter, the wild huntsman, Salathiel, a banished count, and I know not what. Enclosed behind my window curtains, they waited his passing, to catch a glimpse of him, and the sight of his strange, gloomy face made them almost seriously incline to those ideas that had been jests before. The object of their visit was to induce me to go with them to a ball that was to come off in a fortnight at Southampton. But I heroically resisted all entreaties, so they left me to my studies in disgust.

Great was my surprise one evening, just as the twilight was closing in, at receiving this message from Mrs. Adams:

"Would Mr. Serle honor Mr. Korner by his company, and sup with him that evening?"

The old lady was all in a flutter as she spoke the words. We exchanged looks. My curiosity was aroused to see the sanctum that none had beheld, and instantly accepted.

When I entered the room, I felt almost surprised to find that there was nothing peculiar in it, except that it was peculiarly comfortable. Although the weather was warm, a cheerful fire burned in the grate, and three large lamps illuminated every part of the large sombre room.

"I like plenty of light," he said, after cordially greeting me; "I hate dark corners."

So it seemed, I thought. Our conversation turned upon German literature, which the translations of Scott, Coleridge, and others, and the imitations of a host of English writers, were bringing into fashion. His mind was deeply impregnated with its mystic and metaphysical character. I found him to be a profound believer in the wildest dreams of the Rosicrucian and the demonologist. Our conversation had naturally, although almost imperceptibly, drifted into this channel, and I could not help remarking the strange, forced manner in which he spoke upon the subject, as though compelled to talk of it by some occult power against his will. I ventured to be skeptical, and shall never forget the look with which he turned on me.

"Your philosophy," he said bitterly, "rejects all things that do not come within the scope of its narrow reasonings, regardless of the fact, that every object that exists contains within itself unsolvable mysteries. Of the nature of our own souls, of their condition or destination, after they are freed from their bodies, we know nothing. Can we conceive eternity? Can we conceive illimitable space? Space before matter? The principles of our own being? We know these, and yet we cannot bring them within the petty circle of our own reason. In the face of these mighty mysteries, and of the yet mightier mysteries of the Christian faith, how dare man arrogantly assert that naught can not be? One of our poets says: 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' Wisdom is usually purchased at a bitter cost."

There was something in his manner that deeply impressed me, and I would have continued the conversation, but he skillfully changed the subject, and we were soon deep in the discussion of the comparative merits of ancient and modern literature. In this agreeable discourse, aided by an excellent supper, some equally good wine and cigars, time glided on almost imperceptibly.

It was just upon the stroke of twelve when I wished him good-night. As I opened the door, I fancied I heard a sound like the rustling of a woman's dress. Thinking it was Mrs. Adams, who was the only female in the house, coming up to speak to me, I turned my head; but there was no one upon the landing or on the staircase. The sound passed me, and there was a flutter in the air, as though it were disturbed by some moving body. Following its supposed direction, my eyes fell upon Korner. In a few seconds a ghastly change had fallen upon him. His face was deadly pale, his eyes fixed with a look of horror, his hands convulsively clutching the arms of the chair upon which he sat. I was advancing to him, thinking he was ill, when a hand, laid upon my shoulder, held me back. I turned, and saw the German servant, who by word and gesture requested my absence. The next moment I found myself outside the door, and heard the key turned in the lock.

A week elapsed, during which Korner and I never once met. I had been hard at my books, had completely shaken off my late superstitious terrors, retaken to skepticism, and had thoroughly made up my mind that the German was the victim of some painful disease, of which I had witnessed the paroxysms.

It was the night of the ball, which I have before mentioned. I had had a letter from my friends that morning, as a last persuader, to meet them at Southampton, and accompany them to the ball. But I heeded not the voice of the charmer, and was farther strengthened in my virtuous resolution by the weather, which, uncertain for several days past, toward the evening in question assumed a most savage aspect—the rain descended in torrents, the wind blew a hurricane, and there were distant mutterings in the air that portended a thunderstorm. As I looked round my gloomy room, in the fading light, I could not help picturing with a sigh the brilliant ball-room at Southampton.

While thus meditating there was a knock at my door. Before I could answer it, Korner stood before me. Even in the twilight I could perceive that his air was excited with a kind of forced gaiety.

"How horribly dull you are here," he cried. "Come up to my room; I have a cheerful fire and plenty of light, a bottle of good wine, an irreproachable cigar, and Mrs. Adams is preparing an appetizing little supper."

Now, after my little experience, I did not

much care about passing the evening with Korner, so I began a polite apology about the necessity of study; but he impatiently interrupted me:

"Pshaw, man! it is the last opportunity you will have of refusing me."

"Are you going to leave us then?" I inquired.

"Yes; my release is at hand, and I wish you to join me in celebrating it."

"Your release?" I reiterated.

"Yes; but we will not talk of it to-night; you will hear all about it to-morrow," he answered lightly.

After that I could not refuse his invitation. There was a strangeness in his manner that I could not understand, which impressed me disagreeably. He was as gay as a Frenchman; he laughed, told anecdotes and doubtful adventures, sang German student songs, and was so unlike himself, as I had previously known him, that at times I had serious doubts whether I was waking or dreaming.

"I astonish you," he cried. "I have cast aside what you call blue devils for to-night, and, as Shakespeare says, 'Richard himself again!' what I was in my old student days, the merriest fellow within the walls of Bonn."

But I did not like his merriment—it was to me far more depressing than his gloom. I drank his hock, I smoked his cigars, and I laughed at his stories; but I felt all the time like one oppressed by a nightmare, and would have been delighted to find an excuse to get down quietly to my own room.

In the meantime the storm was raging violently, the rain dashing in sheets against the windows, and we could hear the crash and moan of the forest as the wind rushed through the trees; and the thunder, nearing, though still distant, rolled sullenly through the air.

"A pleasant night for a journey!" he cried, in the light, jesting tone he had assumed throughout the evening.

"You are not going a journey to-night?" I said.

"No; but Fritz has gone. I shall not start upon my journey till to-morrow morning—a far longer one than Fritz's."

I shuddered; I know not why.

"Now, my friend, it is time that we separate," he said suddenly, rising and holding out his hand.

The intimation was sudden, and not strictly polite; but I took the hint with the most cheerful alacrity.

"Pardon my abruptness, but I must now prepare for my journey."

An odd time, I thought, to begin preparations for a journey. As I wished him good-night, I heard the rustling of a woman's dress behind me, felt the movement in the air, and the sensation of a passing body, just as on my previous visit, and on Korner's face fell the same ghastly look. My nervous system was highly wrought, whether by the shadow of coming events, or by the electricity of the atmosphere, I know not; and without another word I hurried out of the room. As before, I heard the key turned in the lock; but, as before, I did not hurry down to my room, for my limbs trembled so violently, and my head felt so dizzy that I was obliged to lean against the wall for a moment, for fear of falling.

The tempest had reached its culminating point. The thunder-clouds were upon us, and sent forth peal upon peal, till the house trembled and shook as though swayed by an earthquake; the lightning flashed in sheets, and in jagged fire, now blue as steel, now luridly red; the rain had abated, but the wind, rushing through the forest leaves, sounded as though a furious mountain torrent or a roaring sea was coming down upon us; while the branches crashed, and groaned, and shrieked, as the hurricane swayed and broke, and hurled them one against another. Never have I heard so awful a contention of the elements. I can never recall the memory of that terrible night without a shudder. And there I stood in the full blaze of the lightning, as it shone through the staircase window, with the fascination of terror upon me.

Suddenly through the din of the storm there rose a sharp, wailing cry, that curdled my blood and bristled my hair. It came from the room I had just left. By a sudden impulse, which I could never explain, I resolved to try and solve the awful mystery which was about me. There was but one way. Across the front of the house ran a narrow balcony. The window I was standing against was in a line with those of Korner's room. With the rain beating down upon my bare head, and the wind sweeping around me, and almost lifting me off my feet, I crept on to this balcony, and between an opening in the curtains peered into Korner's room, and this is what I saw:

The room was blazing with light, just as I had left it. With his back toward me, quivering and crouching, was the form of Korner; facing the window, and looking into his face, stood a woman. Her dress was that of a middle-class German life, but her face was the most lovely I ever beheld; the hair was of the brightest, rarest yellow, the complexion faultlessly pure, the eyes large, dreamy, and of a deep violet, the nose and mouth of the most perfect shape. While I gazed, fascinated by her extraordinary beauty, a hideous transformation took place before my eyes. The clothes faded from her form, her beauty melted away like a vapor, and in its place my horrified gaze was fastened on a skeleton, on a grinning, loathsome skull, out of whose mouldering recesses crawled bloated, obscene worms. The vision was but of a second's duration, and then I saw the bones crumble before my eyes, and the skull totter and fall.

I saw no more. A mist gathered before my eyes, and the sickness of death overpowered me; but as I fell I heard a loud explosion, which sounded unlike the thunder that a moment afterward mingled with its echoes.

When sense returned, I found myself lying upon the pavement of the balcony, saturated with rain, and cold as ice. The morning was just breaking, the storm had cleared away, all but the wind, which still blew hard, but in fitful, dying gusts. With a dazed brain, upon which still lingered the dark shadow of the horrors I had witnessed, but no substantial idea, I mechanically sought my own apartments, and in the same automaton fashion swallowed a large glass of brandy, undressed, got into bed, and without any further recollection, fell fast asleep.

I was awakened by a sudden shock, and the sound of loud laughter. When I opened my eyes, I found myself upon the floor, and my friends from Stony Cross standing over me, convulsed with laughter, at I presume, my ridiculous and sacred appearance. In returning from Southampton, they had come several miles out of the way to pay me a visit. Upon hearing that I had not risen, heated with champagne, and ready for any mischief, they entered my room, lifted me out of bed in my sheet, and bumped me not very gently upon the ground.

We had just sat down to breakfast, when Mrs. Adams put her head in at the door, and beckoned me out mysteriously.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for interrupting you, but I am so uneasy about Mr. Korner that I couldn't contain myself any longer."

"What is the matter?" I asked, in great agitation.

"Well, you know he is an early riser, never in bed after six. It is now ten, and I have neither seen nor heard him. I have knocked at his door, and can get no answer."

"Where is the servant, Fritz?" I inquired.

"He went away yesterday, saying he should not return for some days, and that I was to attend upon his master in the meanwhile."

I told her to wait until after breakfast, and I would see what could be done. All the horrors of the last night came vividly back upon my memory, filling me with evil forebodings. It was impossible to conceal my perturbation from my friends; and after a very little pressing, I told them of the housekeeper's fears, and certain of my own experiences, omitting all mention of what I had seen through the window, which would have excited only their ridicule.

The breakfast table was abandoned; and while I proceeded to the German's chamber, the others waited the result at the far end of the corridor. No answer was returned to my knock, and after a little hesitation, we decided to send for a locksmith and make a forcible entry. No one thought of entering by the windows, and I dared not propose it; I could not for my life have looked through them again.

In a very short time the lock was taken off and the door thrown open. The room was darkened by the curtains, save in one spot, where the sunbeams streamed through an opening, and fell full and brightly upon an awful object—the upturned, blood-bespattered face of the German. He was quite dead; his hand still grasped a charged pistol—he had blown his brains out.

I need scarcely remark that I did not pass another night under that ill-omened roof, but at once accepted the invitation of my friends to return home with them.

Of course you are now anxious to know the explanation of the mysterious spectre and all other mysteries. All that I can tell you upon the subject was gathered more from inferences than from direct information. In Korner's writing-desk was found the miniature of a lovely girl, which I immediately recognized as the face I had seen in my vision, and beside it was a strange and horrible letter, of which I made a copy at the time, and which, as nearly as I can remember, ran thus:

"When you read these lines I shall be no more. Living, I am powerless to avenge your wickedness to me, but if there is a just God, my revenge will reach you from the grave. I have prayed unceasingly to be directed to a retribution as awful as the misery you have brought upon me. My prayer has been heard, and, mark me, sooth as you will in your skeptical conceit, it will come to pass. In my dark hours of despairing agony, this is the vengeance I have engendered, and which I will execute. From the hour in which I draw my last breath I will haunt you. Fly to the furthest extremities of the world, and my shadow shall still pursue you; alone or in a crowd, in the darkness of the night, or in the brightest sunshine, you shall know no moment of your life in which I may not stand before you. And lest habit should in time dull the horror of my presence to your hard, godless soul, in each visitation you shall behold the progress of the corruption of the buried body as it festers in the earth. As the body is at the moment I stand before you, in that guise shall you see me. And when the last stage is reached, when the bones crumble into dust, then shall thy earthly career close. Pray, then, if you can, that the tortures you will endure in this life may mitigate those prepared for you in the next."

Putting together the little information I gathered at various times, chiefly through Mrs. Adams, I framed this story. At Bonn, there lived one Adeline Sturm, a burgomaster's daughter. She was the beauty of the town, had been educated far above her station, and was as notorious for her haughty and disdainful pride as for her personal charms. All the young men were madly in love with her, but upon all she looked down with equal scorn. Karl Korner was at that time a student at the University. He was a scion of a noble family, strikingly handsome, heir to a fine fortune, and the most heartless libertine in Bonn. The stories he was continually hearing of this girl's unimpeachable nature excited his pique, and over a debauch he laid a heavy wager with a fellow-student that

he would win her love, degrade her pride, and abandon her. He succeeded too well in all that he proposed. It was an act of monstrous villainy, for he had not even the excuse of passion for accomplishing Adeline's ruin, while she loved him with all the fervor of her proud, powerful nature. Upon discovering the conspiracy of which she had been made the victim, she took poison. From that time Korner was accused; he wandered from land to land, from one division of the globe to another, but nowhere finding peace or rest.

A skeptical friend has suggested that the letter worked its object without any supernatural intervention. Written under such awful circumstances, under so powerful a conviction that it would be given to her to execute her implacable will, it worked upon the guilty conscience of her betrayer until his diseased imagination, constantly brooding upon its terrible suggestions, created for itself the very horrors threatened. In regard to my share in the illusion, his theory is this: "From the first, Korner impressed your mind with a sense of the abnormal and mysterious. His behavior in the forest gave a form to what had been before intangible, by suggesting the idea that he was haunted by some ghastly vision. The next stage in the mental process was reached on the occasion of your first vision to his apartments. The cold air, rushing through the open door and mingling with the overheated atmosphere within, rustling among some unseen objects, and suggested to your excited imagination that the thing was about you, and from the nature of a sound, suggested a female apparition. Upon Korner's face you saw your own impressions reflected, but in his case intensified by a visual illusion. On the occasion of your last visit, every circumstance favored the exquisitely sensible condition of your organs. There was a terrible storm raging; the air was charged with electricity—a most important point; when you looked through that window, Reason had entirely vacated her throne. You were utterly under the spell, and by one of those curious mental phenomena of whose occasional occurrence we have undoubted proof, the horrible illusion of Korner, intensified to an immeasurable degree by the agony of coming death, communicated itself to your mind, thus causing your vision to be similarly impressed."

Very ingenious indeed, I tell him, but a good deal of Bishop Berkeley's metaphysics about it. There is a vast difference between dreaming that you are burned and the actual sensation.—Belgravia.

Our Little Ones on the Other Side.

Looking at each other across the river, across the valley, are the white stones that mark the sleeping places of our dead. The little brown mounds are more frequent in the village cemeteries, and sad processions have, of late, with mournful frequency, wound up the path to the resting place where the cradles—now without rockers—lie silent and dumb.

The tiny soul-buds, just softening and swelling in the sunshine of parental love, just throwing the dimpled tendrils around our necks, and tumbling sweet-broken syllables in our ears, are, with one gust of snow, swept away and hidden in the ground. There are the empty chairs, the silent playthings, the little dress—limp for the want of the little form, and the crumpled shoes that will be dented no more with pattering feet; all wreathed with sad remembrances of the happy hours when the closed eyes danced with wonder at each fresh sight of the new creation.

Love for the little ones is, all the world round, the same. The sparrow croons just as tenderly over her little "brownies" as the oriole over hers—clothed in velvet and gold. Hearts are inside of us all, and no costly weaving makes love the less or more. Brown hands can build castles in the air as deftly as white fingers, and all wring with equal sorrow at the wreck. But think how full of pleasantness the little lives have been; the unfinished ring of their tiny years has been plaited all around with love and blossoms, the scent of the lilacs and lillies. The memory of caressings that in after years forget, the dear ones carry with them to heaven. Banished from one paradise to another—from this, where shadows sometimes drive away smiles, to where there are no shadows any more.

Sad it is to die young. Is it not sadder to die old? How many there are that have babies that never grow up; that live life-long in the memory, as the little ones that never wandered till we laid them quietly down beneath that green coverlet that needeth smoothing and softening no more.

Upon that mysterious, unknown sea that rolls all around the world, how many little souls daily drift out! Mothers in every land are crying on the shore of their great loss, in anguish and in tears. But yonder invisible hands welcome the little ether-orphan, and celestial voices shout in glad delight, that another angel is born in heaven!—Ruddi.

How often is our path crossed by some being whose bright spirit sheds a passing gladness o'er it, but whose course leads down another current, nevermore to blend with ours. Yet far within our souls, midst busy rushings of the world, dwell many secret thoughts which linger still around that being.

I AM now able to see that my sorest disappointments at the time they happened, and my heaviest misfortunes, have always turned out to be my greatest blessings whenever they have been taken as admonitions and warnings, and turned wisely to account.

"Unto the pure all things are pure."

Original Essays.

[JOHN BROWN SMITH is open for engagements to give a course of independent lectures on the "Science of Human Life," in Pennsylvania or adjacent States, during the spring and summer. Visit during the fall, and South in the winter season. Engagements only made for one week in which eight lectures will be given, viz: "The Science of Human Life"; "Republican Government—its True Principles"; "Universal Suffrage"; "Temperance—its Moral, Legal, Physical, and Medical Aspects"; "Labor and Capital—their True Relations"; "Vegetarianism—its Evolution of Man"; "Man—his Spiritual, Moral, Life"; "The First, Seventh, and Eighth Lectures on the Science of Human Life." Permanent address, 512 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.]

The Science of Identity.

[From John Brown Smith, Our Traveling Correspondent.]

If we admit that what we call God is simply the infinite principle of conglomerate individual identities, which permeates all of space, and are not dependent upon the physical senses for recognition, but have inherent within their constitution eternal law, power, motion, intelligence, instinct and affection, we cannot logically avoid the conclusion that each individual identity in nature has, of a necessity, an eternal and indestructible element not created; hence, immortality inheres in the very constitution of every individuality in space.

Consider for a moment that this principle of identity in plants or animals is capable of dissolution, and no argument can establish as a fact, that man's identity will not follow the same law. Nature nowhere furnishes double sets of laws—one for the formation of plants and animals, and the other for the formation of man. The instinct of animals has the same basic laws as the instinct of man, and the same truth is applicable to the physical, mental, moral and social faculties, just in the ratio that the physical formation and conformation of either will permit the manifestation of the principle of identity through the organism; they have precisely the same faculties in kind, as far as the development in each has proceeded, only differing in degree. The same physical laws determine moral responsibility in each to be dependent upon the stage of evolution, and the same laws must also determine the possibility of re-incarnation of every individual identity, which determine that question for man.

All history, geology, and astronomy, are covered with the footprints of extinct plants, animals and races of men, to be followed in turn by a higher order. It is also a fact of observation that all species and races gradually improve in the fineness and quality of texture of their physical bodies, thus establishing the fact that even animals and plants are subject to the same laws of progression as man. These facts cannot be gainsaid; hence, they establish the immortality of this principle of identity in all things; deny them, and we cannot see a logical basis left from which to demonstrate man's immortality.

The reason for this gradual extinction of all physical organizations is found in that inherent principle of motion within every personal identity, which determines that the physical shall finally be brought under the subjection of the soul. When earth conditions have progressed sufficiently, the limit of possible development is attained, and of necessity, a higher order of physical organism must be formed to conform to the period of evolution.

We use the word identity in place of soul, because the dictionary defines soul as something which man possesses, which animals do not. We have not been able to verify that such is correct, but our reason rebels, and hence, we prefer the use of a new term which can be applied with equal force to all nature.

If a logical argument based upon facts can be produced to demonstrate man's immortality, and still ignore plants and animals, as not being equally immortal, we shall thank the producer, provided the argument explains the whole laws and facts involved, or even the points involved in this article.

RELIGION MUST BECOME EXTINCT, as defined by the dictionaries, and theologians, because its chief corner stone is based in the dogma, that to "worship and glorify" an "incomprehensible God" is the "chief end of man forever."

If we admit our definition of God given above, which I cannot see how it can be avoided, unless we ignore the facts and phenomena attendant upon the science of identity, as well as the spontaneous voice of instinct in all nature, no person can sincerely venerate, love, or appreciate that which they do not, or never can comprehend.

Religious wars, persecutions, bigotry, and defamation by the professed worshippers of God, in all history, demonstrate that veneration is as blind as a bat in a noon day sun, without reason and intelligence to guide it. It is a gross insult against reason to even insinuate that its "chief end" is to "worship" a single thing which it cannot, by any possibility, ever comprehend.

As all individual identities are a part of God, the question demands solution whether it is consistent with reason and common sense to worship such a grand and noble brother and sisterhood of God. We give our answer in this way, viz:—

In the evolution of eternity, each individual identity must, of necessity, comprehend all things, since it is part of God; thus, it will be enabled to thoroughly comprehend and appreciate every part of God, but its organization determines that it must love, revere, respect and admire, that which we understand and appreciate; hence also, our man and womanhood revolts and shrinks from falling down and worshipping in abject servility; neither will a highly organized noble mind receive such servile worship from another. And what an infamous defamation of the so-called Godhead, to even presume that they or it is so much inferior to a noble man or woman, that such fulsome adulations as servile worship would be accepted or demanded for one moment.

Common sense and reason can find no basis in nature for religion, as it is defined by both theologians and the dictionaries. Let us investigate what ground can be found for it outside of these authorities.

All of the physical sciences have facts and natural phenomena for a basis, and the same is true of the science of identity; but on the contrary—faith, dogma, creed and worship, are the slender superstructure of religion; consequently, it can not lay the slightest claim to even the dignity of scientific demonstration. All of nature's operations are carried continuously forward in obedience to inherent eternal laws, which apply equally to all the manifestations of the principle of identity in all things; therefore, man must, of necessity, pass through successive stages of evolution, in compliance with fixed and eternal laws. These laws can only be recognized by the physical senses, through exterior manifestations or phenomena; or by the interior instinct or intuitions through interior recognition of spiritual phenomena, as soon as the soul can evolve itself through matter sufficiently to take cognizance of such action.

It becomes self-evident, from this chain of reasoning, that the identity principle in all things, evolves itself in compliance with, and obedience to, inherent constitutional qualities through all phases of existence, until the ultimate of equality and perfection is attained, by

all individualizations of this principle; therefore, a grand combination of natural sciences, will, in the aggregate, furnish conditions which will secure the harmonious action of this principle of identity through all organisms, in all planes of development, between all extremes of existence, and may very properly be defined as the science of life, because it will include all possible phases of evolution.

It is thus apparent to the reason, that there is not, nor ever can be, any foundation for religion in nature, outside of, and independent of, science; and by no possible construction can the term be made to mean, in any logical sense, more than a recognition of what science does, or will, in the future, demonstrate. Thus, if theologians will yet be forced, step by step, to abandon every dogma and creed based on faith, and accept science as the true expounder of "religion" in all future time. It has already thrust its vigorous illuminating rays of light through the very corner stone of the religion of mystery, until the dissolving chemical forces of demonstrated truth have given us a reality, such as science alone can furnish.

WAS JESUS CRUCIFIED?

BY W. B. BURR.

The question "Did Jesus die on the cross?" was the subject of a recent essay in the *Banner of Light*, by Wm. Denton, who presented very cogent arguments in the negative, the main one being the fact that the period of suffering on the cross was usually two or three days, so that it was next to impossible that Jesus could have died in three hours. I now propose to discredit the story of the crucifixion itself upon the testimony of the four Evangelists alone.

It is certain that the first three Evangelists fix the event on the first day of the Passover feast. On the evening before his death they make Jesus eat the Passover, which he transforms into the so-called "Lord's supper." But the supper which John describes, on the night before the Crucifixion is not the Passover feast, nor is it anything but an ordinary meal. There is no blessing or breaking of bread, no giving of thanks, no singing of a hymn, no drinking of wine, no mention of Christ's body or blood, no injunction to "do this in remembrance of me." Jesus gives to Judas a sop, and says: "What thou doest, do quickly" (xiii., 27). The rest of the twelve knew not what he meant, but supposed it was to go and buy what they "had need of against the feast" (ver. 29); that is the feast of the Passover, which was yet to come. The next morning Jesus was betrayed, arrested, tried, and crucified. The Jews went "not into the Judgment Hall, lest they should be defiled, but that they might eat the Passover" (xviii., 28). Again: "It was the preparation of the Passover and about the sixth hour" (xix., 14), when Jesus was led forth for crucifixion. Then, being crucified, the Jews besought that his body might be taken away "because it was the preparation, and that the bodies should not remain upon the cross on the Sabbath day, for that Sabbath day was a high day" (ver. 31). The "high day" doubtless meant the first day of the Passover, which fell on the Sabbath, so that the crucifixion occurred on the day before the Passover or Sabbath day.

It is clear, that while the four Evangelists agree in fixing the Crucifixion on a Friday, or a day before the Sabbath, they differ in making that Friday a Passover day. The first three distinctly affirm that it was the first day of the Passover, but John as distinctly denies it; therefore the day which John fixes was the Friday of another week. What is this but a flat denial of the story of the other three Evangelists, and the invention of a new fiction?

But the question naturally arises: Why should John so flatly have contradicted the other three writers? The learned Rabbi Wise, in his *Origin of Christianity*, page 30, says:

"In the first place the Jews did not public business on that [Passover] day; had no court sessions, no trials, and certainly no executions on any Sabbath or feast day. And in the second place, the first day of the Passover never was on a Friday, and never can be according to established principles of the Jewish calendar. John, in consideration of these and several other objections, omits the paschal meal and the 'Lords Supper' altogether, and adopts the day before the feast as the day of the Crucifixion. If it had been at all certain when Jesus was crucified John could not set aside the statements of the Synoptics and adopt another day."

"The Synoptics adopted the first day of the Passover, because they taught the dogma that Jesus died to redeem all sinners. The fact concerning the day was shaped to suit the dogma. Israel was redeemed from Egyptian bondage on the day celebrated ever after that event as the feast of the Passover. Therefore the death of Jesus, the second redemption, must have taken place on the self-same day."

It might be added, that John seeks to improve upon the fiction, by making the death of Jesus the final fulfillment of the symbol of the slaying of the paschal lamb. Hence, he makes the Crucifixion take place three hours later than the other writers fix it, in order to bring it to the exact hour when the paschal lamb was killed. These irreconcilable contradictions of the Evangelical witnesses are enough of themselves to discredit their testimony and cast great doubt upon the fact of the crucifixion itself.

The testimony of the other New Testament writers is vague and discordant. In Acts v., 30, Peter, addressing the Jews, says: "Jesus whom ye slew and hanged on a tree;" and he repeats the same afterwards to Cornelius and his company (x., 13). Stoning to death and then hanging on a tree was the Jewish mode of execution ("Origin of Christianity," page 150); crucifixion was the Roman mode.

Paul, who never saw Jesus, except in a vision, writes about A. D. 59, "We preach Christ crucified" (1 Corinthians, i., 23); as if others preached Christ not crucified. He also speaks of him as "raised from the dead according to my Gospel" (2 Timothy ii., 8), implying that according to some other gospel he was not raised from the dead.

In the epistles of John deceivers are spoken of, "who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh," implying a denial by some of the very existence of Jesus.

Barabas, in the Apocryphal New Testament, argues in favor of the crucifixion and resurrection, as well as even the existence of Jesus; but it is remarkable that all the early Christian writers draw their proofs of these facts mainly, if not entirely from Old Testament passages tortured to suit the case, or from Canonical and Apocryphal books. Historical evidences they entirely ignore.

Ignatius, in his Epistle to the Magnesians, speaks of Christ's "death—whom yet some deny," and in his Epistle to Polycarpus, iii., 1, he says: "Whoever does not confess his suffering upon the cross is from the devil."

Coming down a little later to Irenaeus, one of the most respected and most quoted of the ancient bishops, saints, and martyrs, we find him denying that Jesus died at the age of 30, and stoutly maintaining that he lived to be an old man, even until the reign of Trajan (A. D. 98); and this information he says was conveyed to "those who were conversant in Asia

with John, the disciple of the Lord" (Book ii., Sec. 4 and 5, Anti-Nicene Library, vol. v.). Much more evidence may be adduced against the story of the Crucifixion, while, outside of the New Testament there is not a scrap of authentic historical proof in its favor.

Washington, D. C.

Pertinent Questions and Answers.

BY J. L. POTTER.

BRO. JONES.—As much is being said of late about putting God in the Constitution, thus compelling all to bow before a sectarian God, that Christians may see what has been done in the past by those calling themselves patterns of PIETY, I propose to state a few historical facts, in the form of a catechism, that children, both old and young, may learn, before voting to put God, Jesus Christ, or the Bible into the Constitution, thereby making Jesus ruler of all the distilleries and railroads in America. This is not the Westminster shorter catechism, but the Reformers Catechism, to be repeated three times a day, until bigotry has been driven from the mind of every "God in the Constitution" son and daughter of humanity.

CATECHISM.

Q. Who burned thirty men and women at Lyons, France?

A. Christians.
Q. When were they burned?
A. 1179.
Q. What was their crime?
A. Belief in the teachings of Peter Waldo.
Q. Who burned Joan of Arc?
A. Christians.
Q. When was she burned?
A. 1431.

Q. For what crime?
A. Claiming to be inspired.
Q. Who accused John Wickliffe?
A. Christians.
Q. When was he accused?
A. 1380.
Q. Of what did they accuse him?

A. Heresy.
Q. Who dug up his bones and burned them after he had been buried thirty years?

A. Christians.
Q. Who burned John Huss?
A. Christians.
Q. When was he burned?
A. 1414.
Q. What was his crime?
A. Belief in Wickliffe's Bible.
Q. Who stabbed Lorenzo and his brother, Giuliano, while attending church?

A. Two priests.
Q. When?
A. 1475.
Q. Where?
A. At Florence.
Q. Who engaged said priests?
A. Pope Sixtus IV and Girolamo Riario.
Q. How many persons were burned at Geneva as witches in one year?

A. 500.
Q. When were they burned?
A. 1515.
Q. By whom?
A. Sapenger, a Christian.
Q. How many were burned in Como, in Italy?

A. 1,000.
Q. When?
A. 1516.
Q. How many were burned in Scotland?
A. 17,000.
Q. During what number of years?
A. Thirty-nine.
Q. Time?

A. From 1564 to 1603.
Q. How many were executed in England, between the years 1600 and 1680?

A. Forty thousand. Bodinus says that three hundred thousand fell in France alone.
Q. How many were killed at Salem, Massachusetts?

A. Fifteen.
Q. Who killed them?
A. Christians.
Q. How many were imprisoned?
A. One hundred and twenty-three.
Q. What were their ages?
A. From eight to eighty.

Q. Who burned John Rogers?
A. Christians.
Q. When was he burned?
A. 1555.
Q. For what crime was he burned?

A. Difference of opinion.
Q. Who burned Latimer and Ridley?
A. Christians.
Q. When?
A. 1555.
Q. What had they done?

A. Denied the Creed.
Q. Who burned William Tyndale?
A. Christians.
Q. When?
A. 1536.
Q. What was his crime?

A. Printing the Bible.
Q. Who kindled the fires at Smithfield?
A. Christians.
Q. When were they kindled?
A. 1533.

Q. For what purpose were they kindled?
A. To kill heretics.
Q. Who burned young William Hunter?
A. Christians.
Q. When was he burned?

A. 1555.
Q. What was his crime?
A. Reading the Bible.
Q. Who taunted him while at the stake?
A. Priests.
Q. Who burned Archbishop Cranmer?

A. Christians.
Q. When was he burned?
A. 1556.
Q. Why was he burned?
A. For talking his honest convictions.
Q. Who burned Saraia DeBoharques?

A. Priests.
Q. When was she burned?
A. 1559.
Q. What was her crime?
A. Heresy.
Q. When could none but church members vote?

A. 1631.
Q. In what State was this?
A. In Massachusetts Bay.
Q. Who was Governor at this time?
A. John Winthrop.
Q. Who concocted the Gunpowder Plot?

A. A priest.
Q. What was his name?
A. Gerard.
Q. Who assisted him?
A. Guy Fawkes.
Q. When was this concocted?

A. 1605.
Q. What object had they in view?
A. To put Lord Montague out of the way.
Q. Who beheaded Lady Alice Lisle?
A. Priests.
Q. When was she beheaded?

A. 1685.
Q. What was her crime?
A. Heresy.
Q. Who sold into perpetual slavery twenty-seven young ladies?

A. Christians.
Q. When sold?

A. 1685.

Q. For what crime?
A. For presenting a flag and Bible to the Duke of Monmouth.
Q. Who caused thousands to die on St. Bartholomew's Day?

A. Christians.
Q. When did it take place?
A. 1572.
Q. Where?
A. In Paris.
Q. How long did the struggle last?

A. Thirty years.
Q. How many Huguenots fell in France during this struggle?
A. About one hundred thousand.
Q. Who killed Rev. George Burroughs?

A. Christians.
Q. When did they kill him?
A. 1692.
Q. Where?
A. In Salem, Massachusetts.
Q. What was his crime?

A. In saying that witches did not exist.
Q. Who tried to make it a crime for men to wear long hair?
A. Christians.
Q. When was this tried?

A. 1694.
Q. Where was said Convention held?
A. In Boston.
Q. Who pressed Giles Cary to death?
A. Christians.
Q. When?

A. 1692.
Q. Where?
A. In Salem, Massachusetts.
Q. What was his crime?
A. Accused of witchcraft.
Q. Who hung Sary Dyar?

A. Christians.
Q. When?
A. 1660.
Q. Where?
A. On Boston Common.
Q. What was her crime?

A. Being a Quaker.
Q. Who caused Thomas Aikenhead, a young man of eighteen, to be hung?
A. Priests.
Q. When?

A. 1696.
Q. Why was he hung?
A. Because he did not believe that there were three Gods in one.
Q. Where was he hung?

A. Between Edinburgh and Leith.
Q. Who insulted him while dying?
A. Priests.
Q. Who burned Michael Servetus?
A. John Calvin.
Q. When?

A. 1553.
Q. For what was he burned?
A. Heresy.
Q. Who imprisoned Abner Kneeland?
A. Christians.
Q. When imprisoned?

A. 1836.
Q. What was his crime?
A. In saying, "The Universalists believe in a God: I do not."
Q. How long did he lay in jail?

A. Sixty days.
Q. Who has tried to enact laws in several of the States, making it a crime for mediums to heal the sick by the laying on of hands?
A. Christians.
Q. What States?

A. Ohio, Maine, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota.
Q. Who are calling Conventions to memorialize Congress to so alter the Constitution, that it will make God the chief Ruler among men, the Bible his law, and Jesus Christ the recognized Head of governments?
A. Christians.

Q. Can we trust Christians in the future, more than in the past?
A. Not if the above is a sample of Christian acts.
Read and ponder, then say who shall rule the Nation.

"There are None so Blind as Those Who will not See."

BY WM. B. FAHNESTOCK, M. D.

The persistent effort of old "magnetizers" to force their obsolete ideas of power in themselves upon an intelligent community, under the plea of a "duty," are as ridiculous as they are absurd; and if tens of thousands have worshipped the sun or the moon, is that any reason that either of them is the true and only God?

Appearances are far from being facts; and as long as "magnetizers" present them as such (much as I dislike to write), there will be a necessity for contradiction. Assertions, too, not backed by demonstrations that are practical under all circumstances, can have no weight, where the truth only is desirable.

Appearances have conveyed erroneous impressions on tens of thousands in terrestrial magnetism, as well as in the supposed animal variety, for some superficial observers have asserted that it was the natural tendency of magnetism to spread out in a circle outside of a magnet, and although it may appear to do so—when iron filings are scattered upon the surface of a piece of paper, and a magnet is held under them—yet it is not true. Experiments prove that the particles of iron in this case only assume the form of a circle, because the magnet draws them from all points towards itself; and as it has not power enough to draw those which are furthest off into a straight line between the poles, they appear to have assumed a circular form; for upon placing the particle of iron in a straight line upon the paper, and holding a magnet under them, they will not spread out, or assume a circular form, but will remain in a straight line between the poles; thus proving that the magnet had only power enough to start the more remote particles toward the center of either pole.

So, also, when susceptible persons fall into the somnambulant condition, because they can read the mind of any one to whom they may direct their attention, even when at a distance, magnetizers believe and assert that they are the cause of it; when it is notorious that if susceptible persons are taught the true nature of their condition, and their power therein, they can throw themselves into or out of the state, in spite of, or contrary to, the will of any one, no matter what influence others may apparently have exercised over them upon former occasions.

If magnetizers really had any power, the knowledge of the true nature of the condition upon the part of the subject ought not to prevent them from exercising it, after the truth is known by the subject. But as "there are none so blind as those who will not see," time must elapse what truth and common sense can not.

Lancaster, Pa.

Errata.

BRO. S. S. JONES.—Dear Sir:—Receive thanks for the appearance of "Hamlet with Hamlet left out." As my article was designed to treat on the principles of magnetism, I will be very much obliged to you if you will notice three mistakes in which your typo makes me appear quite awkward, and they also destroy the idea I wish to convey. The first is, "If you fill a

magnetic person," etc., should read *negative* person. Second, "The one contrary," should read, the one *controlling*, the other passive, etc. And, third, "It aided by proper manifestations of the hands," should read, proper *manifestations* of the hands.

Fraternally, P. B. BRISTOL.

Auburn, N. Y., May 4, 1872.

Yorktown, Illinois.

BRO. JONES: Yorktown is a rural town in the northwestern part of Bureau county. It is a village, like many western ones, is yet to be built. Farming interests are the chief pursuit. A Methodist church nearly gone to seed and a second edition of an Advent institution have a sickly life here—the community generally having too much sense to be fooled by either. Liberal sentiment being mostly prevalent here, Brother John Toy, an out-spoken Spiritualist, desired some lecturer to visit them. An aged gentleman by name of Drane, a preacher of Adventism, had told Mr. Toy to bring on the best he had, saying, "We will meet him." I authorized Mr. Toy to inform Mr. Drane that I would accept his proposition and debate the subject. He instantly began to show the white feather. The second or third evening of my lecture, he and son attended, by previous arrangement to produce disturbance, and knock me down and kick my teeth in. The son commenced by giving the lie to a remark I made. His conduct was such that the lowest of blackguards might have been ashamed of him; and the old man partly relieved and partly corrected him. I met them squarely, and soon they were silenced. The lecture, through the old man, attempted an excuse, and affirmed if it were desired it, they would yet meet us if we would get a respectable person to debate. I requested him to be silent, and put the vote—his reverence alone being in the negative. I then put the question whether the audience would endorse me. No negative was given. I then demanded he should make good his agreement. He finally thought they would not meet me.

Some of the godly Methodists thought it too "blasphemous" for me to lecture there, and so used means to keep us out of the house. After the conclusion of my first course the audience immediately demanded six more, which wound up with an audience said to be one hundred more than the house would hold. Frank Stearns, a very excellent test medium, and who, when under spirit control, makes music of a superior kind, is with me, and gave great additional influence.

We are ready to make engagements when lectures are desired and tests given, with musical entertainments. Correspondents may address me at Mendota, Ill.

E. SPIRIGER.

Northfield, Minnesota.

S. S. JONES: My report for April is as follows: Places visited, Pawselem, Eyota, Elgin, Chatfield; number of lectures given, 12; number joining association, 4; amount received in collections and yearly dues, \$13.15; expenses, \$6.00.

Some people are wondering why Spiritualism does not progress faster, and why mediums and lecturers do not visit them, etc. Rochester, Minnesota, a village of some 4,000 souls, with some eight or ten families of Spiritualists and ten or more churches, was visited last winter by our good brother, Lewis F. Cummings. He walked some ten or twelve miles in a cold storm in January, to meet his appointment—and sick at that. After giving two splendid lectures,—so said the Rochester Post,—also some public tests that were at once recognized by the parties—for all of this they gave him the enormous sum of \$60,000! Bro. Hanks paid for the hall \$700, and when Cummings started for Pine Island on foot, rather than see him go entirely destitute, Sister Hanks put two dollars into his hand to aid him to dinners, etc. Still they wonder: "Why don't speakers and mediums visit us?" Who can give an answer?

Remember the convention, the 21st, 22d, and 23d of June at Minneapolis. Let us meet and compare notes, and make some new resolves for the future.

J. L. POTTER.

Turnbridge, Vermont.

BRO. JONES: As I have been reading the JOURNAL for the past two years, and feeling that I have gained valuable information from its pages, I wish to speak for myself in regard to it. With great joy and gladness it has thrilled my soul as I have followed Brother Francis in his "Search after God." I say to him: "Go on, for this is one of the grandest and most abstruse problems that man has ever undertaken to solve. It has opened the eyes of slumbering humanity; has brought them on a broader platform and into a higher condition where they can see and hear for themselves. We have worshipped the ideal God long enough; we ask for the real."

I hope all the readers of the JOURNAL are with me in following Brother Francis in his "Search after God," feeling confident his guides will not leave him here, but will continue on and on, through all of the ramifications of nature, until all of the children of earth will be satisfied and say within themselves, "I will worship the real, not the ideal God any longer."

RUTH C. WILLS.

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Arts and Sciences.

BY Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address: Lock Box 230, Mobile, Alabama.

First Appearance of the Fossils of Existing Animal Tribes—First Fossils of Man.

SCIENTIFIC—SERIAL NUMBER TWENTY-NINE.

On turning more especially to the earth we find it compounded of oxides and alkalies, united upon polar principles with the oxides in excess; the atmosphere is composed of alkalies and oxides, so to speak, with the alkalies in excess, and the planet is an inter-electro-chemical concentration of such elements as both the earth and atmosphere have contributed through inter-electro-chemical action its development. The elements being so closely assimilated to each other as not to very readily yield up their affinity even after the life-principle has left the form—a most happy instance of that conservatism so often seen manifested in the operations of natural laws, for the benefit of the empire of intelligences they control. Otherwise, vegetable decomposition would often prove destructive to whole sections of country.

Such is the brief reference we have made to the most probable origin and development of animal life; and from all the facts observable in the premises, it is reasonable to infer that the lowest order of animal life was originated by the same character of action, though carried on under a more extended series of relations—one of which, it seems, was the introduction of vegetable electro-chemical carbonization, and another was a trace of iron derived from the metamorphic strata, both of which seem to have been necessary for imparting that polarity upon which the sensation of the rudest zoophyte seems to rest. The chief difference, then, in the origin and development of the primitive characters of vegetable and animal life was, that iron (the only native magnet then existing) and the carbon of vegetable organization were first united in the latter, and, being magnetized by inter-electro-chemical action, thus became the basis of sensation, or the point to which the nutriment was collected from surrounding relations by the magnetism of electricity in motion, the electricity residing in and controlling the progressive affiliations of the thus established sensation, and the affiliative process going on in strict conformity with the requisitions of polar law. This character of action was the necessary product of the evident circumstances of that period, and inevitably resulted in the development of both the vegetable and animal tribes whose fossil remains mark that era of geological progression. We observe, however, that the progress of the vegetable and animal tribes kept pace with the general reduction of temperature until reaching the iron ores of the graywacke strata, where we find the specimens of shell-fish not only numerous but exceedingly beautiful and distinct, and numbering not only many species but the most singular varieties.

THE EARLIER INDICATIONS OF THE HUMAN ORGANISM IN THE MONSTERS OF PRIMEVAL AGES.

Having passed from the grand scale of radical condensation which gave the earth its magnetic individuality as well as inherent polar condition—having observed the polar unions effecting the grand balance relations of the atmosphere, of water, and of the granite formations, resulting from inter-electro-chemical action and the magnetism of electricity in motion, by which vegetable life was originated and developed—and having thus, in our progressive observations, come to the origin and development of animal life in the carboniferous formations, we will now enter the succeeding era, dwelling upon its formations something more in detail, for the purpose of marking, with more impressive effect, that character of progressive development that leads directly to the concentration of the human mind.

Passing the carboniferous strata, we next come to the red sandstone group, which comprises the red conglomerate, or fragments of earlier rocks thrown and baked together, probably by volcanic action, the zechstein or Germanic limestone, the variegated sandstone, or an argillaceous or clayey nature, and siliceous or primitive graywacke in a crystalline condition, the muschelkalk, or species of limestone of variegated texture found in Germany and Poland, and the variegated marls (such as red, blue, gray, etc.), chiefly composed of shell-fish remains, and the rock-salt, in which the oxyd of iron first makes its appearance in this group. The fossil remains of vegetables found here are similar to those of the preceding strata, while those of animal life appear to have received a new impulse during the muschelkalk or shell-limestone period. Before proceeding with the enumeration of the then existent reasons for this remarkable change, however, it becomes necessary to refer to the fact that all polar conditions peculiar to matter advanced with its concentrating march towards perfection, thereby becoming more active as well as more extended and energetic in their elaborative operations.

As we advance through the marl-beds of the new red-sandstone group, we observe the fossil remains of the reptile race beginning and progressing, both in numbers and dimensions, on through the oolitic and chalk groups. Many of these reptiles, which were mostly huge lizards, crocodiles, and tortoises, appear to have roamed the earth in swarms, the undisputed sovereigns of the marshy lands and prolific sears, for a much longer period of time than the present dominion of man.

Among others of the reptile tribe, we may mention the ichthyosaurus or fish-lizard, of which the fossil remains of seven species have been found. The head is like that of the crocodile, the two long, slender jaws sometimes containing one hundred and eighty teeth, the eyes measuring fourteen inches cavity, and the nostrils being near the anterior of the angle of the eye; the body resembles that of a fish, comprising a long column, with a broad tail, numbering over one hundred joints, and measuring over thirty feet, being equipped with four paddles, like the whale, and the breast-bone formation and paddles of the aquatic quadruped ornithorhynchus, of New Holland. Thus we find combined in the ichthyosaurus the anatomical structure of several animals—the head, jaws, and teeth of the future crocodile, the body and paddles of the future whale, and the breast and paddles of the future ornithorhynchus—and, like others of its singular character, it strikingly manifests, in its remarkable organism, one of the most rapid grades of progression ever witnessed in the course of nature's transitional elaborations.

The next most remarkable reptile found in these marl-beds, is the one called plesiosaurus, which is of gigantic size, has a long neck like the body of the snake, short tail, and fins and head like the ichthyosaurus. The ribs describe a large circle, and, being formed in four parts, seem designed to contain large quantities of food as well as a capacious set of lungs, and to rise and fall as the lungs were inflated or

emptied—resembling, in this latter respect, the ribs of the chameleon, whose changes of color, by which it eludes its enemies or decoys its prey, are known to be the result of its varied depths of inspiration.

This remarkable creature (the plesiosaurus) is not only singular in its outer appearance and probable mode of life—which seems to have been like that of those aquatic birds which swim upon the surface, breathe air and obtain their food from amid the waters—but is most singularly interesting from the fact that one part of its organization is peculiarly striking as foreshadowing, to some extent, the structure of the human anatomy. The paddles, which may be considered an advance or improvement on the fins of fish, are at the same time typical of the legs of the future quadruped race and of the arms and limbs of man. The forepaddle consisted of a shoulder-blade, and of the arm-bones, wrist joint, and fingers, while the hinder paddles consisted of the various bones of the human legs. How singular is the sensation connected with the idea that we here first observe our organism, developing in this frightful monster of the deep! Such, however, is the fact indicating our embryonic condition thus originally developed in the reptile tribe.

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It seems that every creed or tribe of earth, Conceives a god, and gives him form and birth, Possessing all the traits of every tribe; Thus while portraying God, themselves describe; And as they each advance in reason's light, And have more just conceptions of the right, A god of like improvement then appears, Reflecting still their passions, loves, and fears; Then let us turn from that benighted age, When God, a jealous God, was fired with rage; And may diviner wisdom from above, Expand our souls to see a God of love.

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That God ordained the whole is understood To ultimate in universal good; Yet hath no less decreed that man shall be, Within a given sphere, an agent free; As fishes are secured in globes of glass, Are free within, though none without can pass; While they, like us, look outward all around, May often wish a larger range was found. But highest wisdom hath ordained this plan, To localize the feeble powers of man; Where each may freely choose a field of thought— May grope in darkness or be wisely taught; Where all will learn, as laws are understood, To harmonize with universal good. Thus God ordained that every wayward soul Should walk in wisdom's ways by self-control. Destroy but one, the boundless spheres will fall, And tumble worlds to chaos, one and all; Thus all are linked in Nature's endless chain— The hand that forged them never wrought in vain.

The following is of especial interest to orthodox readers:

You must believe that men are all depraved, And that but few of all mankind are saved; Yet by God's cruel death, oh, strange to tell, These few are thus released from endless hell; For every creed declares all hope is vain, If Christ, the Son of God had not been slain; And yet I think no creed will dare deny That Satan caused the Lord their God to die; Thus it would seem that all who rest in peace, May thank the Devil for their kind release!

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It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their self-respect as to speak evil of other mediums, not unfrequently even of those who are far their superiors. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Register so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their indulging in such unkindness.

It should be borne in mind that individuals visiting mediums carry conditions with them—so to speak—which aid or obstruct the power of spirits to control the medium visited; hence it is that one medium gives satisfaction to certain persons, another better to others—all having their friends, and justly so, too, and all equally honest and useful in their place.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1872.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

Antagonism in the Vegetable and Animal Kingdoms—
Ascending Declaration—A God with Attributes Common to Humanity, brought Down to a Level with the Assassin and other Vile Characters.

(NUMBER LXXXVII.)

Carefully scanning all departments of the universe, we have, as yet, failed to find an Infinite God with attributes common to humanity. In all the departments of the material world, either on the surface of our own globe or among the starry hosts, we see abundant evidence of inherent life, which, in innumerable cases, seems to be acting in antagonistic directions. In this peculiar manifestation, we find the key which can unlock some of the most abstruse problems of our own existence. While one vegetable will nourish and sustain life, imparting brilliancy to the eye, a healthy glow to the cheek, and strength to the whole system, another will send to each vital part a subtle, deadly influence.

Although the peach is highly nutritious, yet from the seed it incloses, the most deadly poison can be extracted. The upas tree sends forth its deleterious effluvia, and saps the life from those who come within the sphere of its action.

The air is pure here, and it imparts an invigorating, healthy influence to all who inhale its life-giving properties. Descend to the bottom of that well near at hand, and a poisonous gas will instantly destroy the life of each vital part.

On yonder mountain the atmosphere is always genial, the water clear, and the breezes that are wafted from tropical climes are filled with the ambrosia of innumerable flowers. Down in the valley a stench arises from the debris of decaying vegetation, and you come within its influence at your peril.

You take that goblet of water in your hand, and drink it, and it refreshes, strengthens, and sustains each part of your organic structure. You quench your thirst from yonder marshy spring, and though equally clear, yet it contains the seeds of fever and other diseases.

All nature embraces these diversified elements, and they manifest their peculiar properties in a thousand different ways.

Not only in the vegetable kingdom, but among animals this same diversity of action exists. The lion will destroy the lamb the instant it comes in contact with it, appropriating its body to its own use. A subtle poison administered to the lion, possesses a power superior to it, and attacking savagely each vital part, subdues them, assigns them to its own use until all are destroyed.

The snake eats the toad, the hog will eat the snake, and yet a drop of the oil of tobacco administered to either, seems to possess the power of a thousand snakes or hogs, for instantly it sends messengers of death to each vital part. The dove eats the worm, the hawk captures and devours the dove, yet a grain of wheat saturated with strychnine becomes an enemy that their utmost inherent strength can not resist. This antagonism in the material world is imparted to animals, and between different species there is a ceaseless warfare. Ascending still higher, the antagonism still rages in all its fury, and its demon-like influences send rivers of blood throughout the land.

Mighty power, controlling influence of the material world, whence thy origin?

The flower sends forth its ambrosial fragrance to perfume the air and sweeten the breezes, but within the bosom of its rainbow-tinted leaves is a subtle poison, that can destroy the life of the strongest man.

The rose colored peach clasps within its luscious fruit a poison as deadly as the saliva of the cobra.

Omnipotent Power, the guiding hand of all things, speak! Whence this diversity? Why this antagonism? Didst thou originate all this, arrange the grand scheme of creation, place sweets and poisons in the same bowl? Didst thou give to the snake its fangs, to the serpent its deadly effluvia?

Yonder tree is fragrant, and the birds make

it their home. Among its leaves and branches, inhaling the aroma of its thousands of flowers, they live, and oh, how happy and joyous! Innocence glimmers in their eyes, and joy seems to sparkle in their sweet, melodious songs which take passage on the awaying breezes, to vanish in strains as sweet as the expiring notes of an Aeolian harp!

Beautiful castle! Enchanting palace of the fairies, it is all these sweet songsters could desire. But look in the distance, there is that deadly upas tree! Occasionally a bird soars within the range of its influence, and instantly drops down dead! Did an infinite, intelligent God plan this?

We ascend a step higher! Leaving the animal and vegetable kingdoms, we approach the human family! We find reason there; a mind, too, with its various faculties! But different minds can not coalesce. Within each one we find the vegetable and animal kingdoms reflected! One mind manifests the poison of the snake and the deadly influence of the upas, and with the keen-bladed knife he goes forth destroying the life of others. Treachery beams from his eyes; deceit gleams from his countenance like the dismal rays of light from some licentious abode.

Omnipotence, why all this? Didst thou arrange the plan of creation, give us five fingers on each hand, five toes on each foot, five senses, and a certain number of bones, etc.? Our physical organization is constructed on a certain specified plan. In essential particulars all are alike! If a specified plan in one particular, there must be in all! If not please tell us where the dividing line is between God's plans and specifications, and those plans and specifications he did not arrange?

Again, if God arranged the system of creation, ordaining that each one should have ten fingers, ten toes, five senses, with a certain number of bones, etc., did not he continue his work, and make it complete by ordaining all things in connection with his mind and body, his passions, desires, etc.? Ah, child of earth, you can not show where God's work ceases and man's commences! If, however, in the fabrication or construction of a human being he says, "My work is complete," how, we ask you, could it be disarranged?

Again, if God created man, he must have been a complete culmination of himself. The second generation must have been a complete culmination of the first. The third generation equally as truly a complete culmination of the second, and how, we ask, could an incomplete culmination occur? Such an event would have been an impossibility. Therefore, yonder thief, who seeks the cover of darkness to carry out his nefarious schemes; yonder assassin with the keen-bladed knife still dripping with the blood of his victim; yonder prodigal resting from a night's debauch; the convicts in our penitentiaries; the Rev. Houston, who ruined several beautiful and accomplished Sabbath-school children; the savage who dances around the burning victim; the heretical crowd that burned Servetus; the monster Nero, who fiddled while Rome was burning; the blood-thirsty tyrant Haynau, within whose soul existed no emotion of sympathy; the gladiators thirsting for each other's blood, all—all are equally as good as the God whom you say created them! This is strange talk, yet true.

1. This God made the first pair.
2. They were a complete culmination of himself.
3. The second generation was a complete culmination of the first.
4. The third generation was a complete culmination of the two preceding ones.
5. Tell us, please, how a complete culmination, or pair, could possibly beget an incomplete pair.

These assertions being true, God is brought down on a level with the lowest and most degraded of his children. Then you need not speak very reverently of the God with attributes common to humanity. He is no better than you are. You are a culmination of his creative power, and if low and debauched, if destitute of every manly trait of character, still you are equally as good as he.

TO BE CONTINUED.

More about Calamities and their Compensation.

Preconceived opinions have such a fast hold upon the minds of many that it is almost impossible to supplant them with new thoughts, based on science and sound philosophy. Those who have been thoroughly imbued with religious dogmas, deem it sacrilegious in our associate to yield himself to the inspirations of a circle of spirits who are engaged in a "Search after God." So, to them, it is equally "atheistical" for us to pursue the investigation into the origin of Calamities, and their Compensation; and more especially objectionable are the corollaries reached in regard to the origin of all phases of religion, and the fact that the only true savior of the world is knowledge.

We are not surprised that many should be shocked at so radical a departure from old and preconceived opinions. The idea of a personal God and Devil; an infallible Word of God, containing a brief reference to His Satanic Majesty, in the form of a very intelligent and communicative snake; the fall of man; an angry God; a flood to drown God's wicked children; the terrible sufferings, ferocious and licentious habits, of "God's own chosen people, the Jews; His 'plan of salvation' the way in which He went to work to compass the end, and the almost total failure of His plan after all; being Himself killed by a few of his chosen people—spiked to a cross and speared in the side; and the diversity of ways in which the blood thus drawn from God's side is made to wash away the sins of those who would be washed—all these things having been fully ingrained by early teaching, it is not to be wondered at that our reverend brethren take

exception to our pointed strictures upon such teachings, and cry out in the agony of despair, *Atheist!—atheistical paper!*

Indeed, we don't know but what we might join in similar denunciations if we had had such nonsense preached and indoctrinated into us until it became a part of our very nature. Taking this view of the subject we can not blame that class for looking upon the JOURNAL as an "infidel paper." Indeed we rather like to be so called—especially when that epithet is applied in its true sense, viz: that we are *infidel to every fallacy*, no matter how long or devotedly venerated by the multitude who pin their faith to old and corrupt systems of theology.

To yield obedience to the sacred mandate of truth, however much reviled, is our pride. We would not be the servile slave, tacking to catch every popular breeze that was temporarily fanned into motion by the ever-changing sentiments of the many or the few fanatics.

While we make no pretensions to superior sagacity, we do claim to be honest in our convictions, and shall ever endeavor to follow the beacon light of the highest intelligence we are capable of comprehending, without fear of results.

In this unlimited field of investigation we shall endeavor to be governed by demonstrable facts, rather than by the supposed authority of a "Divine Word"—a "Thus saith the Lord." Our reasons for so doing were in part elucidated, or at least intimated, in the last article of this series.

In that article we showed that the two planes of life—mundane and spiritual—are and ever have been closely *en rapport*, and yet mankind upon this plane have been ignorant of the fact.

Old theology has so imbued the minds of the people with the doctrine of *God and Devil*, that they have honestly believed that a pretentious spirit, of a tyrannical disposition, who communicated to them through media, with a "Thus saith the Lord," to the end of supporting with obsequious servitude a wily priesthood, was a veritable personal omnipotent, omnipresent, infinite Maker, Governor, and Upholder of the Universe. Gods of this character have from age to age sprung into being, and prompted devotees to gather together in high carnival, sometimes under the old names of the Gods of the ancients, and sometimes under the more recent or modern title of the great Jehovah, of the Jews; for it must be considered that in the line of pretentious Gods the Jewish God is of comparatively modern origin.

The fact of the two planes of life, mundane and spiritual, is demonstrated by Modern Spiritualism. That fact is beyond the control of mortals. It is a law of life—a fact demonstrated to exist even as the discovery of planets in our solar system have been made and described by astronomers and observers in that field of science. As scientific discoveries are made from time to time in astronomy, so discoveries are made from time to time in regard to the Philosophy of Life. As new discoveries have been made in astronomy which overturn old theories, the flatness of the earth, for instance, so new researches in Spiritual philosophy overthrow old theological dogmas in regard to a personal God—a plan of salvation—the condition of mankind in the next life—heaven and hell, and the location of the spirit world, with the character, occupation and mode of life of the inhabitants thereof.

Spiritualism opens up an entirely new field of thought. A revolutionary sentiment is inaugurated and old theological teachings are beginning to be tested by the touchstone of truth—of proven facts.

Revolutions always create great commotions in the elements involved. Even so in the revolution of thought;—old theology is made to struggle with terrible desperation. She has held the minds of the people in mental bondage for so many centuries that it is terribly humiliating to submit to a conqueror who was ushered in, in so humble a manner as were the detested Hydesville spirit rappings.

So it has been in all past ages. Troy was captured by the little band concealed in the wooden horse which the wise ones, religionists, of the day believed the gods had sent them, and, like asses, harnessed into the gears, which snaked them into their midst within the walls of the city.

Even so the priests and devotees of old theology think their God listens to their prayers, harangues and denunciations, against Spiritualism, and that they have killed it, sure. But like Banquo's ghost, it won't stay down, and as it was with the Trojans, their rejoicing is turned into mourning. They only inspire by their denunciations, a spirit of inquiry which results in a multiplicity of new converts to Spiritualism. So even the curse—the calamity—of a priestridden people has its compensation.

Old Jewry succumbed to the followers of the medium who rode barebacked into Jerusalem on a stolen ass! Old theology is now trembling and standing aghast at the stalwart growth of the intruder, born at Hydesville in that outcast family of Methodist sisters, young girls of the Fox family—not the Foxes that trouble A. A. W., of the *American Spiritualist*, so distressingly, but another family, of beautiful little witches—quite likely very much like the little Witch of Endor, whose behest the good old Samuel so readily and willingly obeyed.

This new dispensation, of lowly origin, being fully inaugurated, it becomes necessary for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, as a sentinel upon the outposts, to watch faithfully every aggressive movement that is being inaugurated, without as well as within, to crush out truth.

It must be borne in mind that the same principle has always existed, and that those intelligences who have inhabited the spiritual planes of life for centuries, have ever been putting forth efforts, as now, to enlighten the

minds of the people of earth, but owing to the exceeding grossness of their minds all overtures from the truly intelligent in spirit life have been rejected, and the *ipso facto* of the crafty, tyrannical spirit who could show his "hinder parts to Moses," and instruct him how to establish a priesthood under a "Thus saith the Lord," for self aggrandisement and the abasement of his followers, was obeyed.

The question will naturally arise in the mind of the reader, is it a fact that selfish men continue to be selfish after passing to the spiritual plane of life, and can they exert an influence upon those who yet remain upon the material plane?

Experience teaches—proves—that men and women find themselves possessing the identical traits of character on the spiritual plane that they had here—not only this, but that they love to gratify those traits of character as they did here; and, still further, that as the power of individual influence is allowable in the nature of things, as is manifested in leadership among men and women in every circle of life, from the tyrant on a throne to the bully among serfs, even so the same law obtains in degree upon the spirit plane of life.

As men become intelligent in this life, they circumvent and hold in check the tyrant's power. And the same law prevails among the more intelligent circles in spirit life. Hence, it will be seen that the highest degree of intelligence is necessary to be observed not only in our every-day life transactions with our fellow men, but that the same rule should obtain in regard to the influence that may be exerted by those who have passed to the life beyond.

Another fact should be taken into consideration. Those who are the most gross and sensuous when they pass to the spiritual plane of life are the nearest allied to the earth plane, and have the greatest love for those of their plane of thought, being strongly attracted to those places of amusement, their old haunts and dens of congregating, which are impregnated with their magnetism or the magnetism of their associates. It is a law of life; to those spirits they have an attractive power that is irresistible. It, therefore, follows that while they are attracted to those places, they in turn aid in impregnating the elements of life which makes their influence felt by their old friends and associates yet in earth-life.

This principle in the *Philosophy of Life* will by and by be better known. Then many strange things that happen will be accounted for on an entirely different hypothesis from what they now are. But more of this anon.

"The Western Star."

The proposition of Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten to publish a new spiritual magazine, to be called "The Western Star," we have already briefly noticed in these columns, and again take pleasure in speaking of her enterprise as one that should receive the favorable consideration of Spiritualists generally. Mrs. Britten's intellectual ability, derived not only from her mediumship, but from the culture incident to her association and correspondence with educated society in England and America, together with her general knowledge of the external history and progressive development of modern Spiritualism, offer assurance that a magazine under her editorial charge, devoted to the illustration of a subject in which she is profoundly interested, would be a valuable contribution to its literature.

To all such experiments—and there have been many made—our feelings are most cordial, although practical experience of the difficulties to be overcome will not often permit our judgment to be sanguine of their success. We have ever spoken our best word of encouragement and hope concerning these journalistic ventures, and we are sorry to see a disposition on the part of any who are laboring for the advancement of a common cause to obstruct the possible success of these experiments.

A recent article from W. F. Jamieson, corresponding editor of the *Present Age*, indulges in a captious criticism of the circular and accompanying letter of Mrs. Britten, ridiculing its propositions, and sneering in a most unlovely spirit at the "never-to-be-born magazine." It was not long ago that our worthy brother, too, was soliciting support for his magazine, the "Spiritual Rostrum," and affirming that ultimately it would be placed "in the vanguard of popular monthlies." He said, "The many kind greetings which we are receiving from whole-souled men and women—noble reformers"—prove that "such is the irresistible nature of truth, that all it wants, and all it asks, is the liberty of appearing." Well, we gave you our kind greeting among the others, and hoped for the success which we could not anticipate. But, although the "Rostrum" was not sustained by the public, yet truth ought still to have the liberty of appearing, at least without such unworthy opposition, even if it chooses as a medium the projected "Western star." We sincerely hope that the new magazine may prove pre-eminent in ability to "uphold the moral, religious, and scientific aspects of Spiritualism," and shall most heartily rejoice if an appreciative constituency of readers can be gathered, who will sustain such an effort in the impersonal and unselfish interests of truth and progress.—*Banner of Light.*

We most cordially indorse the sentiments expressed in the foregoing article, which we clip from our Boston contemporary, the *Banner of Light*. It illy becomes one who has been connected with so many failures as the gentleman referred to by the *Banner of Light* has, to denounce an enterprise inaugurated by so noble a woman as our Sister Emma Hardinge-Britten.

The circle of spirits who inspire Sister Emma, are of superior intelligence, and we trust that there are many good men and women of financial ability, who will be induced to aid her in bringing the magazine successfully before the public.

Whatever may be the result, it illy becomes spiritual lecturers and editors to arouse a prejudice against an enterprise so laudable as that in which our sister is engaged.—[Ed. JOURNAL.]

We call attention to the article of Bro. Tuttle in this issue, in reference to the Steiny Hall Convention. It should have appeared sooner.

Thus Passes Away the Glory, Etc.

The fanatics who recently assembled at New York, under the leadership of Victoria-Claffin-Blood Woodhull, nominated her as a candidate for the Presidency, and Fred Douglass as Vice President, of the United States. She issued bonds, payable when she is elected, to carry on the campaign. It has not yet transpired what market she proposes to sell them in, though it is hinted that if taken at all, it will be by the Tichborne Ring, or some other English Ring who ventured so largely in the bonds of the Southern Confederacy!

"LATER TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—TROUBLE IN THE CAMP—THE INTERNATIONALS."

[Special Dispatch to the Chicago Tribune.] "The French International, at their meeting yesterday, adopted resolutions repudiating the Apollo Hall Convention and the Woodhull and Douglass Presidential nominations; also, protesting against the admission of sections into the association not composed of workingmen. Resolutions were also passed dispensing with the present Federal Council, and appealing to sections in this country to form councils in their respective States. An appeal is to be made to the Federal Council, requesting that body not to admit delegates from the Woodhull section to the proceedings of the Council."

Still later. Vic's bonds won't sell: "CLOSED."

"The Broad street office of Mesdames Woodhull & Claffin has been closed, it is reported, by the Sheriff."

Will the A. A. of S. go to the rescue?

CHRISTIANITY RAMPANT.

A Young Convert on his Muscle-Spiritual Lecturer Brutally Beaten.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I stated in my letter to you some weeks ago, that the "faithful" were making great preparations for the grand entrance of the champion revivalist, E. P. Hammond. Well, he came, saw and conquered a great many children, silly girls, and not over-sensible men. Among his converts was a street auctioneer and horse-jockey, named Collingsworth. A day or two after, his change of heart, he arose in the presence of about fifteen hundred people, and stated that he had been a Spiritualist; that he knew all about the doctrine, and that it would lead his believers down to the lowest "sink-holes of hell;" that it "let in the catalogue of crimes," etc. Of course this caused a sensation, and the Orthodox were jubilant; they thought they had at last made an impression upon the fortress they had been hammering at with their Theological pop guns so long in vain. Spiritualism has been undermining them continually. One after another of their number would desert to the enemy, while their utmost efforts could make no impression upon the believers in our philosophy. But now they had something to boast of, and on every occasion they would trot out their new acquisition, and show off his points with great piety and many self-gratulations.

Now, the fact was, this man had never been a member of our society—never attended our meetings, was not known as a Spiritualist by any member of the society, and had moreover stated to a friend of mine, that he had never investigated the subject, and knew but little about it. The latter acknowledgement is evidently true, judging from the statements he made in the revival meetings. Besides these things, his character was notoriously bad.

In view of the above facts, our lecturer, Dr. Taylor, at the instigation of a number of the leading Spiritualists, published a statement in the daily paper, setting forth the facts in the case, and impeaching Collingsworth's testimony. A day or two afterward, Collingsworth approached Dr. Taylor on the street, and without any warning of his intention, struck him a fearful blow with a heavy hickory cane, cutting a deep gash in his head, and completely stunning him. He then continued to beat him while utterly helpless, until prevented by the bystanders. The affair created intense excitement, and for a while there was a strong feeling in favor of lynching the author of the cowardly attack. Better counsels prevailed, however, and the law permitted to take its course.

Collingsworth has been bound over to appear at the next term of the District court, to answer to the charge of assault with intent to kill.

To their credit, be it said, the majority of the Christians condemn (openly, at least) the outrage, but there are a great many who openly and boldly justify it, virtually acknowledging that clubs are their strongest arguments. In this they are consistent at least, for when did Christianity fail to resort to force when arguments failed? It has always been a word and a blow, and the blow frequently came first.

Dr. Hammond remained here three weeks, and was paid six hundred dollars—two hundred dollars per week—and expenses. Pretty good wages for the follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, who commanded his Apostles to take neither purse nor scrip, nor a change of clothing. However, "business is business," and Bro. Hammond understands it.

Respectfully,

Topeka, Kan.

W. F. PECK.

Spirit Cure.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, 150 Fourth Avenue, Chicago, Illinois:—Inclosed is a lock of hair from the head of a girl eleven years old. She has been lame three years. The doctors call it inflammation in the bone. The bone is affected from the ankle to the knee. I send post-office order for three dollars.

Address,

Santa Cruz, Cal., July 25, 1871.

Mrs. Robinson diagnosed the case, and prescribed, and the following letters show the results.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago, Illinois:—My little girl which you prescribed for, is improving. Her general health is very good, but the sore on her limb has not healed. We have followed your directions exactly. I do not know whether she will want any more medicine or not, and if she does, I will send for it as soon as I find out.

Santa Cruz, Cal., Sept. 3, 1871.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago, Illinois:—I should have written to you before, to let you know how my little girl has got along under your treatment, but some of our skeptical friends said we had better wait, and see if she was entirely cured. She is going to school, and can run and play as well as any child in the school. Now that you have done so much for her, I thought I would see if you could do anything for me.

Santa Cruz, Cal., May 2, 1872.

Select Poetry.

DON'T SHUT THE DOOR BETWEEN US, MOTHER.

These lines were suggested by the enclosed item in the Boston Herald, of March 4th:—
 "Mrs. ABRAHAM LINCOLN's visit to Boston.—It seems that Mrs. Lincoln well improved her time during her late visit to Boston, and left no stone unturned to penetrate the mysteries of that unseen world which contains so much that is dear to her. To her amazement, as is told by a person present, one of the several mediums she had seen, repeated, as coming from 'little Tad,' the last words she heard him utter. These were: 'Don't shut the door between us, mother!—words spoken by a dying boy as she was leaving the room to give vent to a paradox of grief.'

"Don't shut the door between us, mother!
 For night is gathering fast,
 O, through the darkness and the gloom,
 Stay with me to the last.
 Don't shut the door between us, mother,
 But let me gaze once more,
 And bear the impress of your face
 On to the shining shore."

"Stay, mother, stay! don't leave me now!
 Don't shut the door between us!
 I hear such strains as none have heard,
 See sights as none have seen,
 I see the angels, mother, now,
 I hear their voices call,
 Stay, stay, don't leave me, mother, now,
 The joyfulest hour of all."

"Don't shut the door between us, mother,
 Heaven's gates are opened wide,
 And when I leave this mortal form
 I'd have you near my side;
 And when I'm dead and laid to rest
 Beneath the vernal green,
 Dear mother, think me ever near,
 Don't shut the door between."

"For I shall come again, mother,
 And make my presence known;
 'Tis but a step between, mother,
 Your dwelling and my own.
 No gates confine the spirit's flight,
 They roam where e'er they will;
 Don't shut the door between us, mother,
 I would be near you still."

—Salem Gazette.

THE WORK OF MAN.

An Address, Delivered in the Trance State, by J. J. Morse, at the Cavendish Rooms, Cavendish Square, Mortimer Street, London, England, on Sunday, April 14, 1872.

[From the Medium and Daybreak, England.]

INVOCATION.

O mighty Father! Thou who art the master of our lives! Once more, with the feeble tongue of human praise, we draw nigh unto Thee, so that we may bask in the sunshine of Thy smile. May we go from Thy presence renewed in heart, invigorated in soul! Grant, O Father, that the holy aspirations that are kindled in these, Thy children, to-night may live and grow in strength, purity and usefulness!

In all the actions of the intellect man is ever endeavoring to classify and arrange facts that come under his notice. It matters not whether the facts relate expressly to the physical universe, or whether they are connected with the realms of psychological existence—whether they belong to the individual as a unit, or to the community as a whole; and the object of such arrangement and classification is that they may be guided upon their way, and be enabled to traverse the road of life successfully. Various names are given to this classification: by some it is called Science, by others Philosophy, by another Religion.

The Spiritualist is perhaps in a far better position than the majority of mankind, yet only in so far as he well uses the faculties of his mind.

Spirits present, then, as a basis, one fundamental fact. The fact is that the disembodied and so-called dead hold active communion with the inhabitants of the mortal sphere of life; yet some who claim to be entitled Spiritualists state that having once accepted this, there is no necessity to carry on their investigations further—there is no requirement that they should analyze the position we occupy out of this world. It is a fatal error to suppose that the only desire of the spirit-world is to teach of its condition of life.

Dost thou think that the countless hosts of the disembodied, who have labored to surmount the obstacles and barriers that exist in ministering between the two worlds, have no desire to assist in the elevation of those they have left behind? We have a deeper interest, and you who receive us should reciprocate the feelings that we experience.

The tenor of the subject is related to the several divisions that constitute human society. There is one aspect called the political, and up beyond this there is the religious, and the facts and phenomena of the one are not destined to stand individualized from the other, but they should unite with one another, and the consideration of one can not be successfully undertaken without the consideration of certain collateral interests that are related thereto.

But to answer, if possible, the question as to what influence the spirit-world exerts over humanity—in fact to inquire what new light it has shed upon the work of man—that must be the basis whereupon we speak to-night. The two pictures oftentimes stand side by side; nay, jostle each other in your highways; have they no lesson? We answer this by a brief analysis of the question. The following points arise for our consideration:

Man has, first, his duty to himself; then we find he has his duty to his family—to those who are dependent upon his exertions. A further inquiry must betray the fact that if a man's family is dependent upon his exertions, in the present constitution of society their success can only be achieved at the expense of some one else; for human society, at present, is founded upon antagonism, and not united in peace and harmony.

His next relationship is to his neighbors—his countrymen. These interests, instead of becoming universal, become local. Wherever local interests interfere and obtain the ascendancy, we always find that those who labor individually, are split up into factions, each of the factions desiring to usurp the position that the most powerful one occupies.

Taking, then, for our first starting-point the duty of man, we will state that the first duty of man is to maintain the integrity of his bodily structure—a duty we are continually urging upon you.

"Man, know thyself," is an old proverb; and yet, old as it is, it is new to-day, and just as true as when first uttered, for the integrity of the bodily structure can only be maintained by foods and drinks appropriate to the purpose. We might ask, what is the necessary consequence of this integrity? Man improves in his intellectual vigor and positiveness, and gains a more comprehensive view of his constitution and relations; finds that happiness and long life grace him in his family circle—blessings that will cause him to labor for the glory that lies before him; for those pray most who labor hardest, and the man who labors persistently is sure of accomplishing eventually.

We have been considering man's relationship solely to his social condition—improvement of his bodily structure, conducting thereby to the vigor of his intellect, and a happy condition within the family circle.

The next condition we have to take into

consideration is in reference to his rulers. At present he is hedged around by restrictions; he is the servant of another who claims to be his master, whose title to such a position consists in the wealth he has wrung from the labor of his servants. Let him evince a desire to improve his condition, and he is prevented by the powerful shackles of the monetary influence of the community wherein he exists; those who hold the power do all they can to retard its progress and advancement. We speak by history and by events realized at the present.

There is yet another relationship—the religious, or spiritual one. Look at the hollow mockery that walks the streets of this great city—we all know its power. Love God, love your neighbor, and honor the king; there is the sum and substance of the Christian's constitution, and at the same time the warrant of its death and dissolution.

What are kings reigning by divine right, forsooth? Who gave them that divine right? If they rule by divine right, what necessity is there for elective assemblies to control them? Do they require looking after, or is the theory of reigning by divine right a myth, and the people recognize the fact that kings are like themselves—human, and not divine?

On the other hand, if Government, as it at present exists, have the capability of looking after the affairs of king—is held in check by him—what necessity is there to have one person to look after another, and that same person have the power of checking the operations of his overlookers? Verily, it is a puzzle in political economy, but the solution is at hand; the growing discontent which the people manifest in this relationship is the gradual approach to the cutting of the Gordian knot. His relationship to the community culminates apparently in the existence of a sovereign ruler, and Church and State connected one with the other. The ministers of the priesthood have flattered and cajoled the leaders of the people into a state of abject submission, and the affairs of daily dogmatic theology. Every individual of the community is fettered by his religious principles to day, and not assisted by them, and so the people are now realizing the necessity for a new order of things.

We have yet to consider this religious question in a more detailed and definite aspect—its influence on the community, and the precepts and maxims whereon this religious sentiment is founded.

The sense of what follows is that the teachers ignore their own teachings by their actions, and the speaker inquired if their precepts were living principles among the people to-day. The answer is, truly, no, or else we should have no need to utter these words to-night. Has it not struck you that there is a great deal of what has been aptly called theological tinkering, and this Christian religion is, in its essentials very different to that which is in vogue to-day?

There is something exalted—something grand—in the injunction to love one another; but when you are commanded to pay taxes to support a standing army, I can not see anything sublime or noble in that. Loving your neighbor may be religious, but apparently it is not the political principle of to-day.

We find happiness, concord, harmony, honor, and all the virtues absorbed in the making of money. Is this true Christianity? we would ask, is it the spirit of the Founder of Christianity, or is it something strange and foreign—something that true Christianity knows nothing of? We answer, its very spirit is removed from the principles that have animated the hearts of all reformers from Brahma down to Davis.

The speaker went on to say that improvement could only be effected by a thorough renewal and cleansing of the moral and religious sentiment, and a more sublime spiritual philosophy.

He claimed that every individual has the power to think for himself, and that to remove the baleful effects of Christianity it was necessary to give to every individual the right, not only to think, but to speak and express the thoughts that teem within the brain.

The people must awaken to the fact that in free speech lies their safety—universal liberty to the individual in matters of mind, as well as in matters of labor; in matters of spiritual knowledge, as well as in matters that appertain to his immortal concerns.

The Steinway Hall Convention.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The call for this convention of the odds and ends, the fragmentary debris of reforms, has been issued. The roll of names attached presents as a whole a weak card, although there are a few seemingly strangely out of place, and we are at a loss to understand the motives which caused their attachment thereto. On the other hand names like Tilton, the biographer, which above all were to be expected, do not appear.

It is addressed to all the struggling reforms: Labor, Land, Peace and Temperance—all except Spiritualism! Strange to say, no mention is made of that in the document. Have the Broad street clique found it unmanageable? They rode it fierce and hard for a time, but they have found it a Mazeppa steed too strong for such riders. Spiritualists, who have the prestige and honor of their belief near their hearts, will be thankful to the concoctors of this "call" that it is not degraded by such company.

The "call" proposes to inaugurate a great political movement, and sets forth a list of abuses among which are the denial of the franchise to woman, neglect of children, degradation of labor, and usurpation of all political power by the minority. Our government "is not a Republican government," but a "political despotism."

Mrs. Woodhull appears to be the master-spirit who rides this political cyclone, which arises, not from a natural demand, but from the Broad street coterie which supplies her inspiration, and pushes her forward on a course of notoriety mistaken for fame.

On the question of Woman's Rights I here have nothing to say, for it is not the real issue. They, who have closely followed the progress of this movement which with stealthy step and crafty turning, has gone forward, ever presenting its Pecksniffian countenance of sham virtue and blushing modesty, understand that beneath the cant for a pure and incorruptible government lies a stratum of selfishness and ambition, blacker than that of revolting Satan.

The people at large know little of the International, but enough, if Mrs. W. rightly interprets them. If the scheme of government she proposes be inaugurated, well is it premised in the "call": "This reformation, properly begun, will expand into a political revolution which shall sweep over the country," etc.,—and that "revolution" necessarily will be one of blood.

With a keen scent for political effect, from the first the Broad street coterie, through their mouthpiece, have endeavored by every means to array labor against capital. Give them the government and the poor shall be made happy. It is all the fault of the government that poverty and distress and crime exist. In an age

when the tendency is to remove more and more the restrictions of government, and while advocating the most complete individual "freedom," the coterie have inconspicuously demanded a central government, which should assume almost every right of the individual, from the education of his children to the running of the railroads! No greater evil can possibly be inflicted on our country than to create antagonism between labor and capital, and when the threat is made of presenting "bayonets," we faint would believe it an idle vaunt, and that it is not the intention to launch this nation again on the red sea of strife.

The real goodness and strength of our present government is proved by the fact that such a "call" as this can be issued, and the signers escape arrest as rebels. It assuredly is not a "political despotism" under which they live. No one denies that there are abuses and imperfections in our government, but there is a ready means of righting them, and as fast as the people grow to an appreciation of the abuses and wrongs, these are corrected. There is no necessity for the destruction of the existing fabric, which this "call" contemplates.

"Ah," it is rejoined by the party, "we intend peaceable revolution. We shall make our new government so pure that it will attract the old."

Can this be? Can a new government grow up within the present, and not come in collision? The veriest political tyro knows that this is impossible. Yet this "call" contemplates nothing more nor less. As a new political party, it stands no chance of success; as a rebellion, it has a forlorn hope, and the Broad street coterie will have the opportunity of pushing their medium forward as the Joan de Arc of the nineteenth century. And what then? Is the "new government" incubated by the Broad street coterie—the absolute and universal government, free from all imperfections? The "Constitution of the United States of the World" we presume enunciates its principles, and if it were enforced to-morrow, we should be subjected to a despotism more terrible than the most tyrannous European monarchy.

Admit our government a bad one, there is a peaceable way provided for amendment of its form and administration. Is the evil so desperate that we can not wait such revision—that we must at once inaugurate a rebellion? Woman may not vote for a few years to come, and labor be ill requited; woman has not voted in the past, and labor been worse requited. The plea does not justify rebellion; yet the "call" is a proclamation of the grand rallying of the rebellious elements of the times; the discontented, ambitious adventurers—men and women, who are to come together like foul birds of carrion, to crawl forth their wild political vagaries, and foam over imaginary wrongs. Madam, with a face suggestive of Aaron Burr, or a mask of Shakespeare, "taken after death," will be the show figure to direct the crawling as the Broad street coterie decide.

Vast noise and confusion; the balloons inflated with foul gases will ascend, and the end be nothingness, else the sickly germ of a new government will be planted, which if it become strong enough to merit the name, will be as essentially a rebel organization as that of Jefferson Davis.

In charity, we presume many of the signers of this call thought it meant the organization of a new party, and no more. They deceived themselves, for nothing of the kind is sanctioned in the "call," or in the speeches and editorials which explain its ambiguous places.

As Spiritualism received its most fatal thrust from this quarter, so the cause of woman's rights, almost won, has been retarded many a weary year. We are not croakers, prophesying the sufferings in store for the future. We see no cause for alarm in this movement which indicates on its face its hopeless weakness, but in the coming to the surface of that class which heretofore concealed themselves in darkness. The success of that class by audacity and brazen insolence; the setting aside of virtue, honor, duty and integrity by their followers, in order to prove their devotion and consistency; in the eagerness and satisfaction with which doctrines spurned, prove the heated corruption of the passions are received and made the rule in the conduct of life, these signs indicate national decay. Greece rose to eminence under the austere wisdom of sages, but when the sainted Hegire usurped by lascivious arts the minds of her rulers, she went with swift feet to decay. History often repeats itself. Have we returned to the reign of the Hegire?

Berlin Heights, O., April 15, 1872.

The Western Star.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Many inquiries have reached me concerning the time when the first number of the new monthly Spiritual magazine, to be entitled *The Western Star*, will be issued. Permit me, through your columns, to inform the subscribers and patrons of this work, that in consequence of the severe illness of one of the chief contributors, and my own pressing week and night engagements, the publication of this work has been delayed so long, that the first number can not appear until the first of next month (June). At that date we hope to commence the long-promised undertaking, and that with a fair chance of success. We shall have the pleasure of sending you a table of contents, etc., of the first number, in the course of a week or two.

In the meantime I beg to advise our friends that those who propose to subscribe to this work, and desire to receive copies of the specimen number, should send a notice of their intention immediately, either to Mrs. Emily Ramsey, Hon. Sec., 251 Washington street, Boston, Mass., or to myself, as the demand which is made for copies previous to the day of publication, will, to some extent, regulate the number printed. I would also suggest that the amount of the subscription should always be sent by post office orders, unless paid to duly authorized agents. Such a course will prevent the liabilities to loss, which accrues from sending money in letters.

Several opportunities for canvassing agencies are still open, and the terms, etc., can be learned by application.

Yours Very Truly,
 EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.
 251 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Don't Read This,

Unless you owe for the JOURNAL, or desire to aid the publishers in getting new subscribers, on the liberal terms of \$1.50 per year. If you owe, don't delay payment any longer, for we need the money to pay another instalment, nearly due, for our new outfit. If you feel it a duty to aid the JOURNAL in boldly promulgating truth, send us new subscribers on trial. A good deal of money is needed just now.

A New and Good Thing.

We call the attention of our readers to an advertisement entitled "Recommended," etc. It is a fine mode of marking all kinds of stock with a durable metallic mark which they will wear through life. Every farmer should send for them, and save all further trouble of painting and binding sheep and all other kinds of stock.

Philadelphia Department.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

What is Spiritualism?

"Man is an immortal spirit, retaining identity and individuality after separation from the physical form, and possessing the power to communicate with earth."
 —Hudson Tuttle.

A good definition for the Dictionary; clear as an icicle, and about as cold. We have no fault to find with it. It is good.

There are thousands of souls under the chilling blasts of materialism and the equally depressing fires of a false theology, upon whom this will fall without producing any perceptible change. However, to millions of souls this comes as a grand fire laid upon the altars of those where it kindles an enthusiasm that sets them all aglow, and compels them to go forth as did the woman of Samaria and say, "Come and see a power which has told us all things that ever we did. Is not this the Christ—the Savior?"

We know that this living fire of Spiritualism comes to humanity just as it is in all its varied conditions; and there are many that Bro. Jackson Davis has said were like clocks that need winding up often; and there are many who have not that within which shall keep the flame alive and burning. It will go out in every one unless they do something. Hence, we would add to the definition of Spiritualism, that it is the grandest incentive to work that has ever come to humanity.

So to the mass of mankind, who are honest and earnest in their search after truth, this holy fire—this divine afflatus awakens the consciousness of a new life, and inspires them with an irresistible desire to work for themselves and for others. It impels them to go forth into the live issues of the age. Hence, Spiritualists are found in the temperance cause, the labor question, and especially the woman's suffrage question, for from its inception Modern Spiritualism has placed woman side by side with man on the rostrum, and in all departments of life, made her his equal. Spiritualists have been compelled to study the social problem, and most nobly have they taken hold of it.

Seeing that the fields of reform are already white unto harvest everywhere, and that there is a demand for laborers, how important it is that we should enter upon the work in earnest, and if we do, we shall have no time to stop and censure and condemn others. The true Spiritualist will be known everywhere, as a worker. There are no drones in this hive.

Spiritualism comes not only as a fire to warm the soul and fill it with living enthusiasm, but as a light—a clear and steady light that reveals to man his duty and his destiny, and thus enables him to become a teacher.

We glory in the word Doctor—not as one who gives pills and poison, but in its grand and ennobling sense of teacher, from *docere*, to teach.

We aspire to be a teacher—it may be only a monitor but little in advance of our pupils, but still a teacher; and in the future when we shall be able to throw off many of the chains that now bind us, we shall see this glorious profession opening before us in grandeur and beauty. Thus inspired, we seek for truth everywhere and on all subjects, knowing that knowledge is power, and that somewhere along the pathway of Eternity, all the knowledge that we can possibly acquire will be of use to us and also to others. We have not so learned this Christ, this Savior—Spiritualism. We know that it will be measured by the test which Jesus gave when he said, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

It is not every one who saith "Lord, Lord," who shall find the home of peace and love, but he that doeth all that is revealed to him to be right, which we consider to be Spiritualism in its broadest and truest sense. Let us therefore pray most earnestly with our hands, and feet, and heads, it may be not at all with the lips. The times demand the prayers of good deeds, of works, of love.

Let us not therefore trouble ourselves so much about what a person believes, remembering that each one is responsible for him or her self.

Psychometry, which is a branch of the tree of Spiritualism, reveals to us the fact that we are at all times impressing, not only the minds of our fellow-beings around us, but everything, and our thoughts, especially when they are clothed in writing, carry with them to the sensitive soul, the impress of our conditions. We are therefore always teaching in this manner, and exerting an influence which may be desirable or otherwise, but of the reality of which, there can be no doubt. When Spiritualism is thus understood, we shall all find something to do on earth, as well as in heaven, and doing it shall find heaven in our souls while we walk this earth.

All the varied manifestations of Spiritualism are valuable; there are none that could be spared without loss; each one meets some demand of the human system, physical, mental, or spiritual. Sometimes the seed that is thus sown falls upon stony ground, and may remain for a long time before it can grow; but we do not believe any such seed is ever lost, they are watched and watered by the angels, and in due time when the soil is prepared, they will grow and produce their fruits. Thousands who only hear of or witness these phenomena, pass on to spirit-life, and there find that they furnish them with a key that unlocks to them many of the grand mysteries of life.

An Incident in the Life of Samuel J. May.

The first twelve years of his life he was a fragile, delicate child, living intensely in his affections, keenly alive to all impressions made upon his emotional nature. Speaking of this portion of his life, he says, "The joys and sorrows of my childhood were, I suppose, very similar to those of other boys, but I experienced one great grief that probably made the deepest religious impression that my soul ever received."

This grief was the death by an accident of a brother two years older than himself, a fair-haired beautiful boy, between whom and himself the most tender attachment existed. They slept together, ate together, and were inseparable companions. He was at this time about five years old, and it was his first acquaintance with the great mystery of death. "There lay my beloved Edward, his eyes shut, his body cold, giving no replies to the tender things that were said to him, taking no notice of all that was being done to him or about him. I gave myself up to a passion of grief, not knowing the meaning of what I saw, but feeling that some awful change had come over him. When the room was darkened and my father and mother were about to withdraw, I begged them to let me lie down with Edward. My importunity

was so passionate that my parents were almost afraid, and quite too tender to withstand it; so I was covered with a shawl and laid by my dead brother. When left alone with him I well remember how I kissed his cold cheeks and lips, pulled open his eyelids, begged him to speak to me, and finally cried myself to sleep.

"Most vivid is my recollection of the funeral, of the solemn procession to the burial-ground, and of the weeping of friends and relatives. When I saw them take the coffin from the carriage and carry it off towards the tomb I insisted upon seeing what they were going to do with Edward. So my Uncle Samuel May took me in his arms, descended with me into the family vault, and showed me where they had put away my brother. Then he pointed out the little coffin in which were the remains of several of my brothers and sisters who had lived and died before I was born, and the coffin in which my grandfather was laid eight years before.

"My kind uncle opened one of the coffins and let me see how decayed the body had become, and told me that Edward's body would decay in like manner, and become like the dust of the earth; but while revealing to me these sad facts, he assured me most tenderly that all these departed ones were still living, that my dear brother's spirit was not in the coffin but was clothed with another and more beautiful body, and living in heaven with God and the angels. I went home in a sort of maze, crying and asking questions which human wisdom could not answer.

"I remember that my only brother Charles, then a lad of fourteen or fifteen years of age, tenderly took me to his room, lay down with me on his bed, and tried to comfort me and himself by telling me all that he imagined to be true about heaven, God, and the angels, assuring me again as others had done, that Edward had gone to live in that blessed place, in that happy and glorious company.

"When night came I was put to bed—in the bed where I had so often slept with Edward. Sleep soon came to relieve my young spirit, wearied with grief and strange excitement, and in my dreams all that had been told me proved true. The ceiling of the room seemed to open, a glorious light burst in, and from the midst of it came down my lost brother attended by a troop of child angels. They left him, and he lay down beside me as he used to do. He told me what a beautiful place heaven was and how all the angels loved one another.

"There he lay till morning, when the ceiling above opened again and the troop of angels came to bear him back to heaven. He kissed me, sent messages of love to father and mother, brother and sisters, and gladly rejoined the celestial company.

"So soon as I awoke and was dressed, I hurried down to tell the family what I had seen, and to give them the kisses and messages that dear Edward had sent them. The remarkable thing about this dream was that it was many times repeated, that night after night I enjoyed the presence of my brother, that morning after morning I went down to the family with renewed assurances of love from the one who was gone."

Items of Interest.

—Frank Marks, of Brad ey, Arkansas, is doing a good work by his lecturing and debates.

—Brother A. E. Patty has our thanks for his efforts to extend the circulation of the JOURNAL.

—C. HOWEY.—What is your post-office address? Give it, rep. at your request, and we will do as you wish.

—Prof. Whipple will lecture here before the First Society of Spiritualists on Sunday next.

—You have long heard "The Voices," even the "Voice of Prayer"; you can now see "Flashes of Light."

—Several new books are added to our list this week. See advertisements.

—Read in another column what Dr. P. B. Jones did for a well-known business man of Atchison.

—Brother A. E. Carpenter is doing a most excellent work in the East. He has closed a successful engagement at Manchester.

—Helen Grover lectured in Richmond, Ind., the first Sunday in May. She in company with Miss Crosby will remain there for several weeks.

—H. P. Fairchild is engaged to speak at Newton Falls, Ohio, during June. He would like to make other engagements. He is a most eloquent speaker.

—Brother Henry Barnard informs us that the Radicals of Minneapolis, Minnesota, have organized, and now propose to have lectures from prominent men.

—Brother Henderson, of Lancaster, Iowa, writes: "R. G. Eckles is lecturing to large and appreciative audiences at Lancaster, Iowa. He is a magnet on the rostrum."

—Brother A. B. Stebbins, of Detroit, we are glad to learn, is once more in the lecturing field where he will be warmly welcomed by his old friends who know him to be an able lecturer.

—Charles M. DeLeon, of Charleston, Mo., will be in Texas during June. During May, in Tennessee and Kentucky. Will then go to California. He will lecture on the Spiritual Philosophy, Phrenology, and Temperance.

—R. H. Winslow will be at Geneva Lake on the 16th of June, to attend a "love meeting." Will lecture Sunday morning on Spiritualism, and in the afternoon will give his Experience, and the Reasons why he is a Spiritualist.

—Prof. Shaw, the Western elocutionist, is spoken of as a coming dramatic star. He is regarded as a gentleman of fine culture, and remarkable voice compass, for whom several original plays are in process of composition.

—Fannie T. Young is about to make a tour West. She is a highly accomplished lecturer, and should find plenty to do. She will probably go to California. Spiritualists in Nebraska, Colorado, Illinois, or any of the Western States who desire her services should address her at once in care of this office.

—The Independent Observer of March 30th speaks as follows of Mrs. Wilcoxon: "Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxon, who has no superior in the lecturing field as an inspirational speaker, will close her engagement in Kansas City on Sunday next. She contemplates visiting Oswego, and we would advise the friends of the cause in Linn county to give her an invitation to lecture." Her address, for the present, is Topeka, Kansas.

Passed to Spirit Life.

[Notices for this Department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.]

Passed to Spirit Life, February 18th, 1872, Sarah F., wife of J. Brintnall, of Elroy, Wisconsin, aged 33 years, 8 months, and 28 days, sister of Mrs. Robinson, the mother of Mrs. Mary Davis the wife of A. J. Davis of New York.

Passed to spirit life from Harrisburgh, Penn., May 4th, 1872, from the home of Joseph Potts, after a very sudden illness of only one hour, an old Spiritualist, Dr. Thomas White, formerly of New York, who was traveling about the country lecturing and doing good, and had only been in our city about a week. His body was interred by the friends last Sunday. I understand he has a son, living at Mt. Pleasant, Jefferson county, Ohio.

H. BRENNAN.

Our Correspondence.

Items from Lois Waisbrooker.

BRO. JONES.—I must really try to mend my chirography, for I perceive some typographical errors in both of my last items. Mrs. Woodruff said at Lockport, that nothing was too good to array (not carry) a body which contained an immortal spirit, etc.; and in the last, disagree has the first syllable left off—making me say that I "agree with any and all;" and in the last paragraph, "no accessions" should be "as accessions"—so much for my poor writing. Well, the only lesson I ever cried over was my writing lesson.

I believe my last was dated from Elmira. I went from there to Wellsburg; stopped two nights; found some true souls, and some who dodged like quails; from there to Waverly, where Mrs. Mossop had been interesting the people; found a home in the genial atmosphere of Dr. Weaver and his good wife. Here, my "Big Chief," Mendakin, was made happy in finding an element which he could whistle with, without using my lips. Both the Doctor and Mrs. W. have heard him several times since I left, and one night their little boy sprang out of his crib, in the night, and rushing into his mother's bed, exclaimed, "Who whistled?" The parents both heard the whistle and recognized it, "and the next day," said Mrs. Weaver, in a letter to me, "we received your letter, and we felt that he had come to tell us that we were going to hear from you." They have a circle in the place for physical manifestations, and are making good progress; are beginning to see faces the same as at Moravia. Found some good friends at Owego, but

ITHICA

was to me, a sealed book, and but for a liberal outsider, I should have been obliged to stay at the public house; and one prominent Spiritualist told me "it was the most independent way; that she had devoted time to this cause, and worked with her fingers to support herself." I have no doubt but there are plenty of good souls in Ithica, only I was not fortunate enough to find them; or when found, not fortunate enough to please them. From there to

BINGHAMTON,

where I was received with open hearts—making a sunshine for the poor wanderer, which contrasted beautifully with the shadow of that great college at Ithica. One little incident occurred here which I must relate, as it shows a state of things which is true almost everywhere. Visiting, one evening, at the house of one who had recently become a Spiritualist, a lady who lived in the upper room was invited down to play on the new piano. I showed her one of my books—"Alice Vale." Said she, reading the title, "Why that is a book I have been wanting to get." Then going up stairs, she got the money of her husband, came back and paid me for it.

"Are you familiar with this kind of literature?" I asked. "I am," was the reply. She had moved from the East, and not being sufficiently zealous to speak out and stem the tide, had remained quiet; and though living there about eighteen months, I believe no one had suspected that she had even a liberal thought. Well, never mind, the time is coming when these dry bones shall be clothed with flesh, and come forth a mighty army.

Spent the Sabbath at Upper Lisle, in the family of father Rouse, an aged veteran of eighty six, who, with his faithful companion, are waiting to be clothed with immortality. From there to Lisle, on Monday, where I found one good brother, formerly a Baptist, whose name has escaped me, who bravely contends against the ignorance and superstition which, though forced to respect the man, would gladly destroy his influence.

At Lisle Centre, there are also a few brave souls. From thence to Courtland. Good friends here also. Had intended to visit Moravia again, but circumstances prevented. From thence to

SYRACUSE,

where Dr. Butterfield stands at his post as of old. Some of the friends here bought books; some honestly could not, though they would have been glad to do so; and others pretended that they wanted them very much, but could not spare the means, when I knew that all lacking was the disposition. Well, we can not expect others to see the importance of our work as we see it, each having their own field of labor; but what folly for one to try to deceive a medium with a polite pretense.

A great many copies of the *Index* are taken here, and the Rev. Mr. Munday speaks for the Free Religionists on Sunday.

From thence to Canistota. Stopped with good father and mother Gay, and had the pleasure of meeting Laura DeForce Gordon. She told me that she intended to attend the Liberal Republican Convention at Cincinnati; and an organ of the regular party, in speaking of that Convention as a company of soreheads, says: "One soreheaded woman from California wished to represent the Golden State, but her credentials were not regular." If the writer had said

SOUNDHEAD,

he would have come nearer the truth, for a few such earnest, strong women as Mrs. Gordon are striking blows which will make sore-lands not a few in the ranks of old Conservatism.

From thence to Utica, where I found a home with Mrs. Kate Gibbs, the medium controlled by the Indian girl Rosa, spoken of in Thomas Hazards eleven days at Moravia. Mrs. Gibbs had just received Rosa's likeness, painted by Fayette, of Oswego. Felt very much disturbed because I did not receive letters as I expected—very much disturbed, because so much was depending, and I felt that hopes disappointed in that direction would be almost more than I could bear. My feelings were such that my regular influence could not get near me, but Rosa said that all was well, and she told me the truth, for upon returning to Angola I found that the postmaster had made a mistake and forwarded my letters to the wrong place. Staid through the quarterly meeting of the Central Association of the Spiritualists of New York, and we had a successful meeting. Mrs. Nettie Maynard, A. A. Wheelock and Cephas B. Lynn were the regular speakers. Warren Woolson, Mrs. Williams, Mr. Olds, Mrs. Kimball and Mrs. Campbell were also present, and took part in the discussion upon the resolutions and topics. Bro. Olds is a young man, a new beginner, but sound, and I predict for him a career of usefulness. I congratulate the Central Association, and its presiding officer, Dr. Beals, for it is doing a grand work under his administration, and may it never fall into less efficient hands.

Returned to Angola the last day of April, after an absence of nearly five weeks, and—listen to it, ye stylish ones—wore one dress the entire time, excepting one partial change, that is, I put on another overskirt once, but got sick of it and went back to the old standby, "A foolish thing to write about," do you say? Well, why can't I say foolish things as well as other people?

A few days of rest, and I start again, and the Sabbath finds me in Erie. Really there is a large liberal element here, but I can not tarry, and to-morrow takes me to Ohio, and from thence West again, from whence I shall

send you items from time to time as the spirit moves.

My address, till further notice, will be at Battle Creek, Mich. As ever, L. W.

Manchester, New Hampshire.

BRO. JONES.—Before me lies a paper in which appears the following advertisement:

"WICKEDEST MAN IN PHILADELPHIA.—Eld. J. G. Hook, of Concord, and M. W. Lutz, once called the wickedest man in Philadelphia, will hold union revival meetings at Music Hall, Manchester."

Being in Manchester to fill a lecture engagement, and having some curiosity to see this "wicked man," who seemed to be the "drawing card" of the exhibition, I attended one of the shows yesterday forenoon. It was somewhat novel to have a revival with a star actor possessed of such peculiar qualifications. His wonderful talents in the line of wickedness were evidently intended to produce a sensation.

Not being armed I took a seat near the door, at a safe distance from the dangerous man, who evidently was in the middle of one of his most striking acts when I entered. The scene was fearful, and the noise absolutely terrific. The "wicked man" was throwing up his arms and howling at the top of his voice, accompanied by the groans—dear bass—of Bro. Hook, shouting and groaning, mingled with the screams of a few women, who were contributing what little they could to the diabolical sounds. A menagerie of half-starved beasts would have sunk into insignificance in the presence of this horrible din.

This noise soon subsided and singing commenced. As near as I could understand, the song consisted of about twenty lines, and each line repeated, as was every word. Strange to say, I remember it all. I will report it, *verbatim*: "Jesus." That is all. Repeat that about a hundred times, and you have it.

Jesus was evidently the name of a person about whom all this din was being made. I tried to think who it could be. I never knew any such person. I had read of a man who lived a long time ago—who, according to the record, went about doing good, and making no fuss about it. This tremendous commotion could have no possible reference to him.

Bro. Hook says, "Let us pray," and dropped upon his knees, resting his hands upon a chair in front of him, which he dexterously balanced on one leg. The "wicked man," not to be outdone, hung himself across the seat of his chair, with his long legs mopping the floor on one side, and his head nearly bumping it on the other. While in this graceful and pious attitude, he occasionally turned his face, fearfully distorted, toward the audience, while he grunted and groaned an accompaniment to Hook's prayer. I pitied the poor man. He evidently was in great pain; whether bodily or spiritually, it was impossible to tell. I remember when I was a boy I used to sometimes feel very much as he seemed to, after I had eaten too many green apples.

Bro. Hook proceeded to tell "Almighty God" what he wanted him to do at once. God had done a big job for them over at Concord, and he wanted him to lend a hand in Manchester. I concluded Bro. Hook had left God over at Concord, or some other equally distant place, for he shouted as though he was talking to some one at least ten miles off.

Prayer over, they sang again, and I learned that the Jesus they had been talking about was a man from "Nazareth," and also that he "passeth by."

The mystery was solved. The secret of the tremendous uproar was this: they were trying to attract this person's attention, that he might stop as he passed by. Now, I thought if they succeeded in gaining his attention, there would be no further need of that bedlam of noise. They must have failed, for their efforts continued without the slightest diminution. They continued working themselves and some of their sympathizers into a high state of excitement. The more sensitive became almost frantic—sighing, weeping, moaning, groaning, shouting, shrieking—each one expressing his or her self according to his or her predominant traits of character.

What was all this about? Bro. Hook said he wanted them to give their souls to God—believe on Jesus; that was the only way to be saved. No matter how bad they had been, Jesus would save them. "Look at 'wicked Lutz' (pointing at that remarkable personage, whose villainous countenance was certainly as expressive of wickedness as one could desire for an illustration), look at him!—once the vilest of the vile, now a lamb in the fold of Jesus!"

The "lamb" grinned hideously, and looked decidedly wolfish, evidently highly gratified at this allusion to his well-earned reputation for wickedness. One ambitious youth, seeing the high estate attained by Lutz in popular notice, and feeling that there was a new road open to glory and renown, arose and said that he had been as wicked as Lutz! Nobody believed him. His face did not show it.

I am certain if some revivalist should be betrayed into engaging him to play the part of the wickedest man, that said revivalist would make a failure. I would say to that young man, stop! Be content to be known as an ordinary example of wickedness. Do not attempt to attain the sublime heights reached by Lutz in that direction. You have not the talent.

In the afternoon I am told Lutz made a savage attack upon the Spiritualists, calling them all manner of hard names, and declaring their doctrine to be all of the devil. How he knew was the mystery, but probably his intimate acquaintance with Old Nick in times past enabled him to speak advisedly.

In the evening Lutz entertained a large audience with an account of his history in times past, the details of which were so filled with illustrations of pure "cussedness," that no one doubted that he had fairly earned the reputation of being the wickedest man in Philadelphia; and further, that he ought to be in the penitentiary instead of appearing before the people as a teacher. Let us hope that he will not close his career, as another star actor in the same line has recently done, by seeking to take somebody's life. I refer to the would-be murderer of T. B. Taylor, author of "Old Theology Turned Upside Down."

I intended to make some comments, but my time is up, and I leave that for the reader. Yours for the truth against all shams and falsehoods, A. E. CARPENTER.

DEAR JOURNAL: It has been some time since I saw your pleasant face, not since the awful fire until a few weeks ago. I was glad to clasp hands with you, as you were one of my old friends in the West. Am glad to see you appearing just as if nothing had happened. Who can look at this paper and not feel what a struggle it has cost our friend Jones to bring it out from its fiery tomb, to live to give light to a hungry humanity. I say such men should be supported. Let us all, as mediums, as lecturers, as Spiritualists, do all we can to obtain subscribers for those that nobly bear the old *Banner of Light*, and have so bravely raised the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL from the ashes of the terrible fire. I am thankful that

I gave \$14 to the sufferers of that doomed city, the work of one evening of psychometric readings. Some have censured me for doing so, saying, "The poor never got it." Well, if they did not, I have done my part.

And now, dear friends, I will say to you all, as I think all my acquaintances in the West take the JOURNAL, if they don't they ought to, that I am still at work, having all I can do lecturing, healing, giving tests and psychometric readings. I shall be at Stafford Springs, Connecticut, in May. The dear angels are blessing me daily.

Mrs. S. A. ROGERS.

Silverton, Oregon.

BROTHER JONES.—I have been taking the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL over two years, and of course have become acquainted with its editors, one or both of them (*i. e.*, their mental and moral characteristics), and I must say that I am impressed (not spiritually) that I ought to apply to you for help in time of need. Long years ago I made up my mind to fight out this battle of life manfully, and never say *give up*, or admit that any man need not solve every question for himself, inasmuch as the greatest benefit can not accrue where we are prone to rely on advice or outside assistance.

I have acted from this motto of self-reliance and self-exertion, and while I have not taken more than I have fairly won, in any of the departments of the material relations, and have not been subject to corroding cares or intoxicating ambition, I find that I am above want *only in part*, and must confess my inability and poverty in spiritual resources, concerning a question which I would most earnestly beg of you to answer, or tell me who can answer.

My wife and myself were both confirmed Spiritualists, and apparently so well matched, that we hoped to live conjugally united in the spirit spheres. We had "time out of mind" gazed into each other's eyes, and in sweet communion of souls uttered, "I am thine and thou art mine," and longed to know whether the passage over the mystic river would change either of us and this blessed, electric affinity. We gave a mutually binding promise, that the first to pass would return a truthful answer, and remove all doubts and fears. Of course neither of us desired a continuance contrary to the fitness of spiritual conditions.

On the 20th of November, 1870, my wife passed to spirit life, and ever since then, I have been trying in various ways to obtain a message from her. I have had several letters, purporting to be answers to mine addressed to her, care of J. V. Mansfield; but I am compelled to the conclusion that *she did not answer them*. The person who *did answer* them knew their contents, but could not answer my questions. Not one test was given. I have been with other mediums, but have not obtained any satisfactory information from the last.

I do not think that I am unreasonable in my expectations as to what spiritual intercourse ought to furnish. There is not an issue of the JOURNAL or the *Banner of Light* that does not contain many evidences which would more than satisfy me. Nearly every one of the communications through the *Banner's* free circle, give undoubted tests of spirit identity. Why should I not receive the same in the pretended communications from my wife? Is it more difficult to tell the truth than a lie; or, are the ideas and wishes of the medium so mixed up with those of the control as to form an amalgam unlike either.

I do hope you can give me some light upon this matter, for I shall not be of much value to myself, my family, or the world, until I know. It may be improper to love as I loved my wife. It may be she sees now that we were improperly united, and is afraid to inform me of the fact. She ought to know, however, that I am something of a philosopher, and, withal, possessed of a strong will, and can soon learn to adapt myself to conditions which receive the sanction of my convictions.

I have been inclined to the belief that a right marriage will extend to the spheres, and that a wrong one will not, and also, that a person living upon the spiritual plane can determine that question of affinities, absolutely.

A jostling man of the world might say with a strong semblance of truth, that I am in a worry to marry again; it would only be a joke. I am not worried about anything but the failure of my wife to perform her obligation, and the inferences that arise on account of it. I would not do anything to mar the present or future happiness of my wife. Would it not be a sin to marry again if we are to live together, conjugally related, in the spheres?

If we are not to be so related beyond, would it not be better for me to accustom myself to a fate which now seems to be so much against my inclinations?

A SUBSCRIBER.

REPLY.—The letter you addressed to your dearly beloved companion in earth-life, through the mediumship of Mr. Mansfield, may never have been seen by her, and might have been answered by one of the circle of spirits controlling the medium, who, seeing its contents, could return what would be considered an answer to the questions. No doubt she has often tried to impress you with a knowledge of her presence, and while she showers down upon you all the love that she possessed for you on earth, still you are insensible of her presence. Because she has not yet fulfilled her promise, should not cause suspicion to arise in your mind that she has ceased to love you. Wait patiently, and by and by some avenue will be opened, through which you can hold sweet communion with the one you loved so well in earth-life.

Denver, Colorado.

BRO. JONES.—In a former letter I stated that many were investigating the principles of spiritual phenomena, in Denver.

Since then it has been thought best to organize a society, the better to act in unison in any and every laudable way, for the promulgation of those principles; and a meeting was appointed for April 24, 1879, which was attended by twenty-five or thirty persons. Bro. Benj. Todd, a lecturer, was present, and called to the chair. The objects of the meeting were stated, and it was resolved, with but little discussion, to enter into the organization of a society for the purpose above named.

Bro. Todd gave us some good advice, after which a committee on Constitution and By-Laws was appointed, and we adjourned to meet on the 16th of April.

At the second, we had a larger attendance than at the first meeting; and after some preliminary business, the committee presented us their report—the Preamble, Declaration of Principles, Constitution and By-Laws of the "Boston Spiritualist's Union," without any change in the Declaration, and but some few in the Constitution and By-Laws, necessitated

by locality. The Constitution and By-Laws were adopted, and the Declaration held for consideration on Sunday, April 21st, until which time we adjourned, after electing the following officers for one year:

President, D. D. Beldon; Vice President, Judge Taylor; Secretary, Mrs. W. H. Bright; Treasurer, Miner Hedges; Corresponding Secretary, W. H. Fisher; and a Committee of Management of nine brothers and sisters.

We all were pleased when we came together at our third meeting, to find that our number had largely increased, and more love, union of purpose and greater cordiality, or harmony, prevailed.

The meeting was called to order, and we considered the Declaration of Principles, passing upon a few at a time, and after fully and candidly weighing each, they were adopted as a whole. We were then entertained by Bro. Beldon in a very able and touching address of a few minutes length, who was followed by a Bro. Miles in a short speech, replete with line thoughts and noble sentiments. Members were called for, and twenty-one came forward, subscribing to the code of Principles, Constitution and By-Laws, and we adjourned, to meet on Sunday, 28th inst.

We were all happy in this step so manifestly proper and necessary, and look for a most glorious success, by and with the co-operation of our angel friends. Thus we record the birth of the "Denver Spiritualist's Union."

We have residing in Denver now (just having engaged rooms), good sister Landis, from Michigan, who is a test medium and clairvoyant physician; and I speak but in relation to my own family's experience, when I say, no doubt now covers our horizon. Her tests are unquestionable, and we firmly believe God and the angels are with her, and will bless her with their presence in our city. We need her labor; the people need her. We have prayed for her presence, and our prayer has been answered, for which we give thanks.

Truly Yours,

W. H. FISHER.

Theological Clowns.

For massive cheek, unlimited impertinence, tainted breath and soiled linen, commends us to that class of religious lunatics who preach about "the second coming of Christ in a cloud of glory." Whatever may be our opinion on this subject, we have a deep respect for the belief and faith of the very large number of our respected Christian citizens who conscientiously believe in the divinity of Christ, and do homage to "the Savior of Mankind." At the same time, we think that this very large number of our respected Christian citizens share with us, in a modest degree, the contempt we have for those religious ranters, whose howlings are a blasphemous libel upon Christ and Christianity.

The San Francisco public is at present afflicted with two self-styled bruisers of the Gospel, the one being the notorious Second Adventist, Eld. Miles Grant, the other Eld. M. E. Cornell, about whom and the Devil we know next to nothing. These twin theological gladiators, this pair of peripatetic religious bipeds, saturated with self-conceit, and with furious enthusiasm, raving with the froths of pious folly, have been holding a discussion of empty words about nothing. The subject is singularly appropriate to the mental caliber of these theological bores. We would like to hear and patronize a preacher having the burning and overpowering eloquence of a Whitfield, the rare logic and matchless oratorical power of a Bossuet, the mellow richness and universality of a Theodore Parker. But in the name of High Heaven, Low Earth, Intermediate Worlds, and all that is therein, we ask the Supreme public either to wad its ears with California cotton, or forever and everlastingly suppress such theological clowns as Eld. Miles Grant and Eld. M. E. Cornell. We are heartily sick of this religious vomit.—*California Mailbag*, for April.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—The above paragraph I cut from the *California Mailbag*, published monthly, in San Francisco, by Mariatt, a sharp, caustic writer as we have on this coast. The criticism on Miles is a little severe, but just. Grant is unscrupulous, and wild in his statements in debate as any man I ever listened to. We were "afflicted" with him one year ago the past winter. He came to California to annihilate Spiritualism, but he woke up the wrong beehive in San Francisco, the workers in his ear that he has not got rid of. He has not returned to the attack the past winter, but devotes his time to the discussion of other subjects.

Truly Yours,

R. B. H.

Oakland, Cal.

The Search after God.

BRO. JONES: Your paper is all that a radical community could ask for. It is deep in research, abounds in good sense, and is destined to reach out to the utmost verge of the outward unfolding waves of Spiritualism! The weekly appearance of that "Search after God" is heartily welcomed. Brother Francis has certainly destroyed Jehovah, Jove, or Lord most effectually. But the question still arises: may there not exist and yet be found, a hitherto unknown god or gods answering to the universal idea or wish. The author in his Search has gone over an immense field, thoroughly investigating every part of it; but there is one vast continent of congregated atoms of matter into which Brother Francis has not yet gone with his sharp-seeing vision. The continent of which I speak is the question of size. To illustrate: a mountain is larger than a grain of sand; the earth is larger than a mountain; the sun is larger than the earth; and there is, perhaps, no world so large but there may be one still larger; nothing so small but there may be something smaller. May not Swedenborg be correct in his idea of one Grand Man or God, in whose system worlds move like globules in the human blood? May not man stand in relation to the whole as a liver parasite does to man. Attribute to the parasite the power to reason, as, perhaps, it possesses, then listen awhile to its trite and limited observations, embracing an interesting range of facts. It tells its friends that it has examined the liver world over and over, and with its telescope it has looked into the stomach, examined the heart, and has not yet discovered a God, except a worm or some monster, in the "constellations of the intestines," and if it is a God it has no nature or passion in common with parasites. Now let this same parasite take an outside observation of the system of which it has hitherto had only an inside view, and a very limited one at that, and its next book would contain most startling declarations, would it not? We have not yet seen the outside shape and form of the vast universe in the inward part of which we human beings live, on one its smallest organs, and think and reason and revel as parasites.

There may be in the vast universe yet stranger facts and forms than we have ever dreamed of.

If I were the guardian and inspiring spirit of Brother Francis, I'd plume his wings for such a flight.

NED MELLROON.

Voices from the People.

CRYSTAL, MICH.—Wm. Cronkite writes.—I would not be without the JOURNAL for a hundred dollars. It just answers the questions that I have had for the last thirty years.

CAMDEN, MO.—G. C. Smith writes.—I am quite certain if I keep the mind I now have, that will continue to read your bold and plain talk paper, and be able to pay for it, even if I am a Methodist and "hard up for means."

SPRINGFIELD, MO.—M. S. Kelso writes.—A good healer is much needed at this place. We need one who can cause the "blind to see," the "lame to walk," and, in fact, cast out devils of various kinds! There is a vast field open here for such an one.

KROGHVILLE, WIS.—G. D. Wiley writes.—J. O. Barrett came to our little town and lectured. He did well, and had a full house of Orthodox. Some came from Lake Mills and we had a big time. I got food for my soul. I shall have a grove meeting here in June.

WADE, OHIO.—C. H. Toler writes.—Our good friend Mr. H. Goodman, a trial subscriber, is afraid Bro. Francis will capture the Orthodox, and publicly disgrace him for burning up Chicago and other places—men, women and children, and for not knowing enough to save his own churches from the flames.

AVA, IOWA.—Wm. Brownfield writes.—I live in the darkest part of Egypt. I am longing for a healing medium. All are willing to be healed when it don't cost them anything, but they don't hardly believe it is spirits when they see us controlled to get answers, find pain and relief.

JAMESTOWN, TENN.—L. Bush writes.—I have been a subscriber to your goodly JOURNAL, which is my journal, because it expresses the sentiments common to all people, kindred and tongues, elevating truth, morality, and justice, in simple, plain and unadorned language.

WORCESTER, MASS.—George L. Lee writes.—The Spiritualists of this place are wide awake, and our meetings are well attended. We have had Miss Jennie Leys, Annie Middlebrook, and C. Fanny Allen, each one a saint, and we have had a live man, a reliable lecturer and test medium.

CENTER POINT, IOWA.—Dr. Perkins writes.—Mrs. Perkins and myself have just closed a four-days' meeting, and as a result, I believe all agree that Spiritualism has been put one step forward and old theology taken a severe blow. The meetings were largely attended, and Mrs. Perkins has given some wonderful tests of spirit power.

IRONTON, MO.—Wm. Reed writes.—I still carefully read Bro. Francis's "Search after God." I think he would find him—that is, the God of Moses. I read in the Bible that David saw him and talked to him and his son Solomon was to build him a house. He promised David his heart should be there; his eyes should be there, and his name should be there forever. I think he was buried up when the Roman soldiers burned his house.

FRANK PIERCE, IOWA.—J. G. Oldacre writes.—I have been a reader of your valuable paper, the JOURNAL, since the year '70. It is the best paper, to inform the mind and prepare us for the life here and hereafter, that I ever read. "The Search after God" is calculated to do more toward reforming the sectarian world, if they would read it, than all the God-sent preachers united.

RICHFIELD, MICH., May 8, 1879.—Little I. Simmons, writing says: "I am very thankful, and happy to say that the box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's *Tobacco Antidote*, which I procured at the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, has cured my husband of all desire for 'the weed.' He was cured before he had taken one box, although he was in the habit of chewing half a pound a week."

SOUTH FORK, CAL.—S. R. Hubbard writes.—Some six years ago I formed a circle to investigate what I was in perfect ignorance of, and at the first sitting had manifestations that I was then unable to account for. I was advised by my Orthodox neighbors to let those mysteries alone—God would reveal them as fast as it was necessary that we should know them. I developed one good trance medium, but he was soon taken to the Summer Land and I left alone. Soon after I got the JOURNAL, which I prize very highly, and intend to be a permanent subscriber.

SESSIONS SETTLEMENT, UTAH.—S. Harrison writes.—I have been favored by the loan of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL many times, by Bro. Walter Mansfield, but now I shall be happy in having a weekly copy myself, which will be well circulated through this settlement, as there are many people here who are desiring to investigate the truths of Spiritualism. I hope I shall be enabled to get you some other subscribers soon. There is a general desire that the "Search after God" should be issued in a volume, both in this place, and in Salt Lake City, and other parts of this territory.

BIRDSBORO, PA.—John B. Holman writes.—I have often felt a curiosity to know whether the magnetism imparted by healers to the sick, and suffering differs from that induced by a battery with Inductor. There is the positive and the negative—these forces are diffused in nature, and can be induced by an apparatus already alluded to. On a certain occasion I applied to Mrs. A. H. Robinson for a prescription. She sent me a positive paper, which I used as per direction, and it produced a certain effect on my organism. I also constructed an "Inductor" which I attached to a powerful battery, and by this means magnetized similar papers; and upon using these papers in a like manner, the effects produced appeared to be similar to that of Mrs. Robinson's. I am seeking information upon this subject.

PALATINE, ILL.—J. P. Baldwin writes.—I see that Bro. Francis has not found God yet. I wonder why he don't go to the old Gent, (the Christian Devil) for information. According to the Word of God he was acquainted with him (God). They met together in the Garden of Eden; again they had a social chat in the case of Job. Then very recently (only about two thousand years ago) he took God up in his arms and carried him to the top of Mount Moriah, and high that he could see all of this round globe at a glance, and told him that he would give the whole of it to him if he would fall down and worship him. But God could not see it in that light. Another time he sat him on the steeple of a meeting-house. Now, I suggest that Bro. Francis go to him for information, or if he is not acquainted with him, he can find plenty of Christian preachers, or even church members that are well acquainted with him. The JOURNAL is to me a feast of fat things every week.

ALLIANCE, OHIO.—H. Barnes writes.—The JOURNAL is doing its good work in this section. May it live long to battle with superstition and bigotry. People are inquiring into this new state of things. Orthodox trembles; mediums are developing. Since first reading the JOURNAL, (which is about two years ago), mediums have appeared in my own family, mostly for physical communications. At their seance sometimes a drum, a guitar, a mouth-organ, and three or more bells are played at the same time; the medium and chair to which he is tied put upon the table and taken down again; his coat and vest taken off and again put on; an iron ring put around the arm or leg of one of the mediums and removed from one to the other, and taken off again. Music is often made around the room or cabinet. These things are all accomplished while the medium is securely tied, hands and feet to the chair with perhaps fifty feet of rope. The spirits generally do the thing and sing. They at times talk through the medium; at other times talk independent of him, and sometimes through the trumpet, and of late have been showing their hands at the window of the cabinet. Some of these are persons whom we were acquainted with while living. The above is a part of the marvelous feats which had been performed by spirits through their mediumship, and seen not only by our own family, but many others who have been given, and a glorious time is approaching when all sensible people can hold communication with spirit friends.

Frontier Department.

BY E. V. WILSON.

"Plain Talk to Dr. Slade."

In the Frontier Department of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of April 6th, Vol. XII, No. 3, there appeared an article from us, headed, "Plain Talk to Dr. Slade," in which we asked Bro. Slade the following questions:

1 "Bro. Slade, we have known you since 1860—first meeting you at Ann Arbor, Mich. Do you not remember it?"

2 "Bro. Slade, we have not lost all confidence in you—no, not quite; and we call on you in sorrow, in grief, to come out like a man. If you are guilty, acknowledge your error; shake off the baneful influences that have degraded you!"

3 "Bro. Slade, we call on you in the name of humanity, of the angel-world, of our Sister Aleida Wilhelm your wife," etc.

4 "We ask you, Bro. Slade, are you prepared to meet this woman's want? Shall we write her, Dr. Slade is a humbug?"

5 "We now call on you to rise up and shake off this terrible incubus; redeem yourself. We will not cast you off. Oh, come back and be once more a true man."

6 "Brother, will you heed our call? Let us hear from you! Are you the villain the New York Sun represents you to be, or can you clear your skirts of these charges? If you can, do it without delay."

Dear readers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, we ask you to once more read the above very pointed questions and their word dressing, and then ask yourselves if there is a charge direct or indirect preferred in them, against Bro. Henry Slade. Are they not just such questions as you would put to us if we stood in Bro. Slade's place; just such questions every true man should use in testing the truth of his brother-man, when associated with him as a co-laborer in the cause of Spiritualism and its grand truths.

Our readers will please remember that in No. 23, Vol. XI, of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, we gave publicity to a most remarkable spiritual phenomena that took place before us in a sitting with Bro. Henry Slade at his rooms, No. 210 West Forty-third street, city of New York. These sittings took place on the morning and evening of Thursday, Jan. 11, 1872. We went there without a suspicion of wrong, of tricks, or of being humbugged. We went not as a sponge, but prepared to pay our way, offering to pay our \$5 for the sitting, which was promptly declined by both Slade and Simmons. After the morning sitting, Slade was influenced by Owasso, who directed us to call or come again in the evening, and spirits would materialize themselves before us. After Owasso's influence had left, Bro. Slade inquired what Owasso said. We told him. We had now reached the foot of the stairs. Mr. Simmons had joined us, when Bro. Slade said, "You will come, Bro. Wilson, at the time appointed?"

"Yes!" we replied.
"What is that?" said Simmons.
"We mentioned the appointment for the evening."

Simmons replied, "Doctor, are you aware that the evening is all engaged up to half-past nine o'clock?"

"I know, but this appointment will be kept," said the Doctor.

We came, keeping the appointment. We saw, and we wrote up what we saw—giving to the hundred thousand readers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL one of the most remarkable sittings that had ever taken place through Dr. Slade's mediumship!

When we accepted the invitation to visit him in the evening, we asked our spirit helpers and guides to leave us in our normal condition, that we might see with our physical senses whatever took place—just as the skeptic or materialist saw things. Our influences complying with our request, we went to Bro. Slade's room with all confidence in the man. We went not to detect a fraud, but to meet an honest man. We went not to be convinced, but that we could say to the world we saw, heard, and felt spiritual beings in our normal state as you can hear, see, and feel us in your normal or physical conditions. We went with the trusting confidence of a child, and we saw gods come up out of the floor. And one was like unto our father and ourself. We spoke to him; he answered us and moved to and fro. We had all confidence in Bro. Henry Slade, and still have, and always shall have; are ready to defend him and all other mediums, seers, and others who advocate the glorious truths of demonstrable immortality—our motto being: "We had better wade through a mountain of chaff, an ocean of foam, a world of cheats and frauds, and get one grain of good wheat, one pure drop of water, and find one single reliable witness of life beyond the grave," than go through these mountains of chaff, an ocean of foam and froth, a world of cheats and frauds and die with no knowledge of the future life. We have stood the firm friend of all mediums, of whatever type of mediumship such may be possessed of—in writing, in conference, in convention—everywhere! We have stepped into the breach and repelled the attacks made by Spiritualists and others on our mediums. Who does not remember our course, and the defense of our mediums at the Cleveland Convention in 1867? And yet this declaration of principle shall not deprive us of our right to question, criticize, or reject any mediums, seers, speakers or others of ours.

On the 22d of February last, there appeared in the New York Sun, a well written and apparently truthful statement of facts asserted to be true by an inmate and servant of Dr. Slade's household. This servant was no more nor less than his housekeeper, who had access to every part of his house. She was not his scullion, or boot-black, but the one that, in his household matters, attending to guests, looking after all family matters, and all business matters, takes the place of the wife, mother or sister, where these relatives are wanting, is trusted beyond the trust imposed in the cook, chambermaid, or footman! She was in all household matters Dr. Slade's confident and counselor, and long in his employ. This woman, Mrs. C. L. Case, an old friend, confident, and trusted companion and inmate of Dr. Slade's house—living with him in Michigan and having charge of his household matters—was taken from that New York City for her fidelity and trustworthiness. She voluntarily (or for gain) goes to a representative newspaper—the New York Sun—a daily, tri-weekly and weekly, (older in years than Dr. Slade), with its hundreds of thousands of readers, and declares that her old and tried friend and employer is a cheat, common swindler, a humbug, a fake, a

humbug, the Barnum of Spiritualism! In inference, at least, if not in fact, states: We, Dr. Henry Slade, J. Simmons, and C. L. Case, egregiously imposed on the Evening Post, Times, Sun, Tribune, World, Telegram, Home Journal, Golden Age, representatives of the secular press; and of the Spiritualists—the shrewdest thinkers they have—such as Denton, T. G. Forster, Child, Hazard, Willis, Peabody, Hull, Britten, Woodhull, Wheelock and others. We humbugged with masks, paste-board faces and other contrivances, causing them to advertise and endorse us, and we learned our tricks at the Moravia Mecca of Spiritualism! This exposure gave detail account—even to minutiae. The Description of Dr. Slade; the Visit to Moravia; the Change of Home; the Diagram of the New House; how Slade did it; the First of Slade's Controlling Spirit;—in fact, she speaks as one knowing whereof she speaks. Her statement goes to the world in the columns of the Sun, on the 23d of February, 1872; also about this time Dr. Slade is overhauled in a spiritual meeting in New York City—and many Spiritualists take part in traducing him, and the apparent judgment of that meeting—Slade you are guilty! Previous to all these things we had given to our hundred thousand readers, the wonderful phenomena we had witnessed at Dr. Slade's rooms on West Forty-third street. We had publicly stated in Philadelphia, Hammon, Camden, Harrisburg, York, Baltimore, Washington and many other places, that these things were so, offering to back up our words by time and money. In Baltimore we found those who had stated and declared Dr. Slade to be a cheat and swindle, stating that his slate-writing was produced by a piece of pencil fixed under the second finger-nail; the slate held in his hand with the thumb on the under side of the slate and fingers on the upper. This charge we met and upset, by proving that the writing took place on the under side of the slate when it lay on the table in broad day light, and no hand near it. We had, and now have letters, from circles of true Spiritualists, in which spirits stated that Dr. Slade would cheat, and would be found out as a cheat, and thus be exposed as a humbug and swindler. These charges we met with the facts we witnessed, accepting the evidences of our senses in preference to the statement of any circle or spirit outside of our own counselors. Imagine our surprise on Saturday, Feb. 23, 1872, on being challenged in the post-office in Watertown, N. Y., by one who is not an unbeliever, as follows: "See here Wilson, who shall we believe, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL or Sun? You say you saw these things, and know whereof you speak. An inmate of Dr. Slade's house declares the whole thing a cheat. There is a screw loose here somewhere! Can you meet this expose?"

We answered promptly,—"Believe in us. Dr. Slade is all right! After this we were challenged in many places. If we received one copy of the Sun, we did fifty, many of them inclosing our report of Slade's seance."

In letters frequently such questions as these: "Bro. Wilson, how could you be deceived?" "If Forster, Child, and you could be imposed on, who can we, the non-mediumistic Spiritualists rely upon?"

"Well, well! If Slade is a cheat, then there is no truth in Spiritualism!"

Another sends us the Sun expose, and asks us if we dare give it a place in the Frontier Department. Thus were we hatched "from Dan to Beersheba."

We waited patiently for Dr. Slade, Mr. Simmons, or the New York spiritual papers to put in rebutting testimony, or at least for Dr. Slade to come out and deny the whole thing. They were silent—it was an ominous silence. On the 7th of March we wrote to Dr. Slade from Plattsburg as follows:

PLATTSBURG, N. Y., March 7, 1872.

DR. HARRY SLADE—My Friend and Brother: I find in the New York Sun of the 23d of February, a serious expose of you and the phenomena of spirits materializing themselves at your rooms. I can not believe this statement to be true. It evidently comes from a member of your household. Who is to blame in this matter? Do not delay in answering this inquiry. You must not let this matter pass unnoticed. If you do these things, come out and show yourself to the world, and if the spirits do these things, then let them give such evidence as shall place you one of the oldest of our mediums, and I believe one of the best, beyond all manner of doubt.

Write me, my dear friend, at once, that I may place myself and you before the world as reliable seers and mediums.

I am Truly Your Friend and Brother,
E. V. WILSON.

Direct to me as follows:
Rochester, N. Y.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One of the Numerous Testimonials for that Successful Healer, Dr. P. B. Jones.

DEAR JOURNAL.—Duty, as well as pleasure, prompts me to add my humble testimony to the wonderful healing powers manifested through our brother, Dr. P. B. Jones, who is now among us. He is truly a magnetic healer of great power and ability, as his work in this place truly testifies.

I am a merchant tailor of this place. I left here the first of last February for Chicago, to lay in some spring goods. Was taken violently ill while in Chicago, and was hardly able to get home. I called in one of our best M. D.'s, who pronounced my disease to be intermittent fever, and treated me some three or four weeks. I got worse under his treatment, and discharged him, and got another who said I had pneumonia and dumb ague, and treated me for three or four weeks, with no better success than the first. I called the third physician. The two treated me together, but instead of getting better, I got worse. I had a terrible cough, with great distress about my breast and stomach, and cold, clammy sweats day and night; and it would seem at times that my coughing was so severe that I would lose my breath entirely. My wife, being somewhat mediumistic, told me from the first that the doctors did not know what was the matter with me, and that I must get immediate relief, or that I should not live one week longer. I was in this most distressing condition when Dr. P. B. Jones' articles appeared in the daily papers of this place, with published affidavits of several wonderful cases he had cured of some of our citizens. I resolved to apply to him at once. On examining me, he pronounced my disease to be inflammation and ulceration of the lungs. He said he thought he could help me, although I was in a very dangerous condition.

His medicine and magnetism acted like a charm on me, and I got immediate relief. He has only treated me now three weeks, and I have not felt so well in many years. I can walk three miles per day, and stand at my cutting board three and four hours per day, and attend to my business as usual.

Atchison is a stirring, business little place, but thoroughly orthodox. A good speaker is badly needed here.

Dr. Jones is a bold, fearless worker in our cause, and asks no odds of any, but a fair chance to demonstrate what he can do. In his nature he is warm and genial; seems to love most all of humanity, hating none but bigots and fools. Humanity will always receive a blessing wherever he goes.

Respectfully,
ALEXANDER MUIR.

Atchison, Kan., May 9, 1872.

Dr. Jones will remain in Atchison, Kansas, until June 1st, then he goes to Leavenworth, Kansas, for two months.

Spiritual Meeting.
The annual meeting of the Progressive Spiritual Society of Shell Rock, Iowa, will take place on the first Sunday in June next.

By order of the President,
J. T. COLBURN.
J. S. STUART, Secretary.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.—Copies of Spirit Likenesses can be had at this office. Sent by mail on receipt of thirty cents.

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These able and learned addresses were delivered by Mr. Forster in Apollo Hall, N. Y., under the auspices of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, during the month of November.

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